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JULY 4, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

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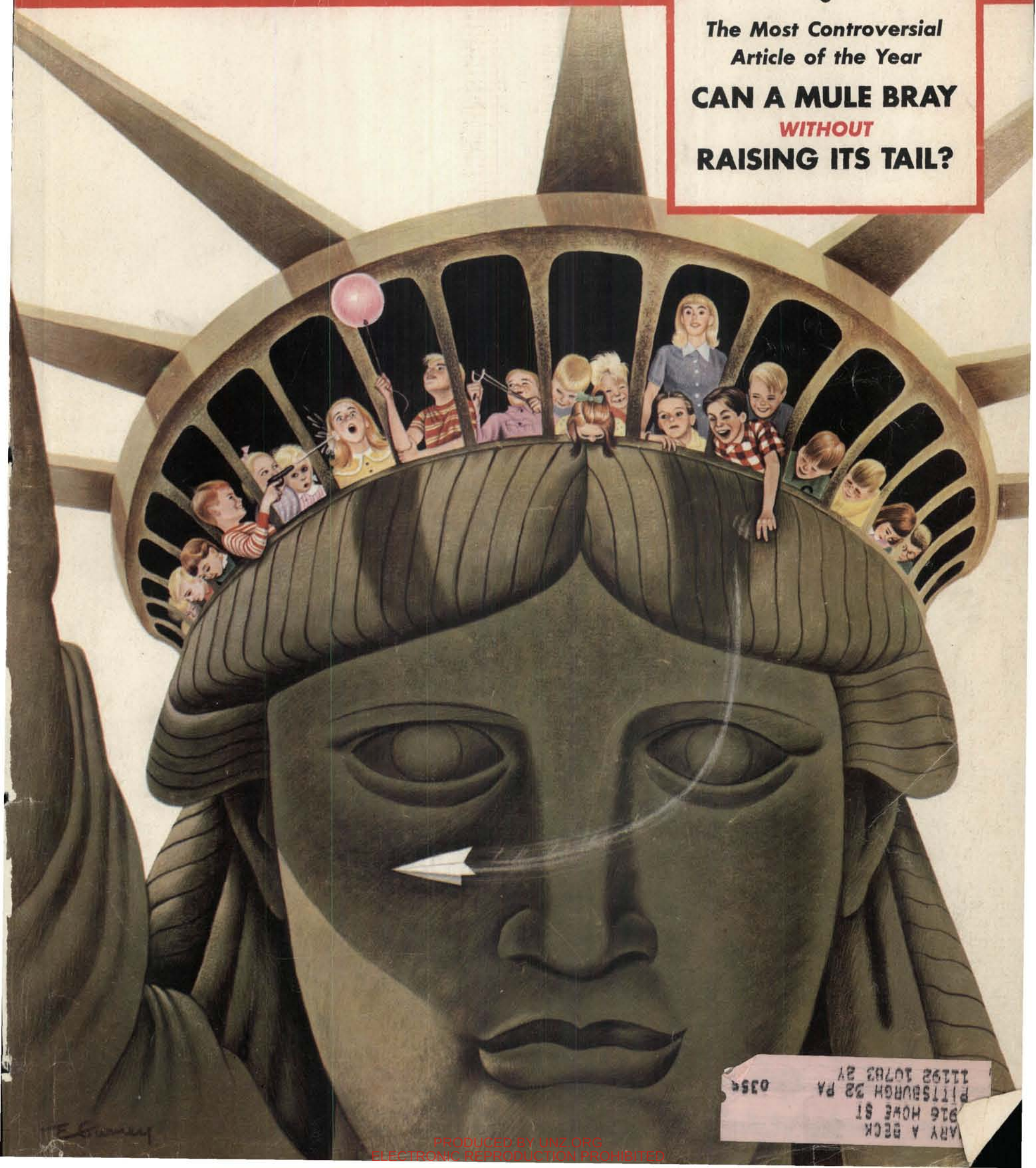

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*The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.*


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## The Cover

The Statue of Liberty annually plays hostess to more than 500,000 sight-seers, who are probably more awed by the view from her crown than these playful but patriotic youngsters. The famous symbol of Liberty was presented to the United States by France just 69 years ago this week and dedicated by President Grover Cleveland two years later in the presence of sculptor Frederic Bartholdi, who used his mother as model.

## Week's Mail

### *Teaching the Boys Safety*

EDITOR: I read with great interest Ben Merson's article How Traffic Lights *Cause* Accidents (April 18th). My oldest son, Henry, is in kindergarten this year and on his way to school has to cross a relatively dangerous intersection. He, with my help, and by using some boards, nails, paint and cans, constructed the model shown. The picture shows my wife giving sons, Henry and Arnold, a traffic lesson. Perhaps this will spur other parents to reproduce "dangerous intersections" for their small ones. Children learn from playing.

PROFESSOR W. FUNKENBUSCH,
Michigan College of Mining and Technology, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

### *Peek at Aviation's Future*

EDITOR: I want to take this occasion to congratulate you, your associates and Mr. James J. Haggerty, Jr., on an excellent job (The Atom-Liner, May 23d) and to express appreciation, on behalf of the 50th Anniversary of Powered Flight Committee, for Collier's extremely valuable co-operation.

J. H. DOOLITTLE, New York, N.Y.

. . . It is interesting to note that Collier's is observing the Fiftieth Anniversary of Powered Flight. This significant and newsworthy event deserves the treatment and attention for which your magazine is noted.

W. M. FECHTELER, Admiral,
U.S. Navy, Washington, D.C.

. . . I have read with the greatest of interest the Collier's issue of May 23d. You are certainly to be congratulated on this splendid article. Your interest in aviation throughout the years is well known to all of us and is most sincerely appreciated. GENERAL CARL SPAATZ,
Washington, D.C.

. . . May I join your host of friends and Collier's readers in extending to you and all members of your staff congratulations for the outstanding issue of May 23d? In that issue you forcefully and dramatically forecast the contribu-

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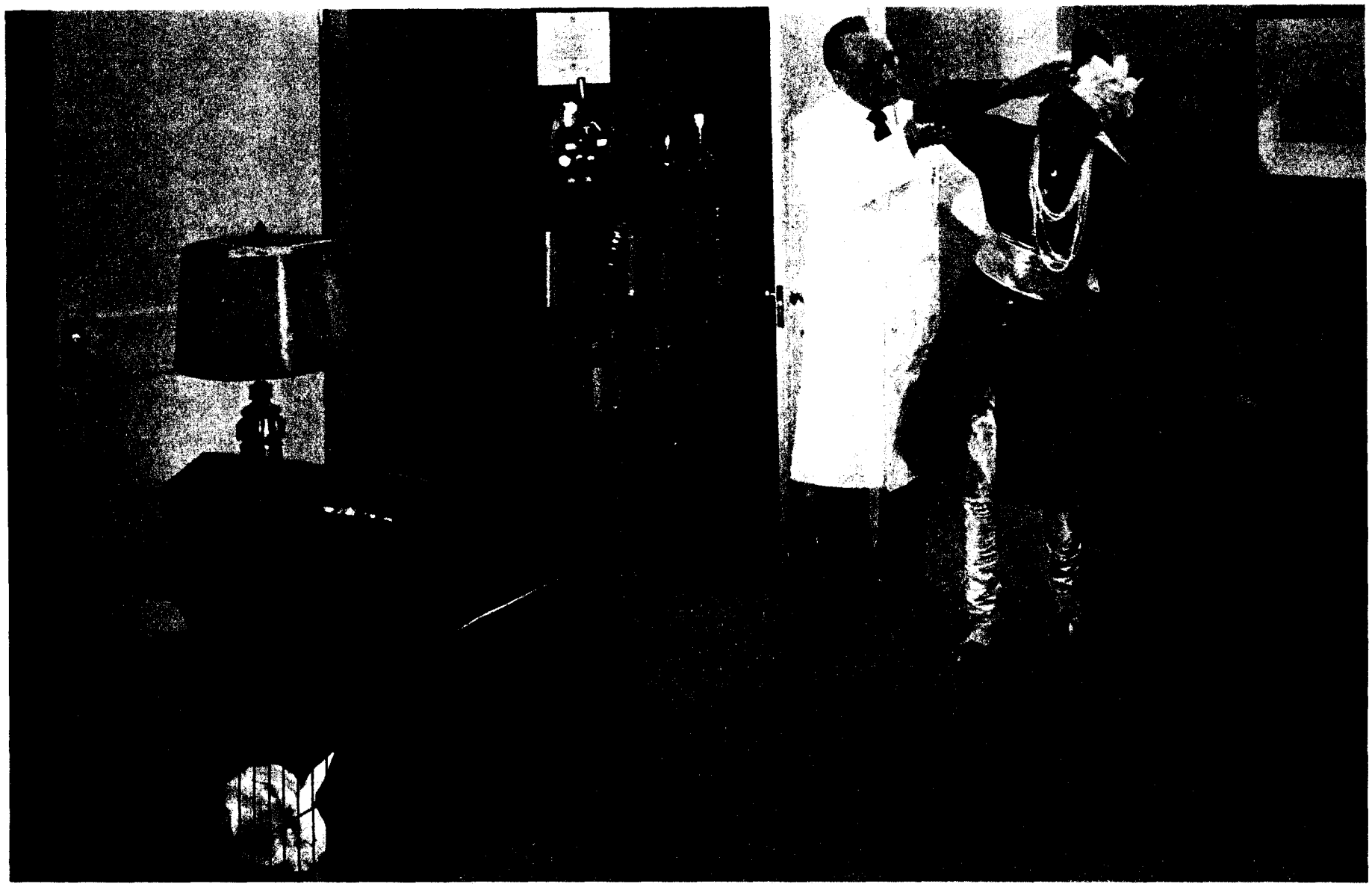


# The Strange Case of the Hidden Rabbit and the Allergic Prince...

**At the Pasteur Institute in Paris,** the story is told about an Oriental Prince who visited this famous medical center. Warned in advance that the Prince was allergic to rabbits, the tour was carefully planned to avoid all rooms in which the animals were kept.

Someone, however, doubted that exposure to rabbits could possibly be harmful to the Prince. So, one of the animals was hidden in a room through which the tour was to go. Amazingly enough, upon entering that room, the Prince had a violent allergic attack!

How does medical science explain this strange disorder known as allergy?

Doctors say that an allergy is not a disease, but a heightened *sensitivity* to certain substances —such as pollens, dusts, animal danders, cotton fillings, foods and drugs. The allergic person simply cannot tolerate such substances. When they are breathed, eaten, touched or otherwise encountered, they set up a reaction which may appear as a skin eruption, a digestive upset, headache—and, most commonly, asthma or hay fever.

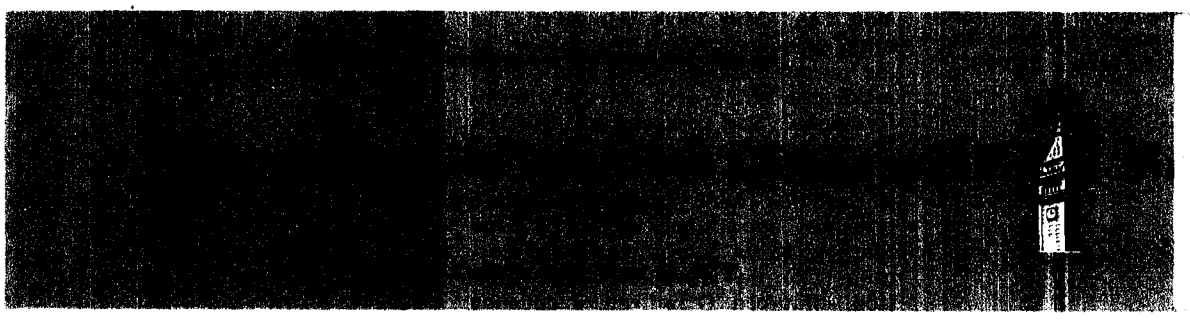
**Great advances** have been made in relieving not only hay fever sufferers, but victims of other allergies as well. Today, for instance, there are ways of identifying the most obscure causes of allergy and, in many cases, of immunizing the victim against the offending substance.

This is done by giving repeated, gradual doses of the allergy-producer. Such treatment—*if continued as long as the doctor recommends*—may greatly, if not completely, relieve allergic symptoms in 85 percent of the cases. Some persons, of course, are permanently relieved simply by avoiding contact with things known to be the source of their trouble—for example, a cotton-stuffed pillow, a dog or a cat.

Though allergic disorders are rarely fatal, doctors consider them serious. This is because the symptoms are distressing, and, in severe cases, may cause such discomfort that work, sleep, appetite and recreation are interfered with. As a result, both physical and mental health may suffer.

**Prompt and proper treatment**—and continued cooperation between patient and physician—are usually the keys to the successful control of any severe allergy. This is because so many factors are involved—including precise diagnostic studies, drugs for immediate relief, and the influence of the patient's emotions upon the onset and severity of allergic symptoms.

Although there is as yet no "sure cure" for any of the various types of allergies, patients who carefully follow their doctor's advice can often be greatly helped.



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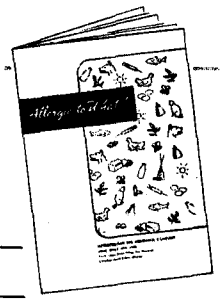

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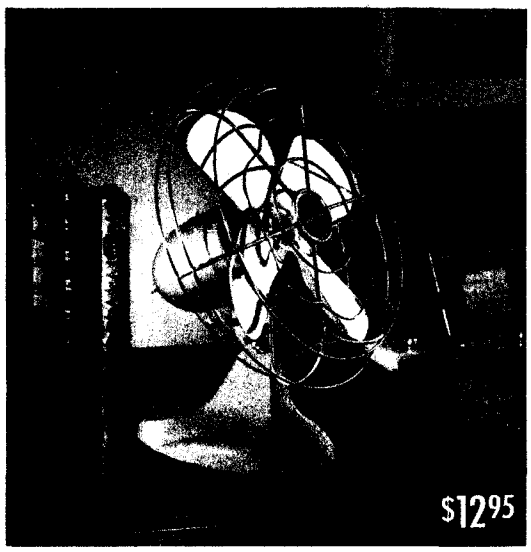

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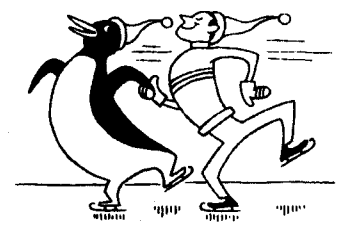

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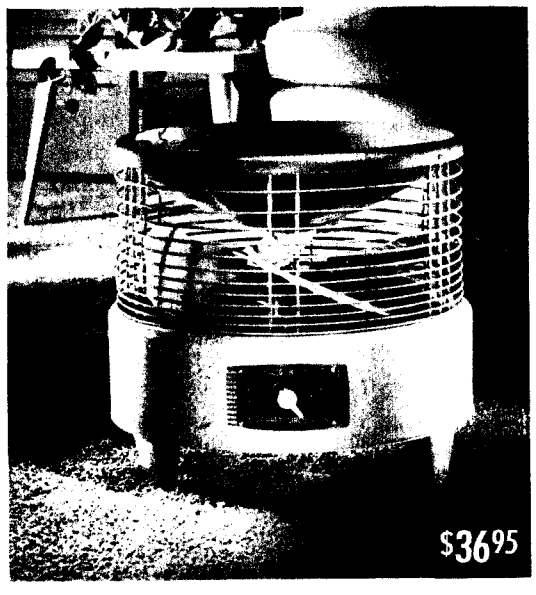


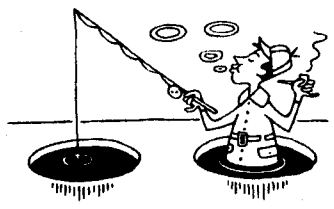

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## Week's Mail CONTINUED

tion of the airplane to our commercial life as well as to the military security of the country.

A. C. WEDEMEYER, New York, N.Y.

. . . The May 23d issue of Collier's has been read with a great deal of interest and I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you for your fine article and editorial.

FREDERICK G. PAYNE, U.S. Senate, Washington, D.C.

. . . Jim Haggerty's usual clear and factual reporting gives a presently conjectural topic a readability that keeps one interested to the end in a very technical subject.

CLARENCE N. SAYEN, President, Air Line Pilots Association, Chicago, Ill.

. . . Collier's tribute to Fifty Years of Powered Flight in the editorial and in James J. Haggerty, Jr.'s, well-done and wonderfully-illustrated article is impressive indeed. Factual information and informed prognostications cannot but be a boon to the education of the people who, when they know, cannot but give support to making this a better world in which to live.

JOHN C. L. ANDREASSEN, Chief, Aeronautics Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.

. . . The editorial prelude to The Atom-Liner unfortunately overlooks an important American "first" of world aviation in making the erroneous statement: "Commercial airlines, barely 25 years old . . ." The first commercial, scheduled, passenger and/or cargo airline—the world's first—started regular daily scheduled operations between St. Petersburg and Tampa, Florida, on January 1, 1914. The first airline contract signed between the city of St. Petersburg, the sponsor, and the Benoist Aircraft Company of St. Louis, Missouri, the operator, was effected on December 17, 1913—exactly 10 years after the Wright brothers' original flight.

The airline operated for over three months and carried over 1,000 passengers with an entire record of safety and strict adherence to preadvertised, twice-daily, round-trip schedule. This airline was contracted for by the city of St. Petersburg for the purpose of cutting traveltime between St. Pete and the neighboring city of Tampa—across the bay—from a minimum of three hours by steamboat to a mere 20 minutes of flight. JOHN G. SHEA, Greenwich, Conn.

**Collier's salutes all aviation pioneers. In this case, we were referring to commercial airlines which survived the early, difficult days.**

### *How Many Janes?*

EDITOR: Being a lifelong Burroughs and Tarzan fan, I greatly enjoyed Thomas Wood's article He Tarzan—You Fan (May 9th). However, I've often wondered where the authors of the various Tarzan articles, and I don't mean just Mr. Wood, got their misinformation. So I've decided to use Mr. Wood's article to do a bit of fact finding.

1. There have been 10 screen Tarzans in this country and 13 Janes. In order of appearance they are: Enid Markey, Karla Schramm, Louise Lorraine, Dorothy Dunbar, Natalie Kingston, Maureen O'Sullivan, Jacqueline Wells, who is now known as Julie Bishop, Eleanor Holm, Brenda Joyce, Vanessa Brown, Virginia Houston, Dorothy Hart and, the latest Jane, Joyce MacKensie. It was Dorothy Dunbar, not Edna Murphy, who played Jane in Tarzan and the Golden Lion.

2. Universal made the first Tarzan film with sound in 1930, Tarzan the Tiger, and Frank Merrill gave voice to the first Tarzan scream on a sound track. The old fable of the Tarzan cry being a combination of several different sounds was proved false to me when I heard Johnny Weissmuller, disgusted about these reports, give the blood-curdling yell himself.

3. Elmo Lincoln was not a circus strong man, but a protégé of the late D. W. Griffith. Lincoln appeared in many of the late producer's early film epics prior to his role as Tarzan in the original film, Tarzan of the Apes. Lincoln made three Tarzan films and went on to star in many serial dramas prior to talking pictures. His last part was in a scene with Sir Lawrence Olivier in Carrie.

4. Burroughs did not give James H. Pierce a Tarzan story as a wedding present when he married "one of the author's daughters." Edgar Rice Burroughs had only one daughter, Joan Burroughs Pierce.

5. Tarzan has been married on the screen, in The Son of Tarzan. Here is a scene from the film picturing Tarzan, as Lord Greystoke, being joined in marriage to Jane Porter, as portrayed by P. Dempsey Tabler and Karla Schramm.

VERNELL CORIELL, Pekin, Ill.

**1. Collier's and Mr. Coriell agree on the 10 Tarzans, but there have been 14 Janes. Mr. Coriell forgot Ula Holt, who came between Miss Wells and Miss Holm. It was indeed Dorothy Dunbar who played Jane in the picture mentioned. Edna Murphy had the ingénue lead.**

**2. A recheck of our information discloses that, in spite of Mr. Weissmuller's demonstration, the Tarzan yell is produced by sound-track tricks.**

**3. Reader Coriell is correct.**

**4. Correct again. Mrs. Pierce was the only daughter, and the story of the wedding present, which Tarzan producer Sol Lesser told to Thomas Wood, was the result of misinformation. What Burroughs did give the newlyweds was a house and lot.**

**5. Below, thanks to Mr. Coriell, is photographic proof of Tarzan's nuptials. The film was made in 1922.**

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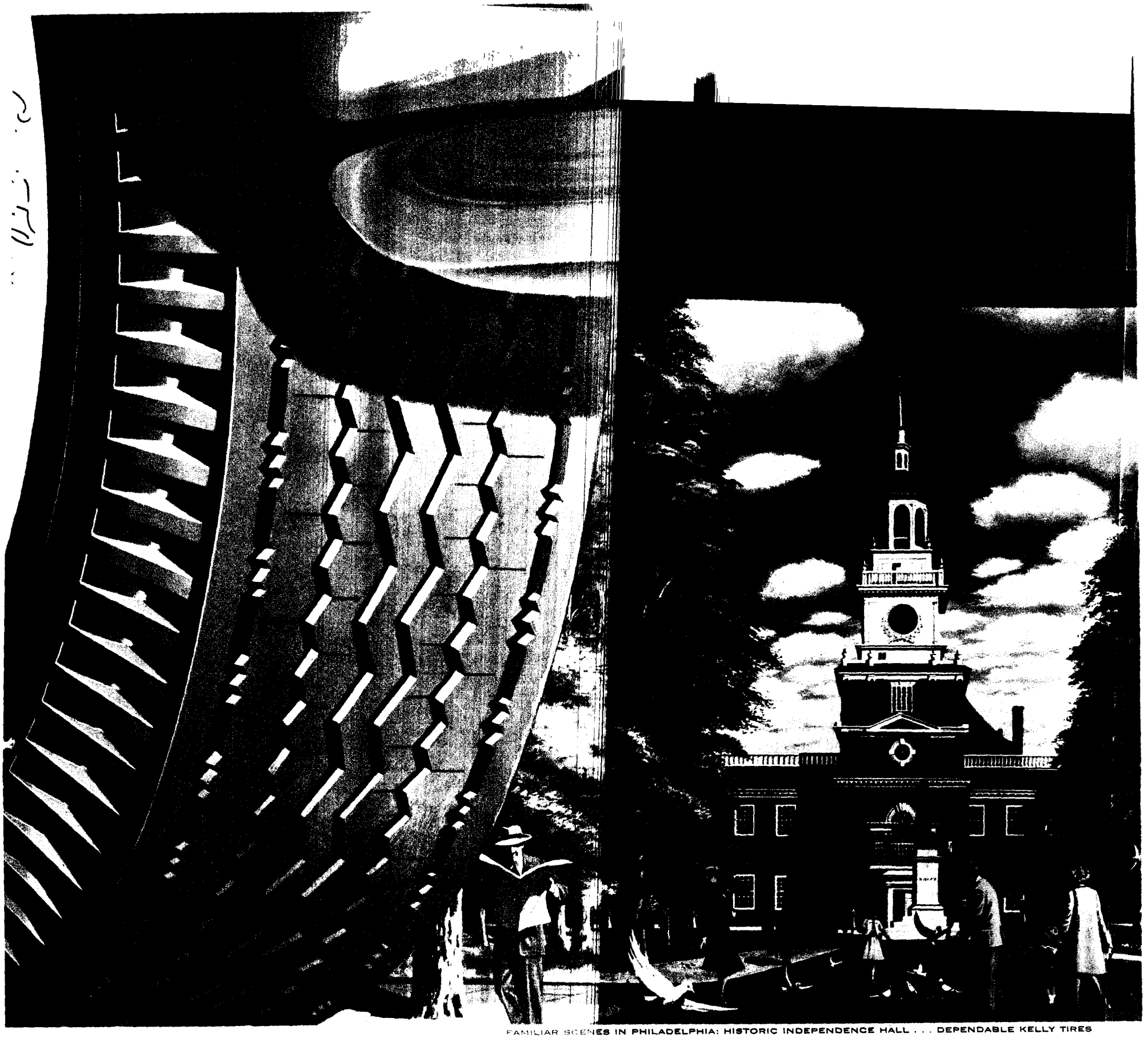

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Reports coming in from the field indicate that Lockheed has again produced a "pilot's airplane." Air Force pilots like the Starfire and like to fly it. They find it simple to fly and rock-steady under actual instrument conditions.

Here is the happy combination of 4 important factors in one reliable airplane: Superlative performance – Easy maintenance – Pilot popularity – More defense for your dollar.

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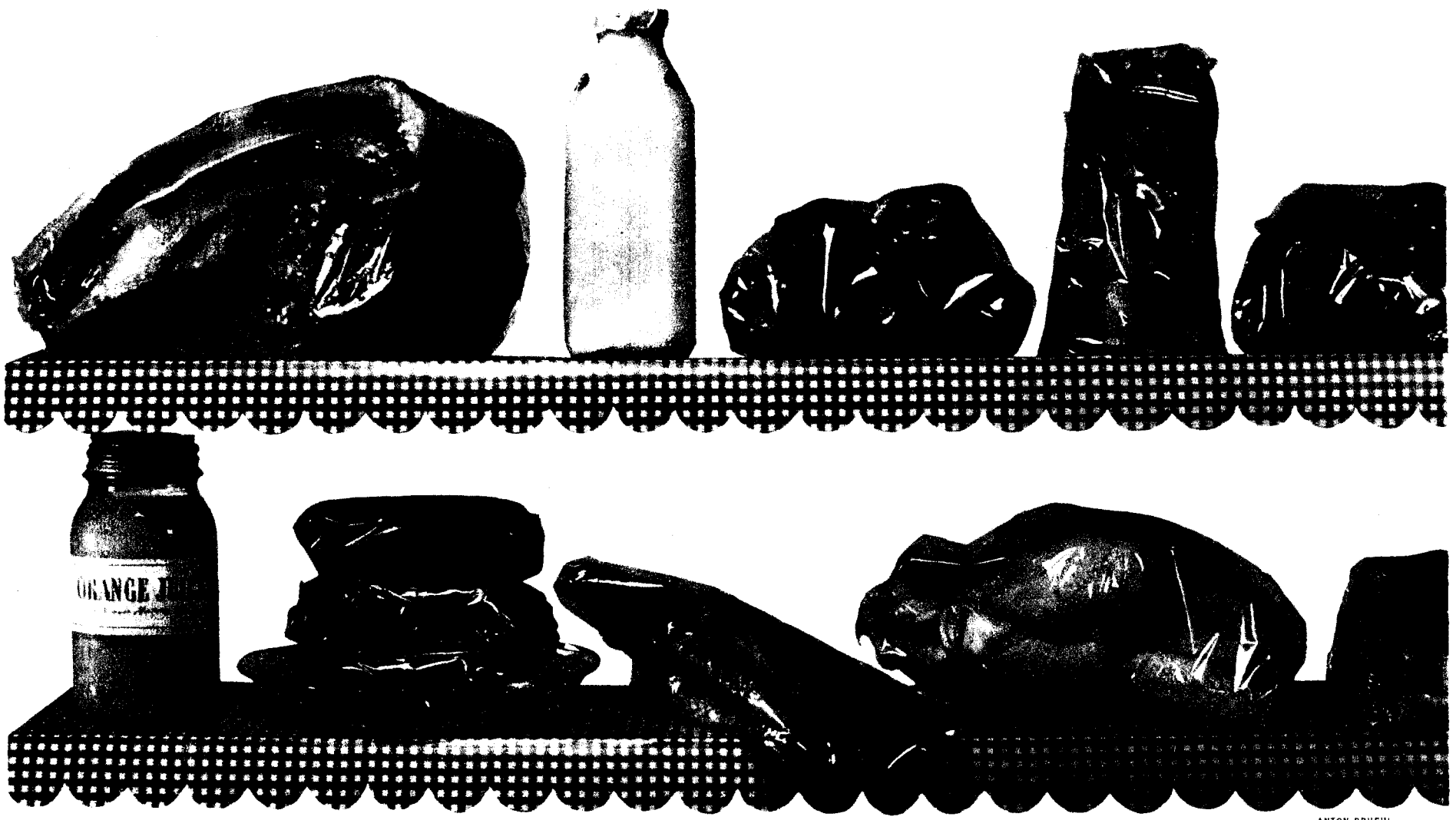


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**That's right—meats and other perishables stored at room temperature without fear of decay. It's the latest atomic miracle, and scientists all over the country are working to bring it to you as quickly as possible**

**By BILL DAVIDSON**

ONE of the scientists at the University of Michigan, to surprise his friends, walks around with a raw hamburger patty in his pocket. The meat, enclosed in a flat, airtight disk is more than a year old, but it looks fresh, juicy and edible. And, as a matter of fact, it is. You could eat that ancient hamburger today.

The explanation, like the explanation of so many of today's miracles, goes back to our secret atomic program. Radiation does the trick.

More than nine months ago, three Brooklyn scientists gave the radiation treatment to an oyster, one of the most perishable of foodstuffs. It's still fresh and edible, too. Any housewife knows how quickly unrefrigerated tomatoes spoil after they ripen. But at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology you can see firm, red tomatoes which ripened seven weeks ago and have no visible protection except a sealed plastic bag.

How are such laboratory miracles accomplished? The answer is simple. All organic matter, like food, contains bacteria, spores and other microscopic organisms which multiply in the



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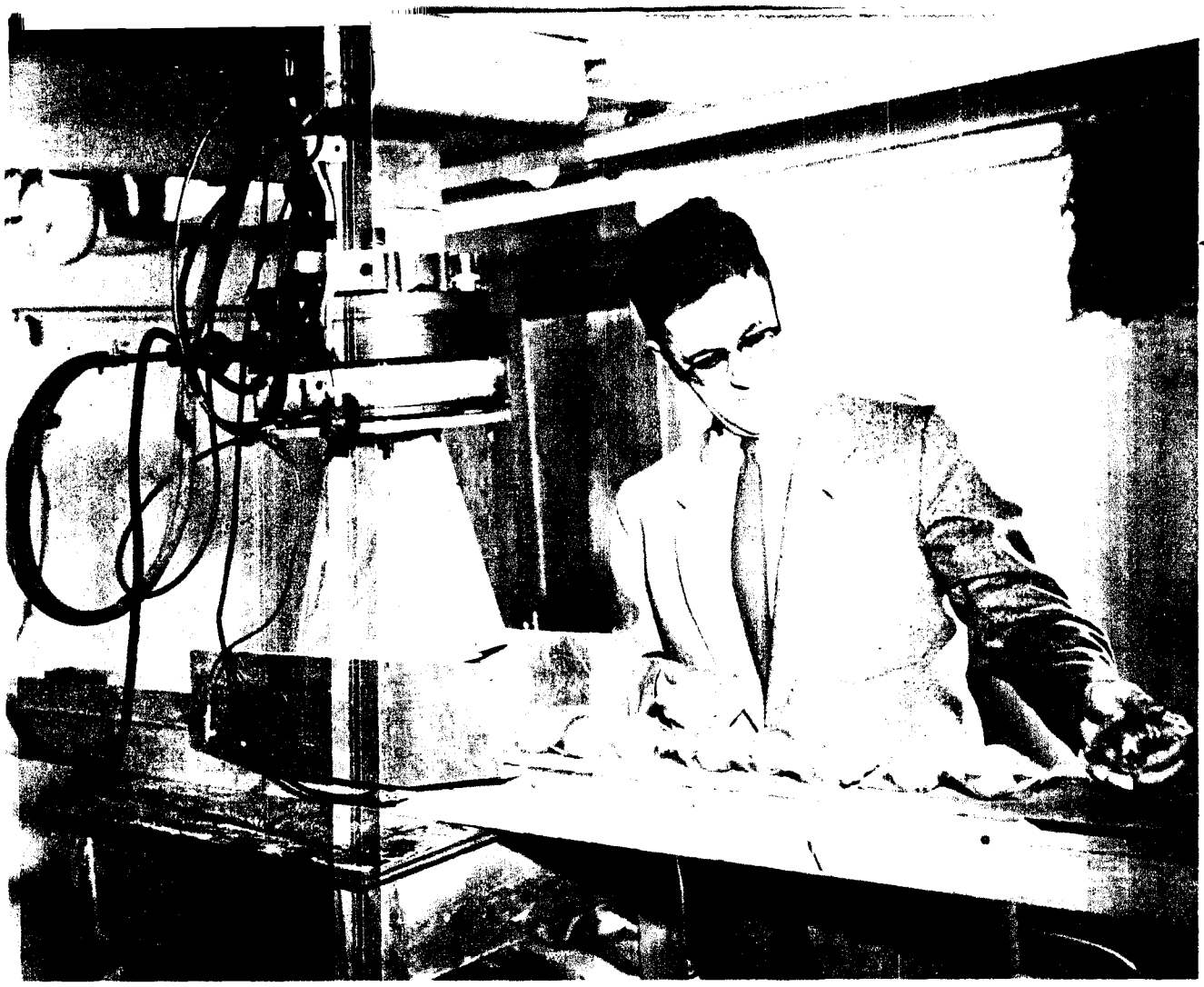

GEORGE WOODRUFF

**Dr. Samuel A. Goldblith, who was a POW in Japan when the A-bomb dropped on Hiroshima, now works at making the atom help mankind. Here he inspects irradiated tomatoes at MIT**

host and literally digest it—a process commonly called decomposition or spoilage. Today we kill off most of the microorganisms by applying great heat (canning) or extreme cold (freezing). In neither case, however, are all the microorganisms killed. Some few survive and begin to propagate and digest again. That's why eventually canned goods may swell and spoil after long periods on the shelf, and why foods sometimes rot after a long time in the refrigerator.

### What Atomic Rays Do to Bacteria

But what happens when you subject bacteria populations in food to the penetrating rays of the atom? An amazing reaction takes place. Many individuals are killed outright. But more important is the effect on the survivors; they seem to be made sterile. At the end of the normal bacteria life span (about 20 minutes to two hours), they die, leaving no descendants to continue the life cycle. The entire population is wiped out.

So if food is irradiated in an airtight can or plastic bag which cannot be re-entered by other bacteria, there is no reason why the contents cannot remain fresh and unspoiled indefinitely without cooking or refrigeration.

There are many technical problems which must be worked out before atomic preservation of foods becomes a commercial reality, but think of what a boon such simple processing can mean to the whole of mankind. Housewives will be able to stack packaged fresh steaks like tins of sardines on a cupboard shelf. Fresh vegetables and fruits will be available to all parts of the country at all times of the year, at a fraction of their present price.

Cheap radiation sources in famine areas of the world—like India, where the main problem is not so much lack of food as lack of facilities to get existing food to the people before it rots—can save the lives of millions of human beings otherwise doomed to starvation. Atomic energy also can help dozens of industries now hard-pressed by the problem of food decay.

An Atomic Energy Commission official told me, "It is not only food that we can sterilize with atomic radiation, but pharmaceuticals like penicillin and streptomycin. We are hampered by lack of refrigerator space in our attempts to build up a great supply of pharmaceuticals for emergency use in the event of a national catastrophe like an atomic-bomb attack. Today, without refrigeration, we can preserve them for only a couple of years. But when a vial of penicillin is rendered bacteria-free by gamma or beta rays, it can be stored at room temperature, the same as irradiated food. It doesn't need refrigeration. We can simply hollow out a mountain and store enough miracle drugs there to take care of world disasters for generations to come.

But must we look many years into the future before these dreams become realities? Judge for yourself. The Upjohn Company already has installed a laboratory-model high-voltage Van de Graaff Accelerator to test the sterilization of pharmaceuticals with cathode (beta) rays. Swift & Company, the giant meat-packing firm, is working with a General Electric beta-ray-producing machine in its Midwest laboratories. In the Boston area, 30 people who had damaged blood vessels are alive and well today, walking around with transplanted vessels which were first irradiated at MIT to render them absolutely bacteria-free. Most dramatic of all is the role played by our armed forces. The U.S. Army Quartermaster Corps has a contract with MIT to test the effect of food irradiation and is considering extending its program to other schools, if funds are made available.

## *The Navy's excited about th*

### Navy Has Food-Preservation Project

The U.S. Navy also has a contract with MIT for a food-preservation project; last March 26th, the Pentagon released the following progress report: "An improved meat-preservation process, which requires only one second to complete and which will protect meat at ordinary refrigerator temperatures for 60 days or longer, was announced today by the U.S. Navy."

No one states the case for the new atomic processing better than Lieutenant Commander James A. Corrick, Jr., the Navy's Commissary Research Officer, who signed and administers the MIT contract.

"During World War II," he says, "one of our biggest headaches in the Pacific was keeping the fleet supplied with fresh food. One submarine was out for 87 days and came back with nothing but ketchup aboard. Today, an aircraft carrier that stays out for several months must be reprovisioned frequently because the refrigerator space on the vessel is limited to perhaps 3 per cent of the total area of the ship."

But—as Commander Corrick puts it—the situation is even worse on a submarine. "The subs," he says, "are so hard up for space that only 1.3 per cent of the area of the boat can be given over to freezers and refrigerators. Yet the submariners must have fresh meat and vegetables, both from a nutritive standpoint and for its morale-boosting effect. Men develop intense cravings for fresh foods after 30 days or so submerged. But vegetables can't stand up for more than three weeks under refrigeration, and there isn't much room for frozen food. That's why our new atomic submarine, the Nautilus, which is equipped to cruise submerged for a year or more, probably won't be able to do so until we solve this problem of keeping fresh or frozen food aboard."

GEORGE WOODRUFF

**Does radiation make food dangerous? See for yourself: when lab workers at MIT want to check taste of irradiated meat, they eat some**



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## ...rospect. A ship stocked with irradiated fresh foods could stay at sea for months

The Navy signed its first contract with MIT in 1950. It has renewed it every year since. The objective is to perfect the irradiated meats and vegetables so that they can be stored anywhere on a vessel without refrigeration—in corridors, over torpedoes, under bunks. When the first contract was signed, Dr. Bernard E. Proctor, head of MIT's Food Technology Department, told Corrick that the odds were 20 to 1 against success. Today he says the odds have dropped to even money—which, considering the ultraconservatism of MIT scientists, is almost equivalent to unbridled optimism.

### Changes in Meat Puzzle Scientists

When the experts first started on the Navy project, the rays wrought so many taste and color changes in the meat, due to certain chemical reactions, that it scarcely was recognizable as meat. The recent Pentagon announcement indicates that progress has reached perhaps the halfway mark. Raw hamburgers, small steaks and tomatoes in cans or plastic bags now can be *pasteurized* by the rays without flavor and color changes, so that they can be kept, under only light refrigeration, for 60 days or more. Pasteurization requires only about half the radiation dose necessary for sterilization. It kills off most, but not all, of the bacteria. The scientists still haven't licked the problem of total sterilization without taste and color changes.

The Navy is only one of several organizations seeking the bright new era of atomic-processed foods. As an indication of how seriously American industry is taking the exciting new developments, other sponsors of the work at MIT have included the American Can Company, the Continental Can Company, Inc., General Foods Corporation, Wilson & Company, Inc., the Dow Chemical Company, The Nestlé Company, Inc., Pillsbury Mills, Inc., and Oscar Mayer & Company. Furthermore, MIT is only one of a dozen universities and research organizations trying to solve the problem—and each of the others also has commercial sponsors.

Preserving food with penetrating rays has been a dream of man ever since it was discovered that concentrated forms of energy could effectively kill bacteria. When efficient X-ray machines were perfected in the 1920s, there was a rush of experimentation to find out if the beams could sterilize foods. They could, but it cost something like $20 to kill off a single tiny colony of spore forms by X ray.

During World War II, the Germans developed a so-called Death Ray—an ultrasonic vibrator designed to kill enemy soldiers by hitting them with concentrated sound waves—and it, too, was tried on food. It never worked on humans, and its performance on microorganisms was spotty. Besides, the sound waves were so violent that they mashed many foods to pulp.

ROCCO PADULO

**Compare irradiated carrot held by Dr. Lloyd E. Brownell of University of Michigan with unpreserved sample from Control can on table**

So the field has gradually narrowed down to two principal methods—big, high-voltage electric machines, like the Van de Graaff Accelerators at MIT, which produce beta rays; and natural gamma-ray emitters like the radioactive cobalt at the University of Michigan.

The Van de Graaff Accelerators came into the food picture during World War II, when MIT's Dr. Proctor was Director of Subsistence of the U.S. Army Quartermaster Corps. He had worked at MIT with Dr. Robert J. Van de Graaff, whose first Accelerator was used to treat cancer patients at Boston's Huntington Memorial Hospital in 1937. In 1943, Dr. Proctor became curious about the effects of the rays in preserving foods. After the war, he was joined in his investigations by Drs. Samuel A. Goldblith, J. T. R. Nickerson and several other distinguished young scientists.

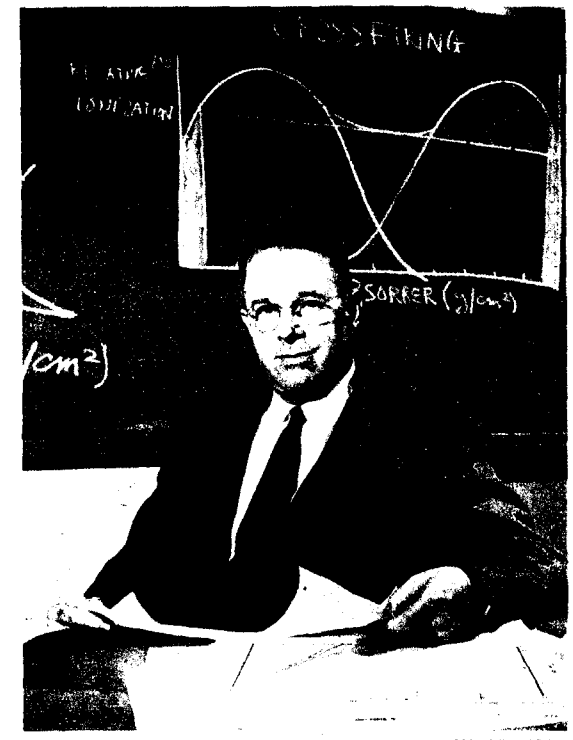
The use of radioactive cobalt at the University of Michigan also resulted from curiosity—this time the Atomic Energy Commission's. In its work, the AEC piles up tons of dangerous radioactive waste products which for safety must be buried underground in earthquake-resistant steel and concrete vaults. Among these radioactive wastes are strontium 90, an extremely efficient beta-ray emitter, and cesium 137, a rare earth which is one of the best-known sources of gamma rays.

In 1951, the AEC began to wonder: What are we going to do with these ever-growing collections of dangerous wastes? Can they be put to work? The atomic agency signed contracts with a number of American universities and research organizations to look into the matter. One, the University of Michigan, was asked to examine the possibilities of using the wastes to irradiate food. As a substitute for the as-yet-unrefined cesium 137, the AEC sent the university a small cylinder of cobalt 60, made radioactive at the AEC's Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island.

Last February the university obtained 100 more pencil-sized rods of radioactive cobalt—which gave them the biggest cobalt radioactive source in the free world—from Canada's superhot atomic pile at Chalk River, Ontario. Jack Nehemias, an AEC-trained physicist, drove up to the Canadian wilderness for the rods in a truck, then sped the 600 miles back to the university without stopping to eat or sleep. "It was a nightmare," says Nehemias. "There was so much radiation in our cargo that we were afraid some curiosity seeker might poke around in it and kill himself and a lot of other people."

Even after they arrived at the university, their troubles weren't over. The lead container was wrestled into a specially constructed "cave," a concrete building with walls four feet thick. Then the laboratory personnel began to remove the rods, one by one. They worked from outside the cave, looking through mirrors and using remote-control devices. But a chain attached to the 300-pound cover of the container had fallen down and jammed among the rods. After two hours of spine-tingling work—with radiation seeping through the door of the cave and Geiger counters clicking ominously all over the place—the chain was worked loose with a three-pronged fishhook from the five-and-ten-cent store. The rods finally were placed in a basketlike metal holder and dropped into a well filled with 10 feet of water, which acts as an effective shield against the rays.

Now the holder is raised out of the water when specimens are placed in the cave to be irradiated. But until the basket is back at the bottom of the well, it is not safe for human beings to enter the chamber.




GEORGE WOODRUFF

**One of pioneers in field is Dr. Bernard E. Proctor of MIT, who wondered in 1943 if cancer-treating rays might not preserve food**

I visited this cave and it was one of the most frightening experiences I've ever had. As I went into the eight-foot-square, white-painted concrete room, I saw mirrors turned black by the deadly gamma rays, and hard-plastic test-tube holders softened like melted sugar. The director of the laboratory, Dr. Lloyd E. Brownell, held a portable survey meter which showed that we were receiving 5 milliroentgens per hour of radiation even through the water (AEC rules say you are allowed no more than 7 milliroentgens per hour for 40 hours a week). As we approached the water-filled pit in the center of the floor, Dr. Brownell turned out the light, and I peered down into the bottom of the well.

There, just 10 feet away, the cobalt rods were glowing a supernatural blue-green! It was like looking an atom in the eye. I couldn't wait to get out of the cave.

### A Natural Question Before Eating

Later, viewing the interior of the radiation chamber through mirrors, I saw big No. 10 cans of food revolving slowly on clock motors just a few inches from the raised cobalt. Then I was invited to eat boiled Idaho potatoes, raw carrots and bread that had been irradiated for me the day before. I hesitated and asked the inevitable question: "Is this food safe? Is there any radioactivity remaining in it?"

The answer, of course, is that nothing can possibly be made radioactive by any of the beta or gamma sources used for food processing today. Substances are made radioactive only when nuclear particles from a tremendous source of energy (like an atomic bomb or an atomic reactor) penetrate and break up the nucleus of the atom. The rays used on foods are nowhere near powerful enough to penetrate to the nucleus.

Thus reassured, I tasted the irradiated food. The potatoes and the bread were indistinguishable in flavor from samples that had not been exposed to the rays. The carrots, if anything, tasted better—

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# *Besides preserving food, the atom could wipe out insects in entire grain crops*

MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

**Navy has a simulated submarine galley at Bayonne, N.J., where it experiments with storage techniques. Atom-treated fresh food, in cans like those shown, could be stored anywhere**

an as-yet-unexplained phenomenon that has been observed by many others.

Dr. Brownell showed me a chunk of pork irradiated in a sealed glass jar on September 2, 1952. It looked fresh and edible. Another piece of pork, sealed *without* radiation on the same day, had long since decomposed and had blown the top off the container. He also had delectable-looking irradiated corned beef, bacon and hamburger.

Since there is no appreciable difference in the bacteria-killing capabilities of gamma and beta rays, I saw similar preservation miracles at MIT (which also has a radioactive cobalt source, in addition to its Van de Graaff Accelerators) and at the Electronized Chemicals Corporation in Brooklyn, which uses a device called the Capacitron to produce cathode, or beta, rays.

### Watching the Accelerator at Work

Dr. Goldblith showed me the Van de Graaff Accelerator used for food experiments at MIT. We walked into a concrete room in the basement of a laboratory building on the MIT campus, and again I got the feeling I was looking the atom straight in the eye. Jutting through the ceiling was something that looked like the muzzle of a gun, which indeed it was—a gun for atomic bullets. Under it was a six-foot-long conveyer belt on which food samples pass through the deadly rays. The heart of the Accelerator, located on the floor above, is a 12-foot-high tank enclosing a rapidly moving belt and a cathode tube. The belt picks up electrical charges and whirls them around at about 60 miles per hour until they build up to 3,000,000 volts. The electrons thus produced are then discharged out of the muzzle below.

No one knows yet whether the final answer to the irradiated-foods problem will be the artificial ray-producing machines or the natural radioactive sources. Many experts, like Dr. Wolfgang Huber, formerly with Electronized Chemicals Corporation and now a consultant in the field, predict that industry may use a combination of the two. The ray machines so far have only limited penetrating power, so they cannot sterilize food in containers thicker than the average sardine can; but they are quick and kill off the microorganisms in a fraction of a second. The radioactive sources have deep penetrating power and have no trouble going through whole hog carcasses and big No. 10 cans; but the process is slow and the food must be exposed to the rays from six to 24 hours.

Both methods have definite limitations in common. They are extremely promising when used on meats, fish and many vegetables. Lettuce, however, literally collapses on first contact with the rays, and some fragile fruits, like strawberries, lose their color and turn to mush.

Taste and color changes are still a problem, too. Milk emerges from the irradiation process with a chalky taste. Meats sometimes turn gray or purple and develop an unpleasant rancidity. The mysterious inorganic decomposing agents called enzymes are inactivated by irradiation in meat; but the enzymes in vegetables are impervious to the rays.

Columbia University scientists are working on the elimination of taste changes in milk. Most experts in the field now agree that quick application of heat before radiation can eliminate the enzyme activity in vegetables. They also agree that the changes in meat color and taste probably are traceable to unstable hunks of molecules called free radicals torn loose by the rays, causing chemical reactions inside the package. There are many promising methods of combating such activity, generally by adding some substance—ascorbic acid, common vitamin C, is one—that combines with the free radicals before they can react with the meat.

Stumbling block number three presents much more of a problem: Can engineers produce a ray-emitter, mechanical or natural, economical enough to operate commercially? "There is no question any more," says Dr. Huber, "that radiation sterilization works in the laboratory. If the equipment were available, we could begin tomorrow to process raw beef, raw hamburger, luncheon meats, pork, poultry, fish, spinach, puréed vegetables, soups and pharmaceuticals and certain other items. But the equipment for large-scale commercial operation is still in the development stage. If someone wants to spend several million dollars on development, I think we could have irradiated foods on the grocery shelves in two years. If the research follows the normal orderly course of scientific development, it will take much longer."

Meantime, the work goes on, with no thought of time limits. At the University of Michigan and at Columbia University, rats are being fed a diet of irradiated food to prove that the rays do not make the food dangerous. At MIT, lab technicians eat irradiated food several times a day, to help find the substances that will eliminate taste changes.

### Exciting New Discoveries Reported

Throughout the field there is talk of exciting new discoveries. It has been learned, for example, that in many foods (especially fruits and vegetables) bacteria occur only in the skin and do not penetrate farther until decomposition actually gets under way. So the scientists are experimenting with comparatively light doses of radiation, given only to the skin. Fragile foods like tomatoes, which break up under complete sterilization, survive the less intensive dose.

Even where the surface-irradiated food is not in an airtight package, storage miracles occur. Scientists at Electronized Chemicals Corporation in Brooklyn gave a skin-sterilization dose to several unpackaged lamb carcasses, and then shipped them, as a test, from New York to California to Canada to Chicago. When the meat arrived, nearly three weeks later, it was in such good shape that it was cooked and eaten by employees of the packinghouse which sponsored the tests.

Another exciting development is the discovery that a comparatively light dose of radiation (only 1/50 the lethal dose) removes worms and insects in food, by rendering them unable to lay eggs. Dr. S. E. Gould, of Wayne County General Hospital in Eloise, Michigan—America's top authority on trichinosis, a sometimes-fatal affliction transmitted by worms in pork—says that gamma radiation is the most promising new weapon he has seen in his long fight to eradicate the disease. If Dr. Gould's work with Dr. H. J. Gomberg of the University of Michigan continues to show positive results, he believes the disease—which now affects 16 per cent of all Americans and once wiped out 101 people in a tiny German village—may be completely stamped out by irradiating all hog carcasses in the packinghouse.

In the same way, Dr. Brownell says gamma radiation might be used to kill all the insects in an entire grain crop or in cases of packaged spices, simply by storing the foods for a few hours in a warehouse equipped with a radioactive source.

The scientists engaged in the food experimentation are constantly asked: Won't the new atomically preserved foods eliminate the need for refrigerators and freezers? Their answer is an emphatic *No.* As the Navy's Commander Corrick points out, "There are some foods, like lettuce, which I don't think we'll ever be able to preserve by radiation. There are other foods which will be preserved as efficiently by freezing. And there are the hundreds of items which we just like to have chilled—like beer and watermelon." Dr. Huber says, "Irradiation can only supplement, not replace, refrigerators and freezers. The invention of the airplane didn't cut down the use of the automobile. There are just more people traveling now."

"And that," says Dr. Brownell, "is what is so inspiring about this field. More food for more people. Much of our research here at the University of Michigan is sponsored by the university's war memorial fund called the Phoenix Project. It's an appropriate name—phoenix, the legendary Egyptian bird that flew into the fire and destroyed itself, only to rise again from its own ashes. Maybe from the ashes of Hiroshima will come a new chance of life for millions of people yet unborn." ▲▲▲



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# Crawford dances again

***Joan gets out her leotard and proves, after 28 years in films, that real glamor is not a sometime thing***

## By EVELYN HARVEY

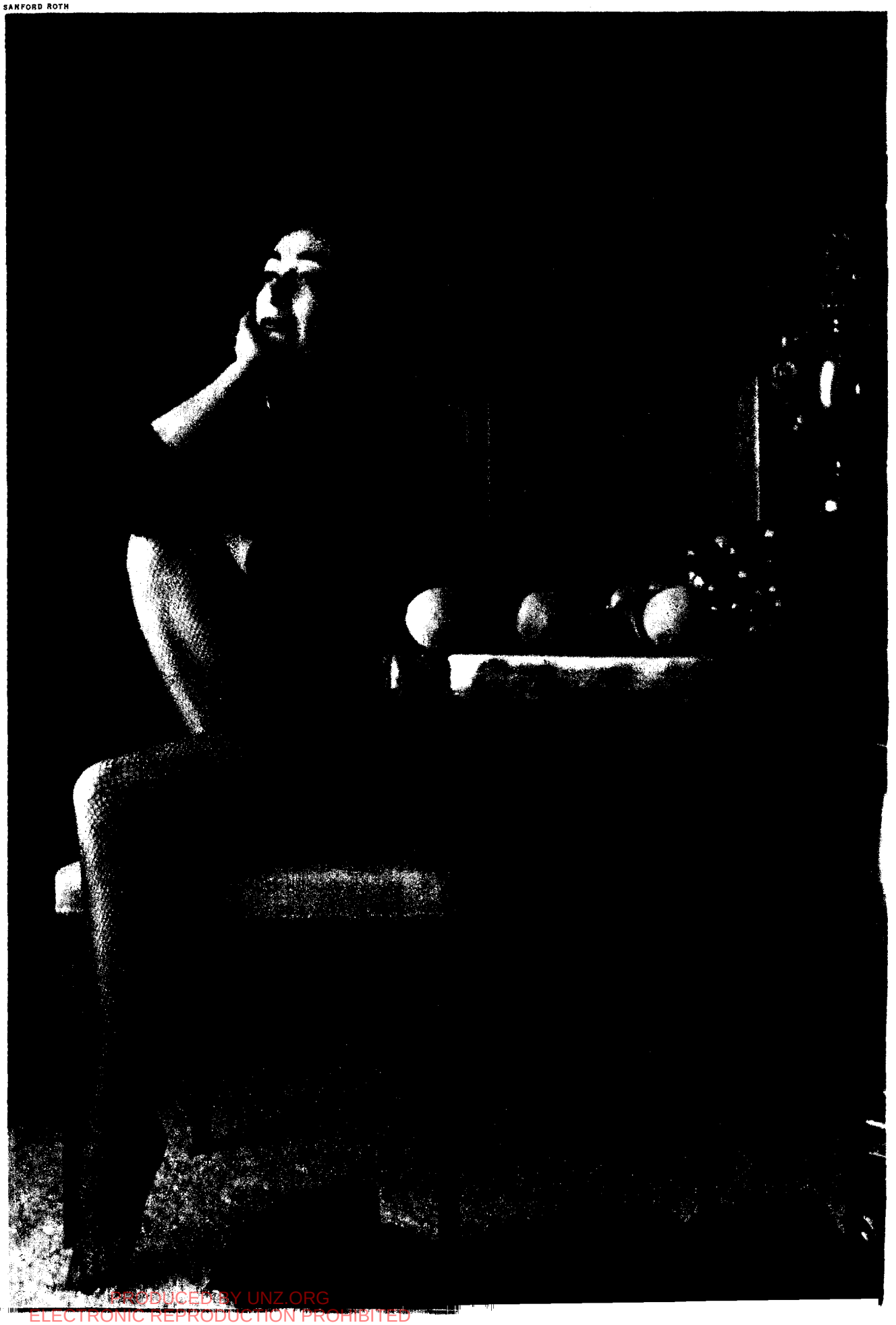
THE late afternoon sun slanted across the floor of M-G-M's Rehearsal Hall B. A handsome woman in a black leotard and long black-net stockings swung in easy arcs about the room. Dance melody jangled from a grand piano in the corner. There was no other sound but the soft scraping of her shoes and the sneakered footfalls of her partner. Abruptly came a gasp from the lady in the leotard, asking, "Honey pie, shall we take ten?"

It was hot and stuffy in the rehearsal hall. It was barren and businesslike, too. There were no luxurious touches, no upholstered chairs, just some wooden stools to rest on during breaks. As the music stopped, the dancer threw back her head, pulled off her dark glasses and reached for a towel. She slumped to a stool, and her features relaxed in a tired grin.

These were not the features, or the grin, of any ordinary or ballroom-type hoofer. The cut of the cheekbones, the wide blue eyes, the sleek, dark-red hair belonged to Hollywood's long-time all-time glamor queen, Joan Crawford.

Crawford was dancing again—for the first time in 14 years. Like the adventurous and eminently canny showwoman she has been from her movie debut in 1925, Joan Crawford is once more treating her career to a change of pace. Her new part in the movie Torch Song—as a song-and-dance

SANFORD ROTH



**Rehearsing her first dance role in fourteen years for M-G-M's Torch Song, Joan Crawford, in practice garb, takes a breather during a rehearsal at director's house**



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## *Crawford in action skips make-up and other frills*

queen of the stage—is her most newsworthy dance turn since Our Dancing Daughters in 1928, and completes a cycle of roles, from dancer to lacquered lady of drawing-room comedy, to scar-faced heroine, to suffering mother, and now back to dancer again.

"Don't let anyone kid you," Joan says. "When I decided to do this part I was scared. No one can stay away from dancing as long as I have and not be afraid."

Joan's dancing partner in rehearsal, as in the film itself, is the picture's choreographer-director Charles Walters.

"I didn't know Chuck very well," Crawford continued. "He was making some good pictures—Easter Parade and Lili were two—for M-G-M while I was working for other studios. But I did know that when you have a musical with a dramatic background, there's usually trouble between the director and the choreographer. The picture loses balance. Chuck and a few others, especially Gene Kelly, can handle both choreography and direction equally well. But Chuck has a touch, a delicacy I haven't seen anywhere."

**Joan and director Charles Walters worked for four backbreaking days to perfect steps, get proper swish to Crawford's filmy practice skirt**

And Walters is contented with his star. He had no qualms about her dancing. "I wasn't afraid of whether she could do it. The question was how long it would take to get her confidence back."

Miss Crawford's confidence got all the boost it needed when she strode on the M-G-M lot for the first time in more than ten years. In a sense she was coming home. (Joan had started at M-G-M when she was seventeen, and stayed for nineteen years before beginning a decade of working for Warner Brothers and free-lancing.) But most important, Joan Crawford is a movie maker's movie star. As the air hummed with the news that Crawford was back, a steady stream of M-G-M grips, carpenters, electricians, waitresses and wardrobe women, prop men and producers came from all corners of the lot to welcome her home.

Two hectic weeks of rehearsal began. Ten days were swallowed up in conferences and preliminary workouts. Then suddenly it was Wednesday afternoon, and Joan and Chuck Walters really got down to business. They had a lot to do

**Director and star took two hours off to select jewelry, rehearse difficult routine at Walters' house. Joan stops for milk and hamburger**

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**Studio rehearsal hall where Joan and Walters worked continuously except for ten-minute breaks was barren, hot, minus all comforts of home**

before Saturday night—four days of intense, muscle-racking work. They had to polish the dances, work on Joan's three songs, plan her make-up for glamorous effect and for a blackface specialty number, too, and fit her for 15 costumes.

The dances were first on the list. As she wrestled with each difficult step, Joan's freckled features streamed with exertion. It was a bareboned Crawford, hot but happy, a natural, unvarnished glamor girl whom film fans and photographers seldom see.

Photographer Sanford Roth, shooting for Collier's, persuaded her to let him record her in action, as the pictures on these pages will testify. "At first I was horrified at the idea," Joan says. "Then I found that I rather liked the looks of Crawford in the raw."

Director and star, in cloistered concentration, stopped only for 10-minute breaks, one two-hour change-of-scene rehearsal session at Walters' house—where they avoided interruption and concentrated on one particularly troublesome routine, and hurried lunches in Joan's dressing room where she camped out for the entire period.

"I didn't want to disrupt the kids' schedule (Crawford has four adopted children) by going home at all hours. I wanted them to see me as a mother, not as a tired-out movie star."

A grateful studio had provided her with sitting room, dressing room and bedroom, refurbished in satiny-pink. Joan moved in with her secretary, her white poodle, Cliquot, who goes everywhere Crawford goes, her knitting, and stacks of autographed pictures she distributed to fans who lay in wait for her when she arrived. Meals were sent over from the studio commissary.

Then it was late Saturday afternoon and the four days were up. Dancer and director were feeling fine. "Dancing is like swimming," says Joan. "Once you know how, you never forget. The problem is getting back in shape."

Monday came and the paraphernalia of movie making was wheeled into the studio. Expectancy lay heavy upon the lot. Joan, spruced up after Sunday at home, swung up to the gate in a flurry of packages and launched a studio party to celebrate the start of production.

Then the party was over and the filming began. Crawford's own reward? The sound of cameras grinding out the news that, after 28 strenuous years, the Crawford glamor (a very special quality) is as compelling as ever. ▲▲▲

**Dance sessions were broken up for costume and make-up conferences. Sharp on detail, Crawford suggests nose shading for the blackface skit**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SANFORD ROTH

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Mr. Ransom's mournful, following stare implied that he knew all about his wife's goings on with Henry

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# The Husband SNATCHER

By MARGARET BONHAM

**What Mrs. Seton had in mind when she advertised for summer guests and what she got were—well, the Ransoms just weren't it at all**

WHEN the children went back to boarding school after Easter, Mrs. Seton decided she would take in two paying guests for the summer term, to help pay for the autumn one. But Mr. Seton said discouragingly, "Who on earth would want to come here?"

"People who like the country," said Mrs. Seton, who didn't, herself, but could see that it had charms, at any rate in the summer.

"People who like the country," Mr. Seton said, "can go to country hotels and get their beds made properly, not pulled up from the bottom, and meals on time and their porridge not burned, and hot water in the bath and no smell of pigs with a west wind."

"Naturally, Henry, I shall make their beds properly," Mrs. Seton said in a lofty way. "They can have corn flakes, as it's summer. You'll have to clean the pigs more often. The boiler only wants the flues cleaned. Anyway I shan't charge as much as a hotel. But I've worked it out, and I ought to make eighty pounds by the end of term—I don't see why not, anyway—and that will help with next year's school fees, and we can all have some new winter clothes. And anyway, it'll be me that does all the work, so I don't see what you're complaining about."

"I was not complaining," Henry Seton said. "I was only saying nobody will come."

Mrs. Seton would have flounced, if she had been a flouncing type, but she was not. She wore austere and antique tweeds and jerseys, and had an excellent but severe bone structure, and hair cut short. In fact she had nothing to flounce with, so she merely turned abruptly and went into the sitting room and wrote an advertisement. "Home produce," she wrote. "Delightful country. Peace and every comfort." After consideration she crossed out every, and wished she could include a photograph of the house, which was charming: white and thick-walled, embowered in roses not yet out and fringed with daffodils already faded, and with its pigsties hidden behind a thicket of lilac. She counted words, wrote a check reluctantly, and stamped the envelope.

Mr. Seton put his head round the door and said, "I should hope we're not all going to feed together."

Mrs. Seton had not yet come to grips with this problem, but she answered, "Certainly not," without a second's hesitation, and went out to post the advertisement before Mr. Seton could start asking, in that case, who and where and what about this and that. She walked down the lane in the sunlight; the sky was robin's-egg blue, the trees were clouding their red twigs with milky leaf, a thrush was singing. The thought of eighty pounds made her languidly content.

Spurred on, rather than discouraged, by the negative attitude of Mr. Seton, she felt perfectly able to cope with the extra work. After all, three months was not long; the end (and the profit) would be in sight from the start; and it would be quite pleasant, for a time, to have some female company in the house besides the woman who came three mornings a week to do the rough work. She visualized a delightful and *(Continued on page 64)*

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD HOOK

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HENRY LUHRS

"It's our wedding picture," Sam said. "You can feel free to laugh"

# Moon Madness

## By SCOTT CORBETT

OLD Sam Clark was still half asleep as he opened the front door and squinted out at the couple who stood waiting on the porch. The young man had his arm tight around the girl's shoulders, and it would have been hard to say who was giving courage to whom.

"Are you Mr. Clark?" the young man asked.

"Yes."

"We want to get married."

Sam's eyes were clear now, and speculative. They were a nice-looking young couple, the boy not over twenty-four, the girl probably not more than nineteen. He was a fine, strapping young fellow, and she was as pretty as a picture. They both looked scared to death, but their jaws were set.

"Well, come right in," Sam said and stepped back and held the door wide. They came in and stood just inside the square arch of the old-fashioned parlor. They stood looking about them, with their fingers just touching.

"How far you folks come?" Sam asked.

"From Philadelphia," the young man said uncertainly. "Sorry to get you up at this hour, but we didn't make up our minds till almost midnight."

"That's all right," Sam said. "We get 'em here from all over and at all hours. How'd you happen to pick me, though? Somebody recommend me, or something? I mean, there's a lot of justices of the peace in this town—"

"We just saw your sign and decided to try you," the young man said. "You were the first one we came to."

Sam looked thoughtful, and then he said, "Well, I do have a good location all right." He waved a hand toward the homely, comfortable sofa. "Now, before I go get my wife out of bed, let's set down and talk a minute. You've come a long ways, and it's late, so a few minutes more won't hurt none, and I always like to get acquainted first. Otherwise it's too cold-blooded."

The young couple looked at each other helplessly and then sat down on the edge of the sofa. Sam wrapped his well-worn bathrobe around him a little closer and pulled his favorite rocker a little closer to the sofa before sitting down. He thought wearily that he needed a good bit more sleep to be in shape for the next day, but he said kindly:

"Now, then. What's your names?"

"Sally Jordan."

"Tom Reynolds."

"Are your folks living, Sally?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Yours, Tom?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose some or all of 'em are dead set against your getting married, eh?"

They hesitated, and exchanged another glance. And then Sally said, "Well, no, not exactly. It's just that—well, they don't understand us!"

"Oh," Sam said.

"They want us to have a long engagement. They want us to wait till November and go through all that rigmarole—"

"November, for Pete's sake!" Tom said. "That's five months!"

"You expecting to go into service, Tom?"

"No, sir. That's one thing we don't have to worry about; I just got back from Korea two months ago."

"I see. I judge, then, that you don't get along with your folks," Sam said, turning back to Sally, and he got the immediate protest he was expecting.

"Oh, no! It's not that at all!" she said. "They're wonderful, but they can't seem to understand that we want to get married right now, without any fuss or—or—" She made a helpless little gesture. "My mother— We've always been very close, but now she insists I should wait and have a church wedding. That's the way she did it, and she says that's the way I should do it. I tried to talk to Father, but he just said I should listen to Mother—"

"And *my* mother agrees with everything *her* mother says," Tom said bitterly.

Sam nodded, and rocked for a moment. Then he got up and went to the little desk in the corner of the room.

"Well, now, it may strike you as odd, but my wife and I were married in church," he said as he rummaged around among some papers. "Not a very good advertisement, eh? Let me see, where did I put—here, here 'tis. Here's something I come across only the other day when I was going through some papers. Our wedding picture." He brought it over and handed it to Sally. "You can feel free to laugh. Styles have changed some since then."

Sally looked at the picture and then glanced up quickly. "Why, what do you mean? Her gown is beautiful," she said and looked back at the picture, and her eyes softened. "She's a lovely bride. You certainly look happy, both of you."

Tom craned his neck to look at the picture, and then he took it and studied it, with his jaw muscles working a little.

SAM sat down again. "We were happy," he said, "and we stayed happy. But as you may have noticed, we were pretty young, too, and in those days engagements were *really* long. Carrie and I got pretty restive, and sometimes we thought the time would never come. I'll tell you one fact, though, when we finally got through all the rigmarole, we went on our honeymoon feeling relaxed and, well, it was just wonderful, the way we felt. We'd done it up right, we'd satisfied everybody, and we didn't have a care in the world. We'd made Carrie's ma happy—she'd been looking forward to her daughter's wedding ever since Carrie was born, I guess—and we'd made my ma happy, too."

Sam sat back and rocked and looked off vaguely into space, but he knew their eyes were fixed on him. He also knew that while he had been talking each of them had looked down, self-consciously, for a moment at least.

"Of course, there's times when getting married by a justice makes perfectly good sense," he went on. "But on the other hand—and mind you, I only bring this up because marriage is a serious proposition and it pays to think about it from all sides before, instead of after—when folks run off and get married just because they're impatient, that kind of takes the edge off their happiness sometimes. Instead of having some nice place already arranged for their honeymoon, they have to take catch-as-catch-can accommodations somewhere—often as not in the middle of the night, too. They know they're hurting people they love by what they're doing, so they're not completely happy and relaxed—"

That was as far as Sam got, because that was where Sally broke down and began to cry. Tom reached out and put his arm around her and held her tight, and he looked as if for two cents he'd have started crying, too. . . .

"Well, I honestly think you're making a wise decision," Sam was saying a few minutes later. "I think the day will come, along about November, when you'll be glad you waited."

Tom heaved a large, shaky sigh and said, "Mr. Clark, all I can say is, you're an unusual justice of the peace, to go talking yourself out of a fee." His hand went into his pocket and he thrust a bill at Sam impulsively. "I want you to have this anyway, sir. You sure deserve it!"

Sam waved it away. "No, you hang on to that. You'll be needing it for the minister," he said, and he could not be made to change his mind.

"I—I don't know what we're going to say when we get home," Sally said hesitantly, when they were standing on the porch.

Sam looked up at the full moon. "Tell 'em you just went out spoonin'," he said.

He watched them get in the car and stood waving to them as they drove away, and then he looked up and down the silent street. He guessed he could step out into the yard for a minute without being seen. He walked down to the signpost stuck in his lawn.

"Just as I thought," he said to himself. "A full moon sets kids to pullin' pranks!" A bit guiltily, and yet knowing he would not hate himself in the morning for what he had done, he pulled up the sign and took it next door where it belonged—in the front yard of his brother George, a J.P. who would marry any couple that came along for the sake of the fee. ▲▲▲



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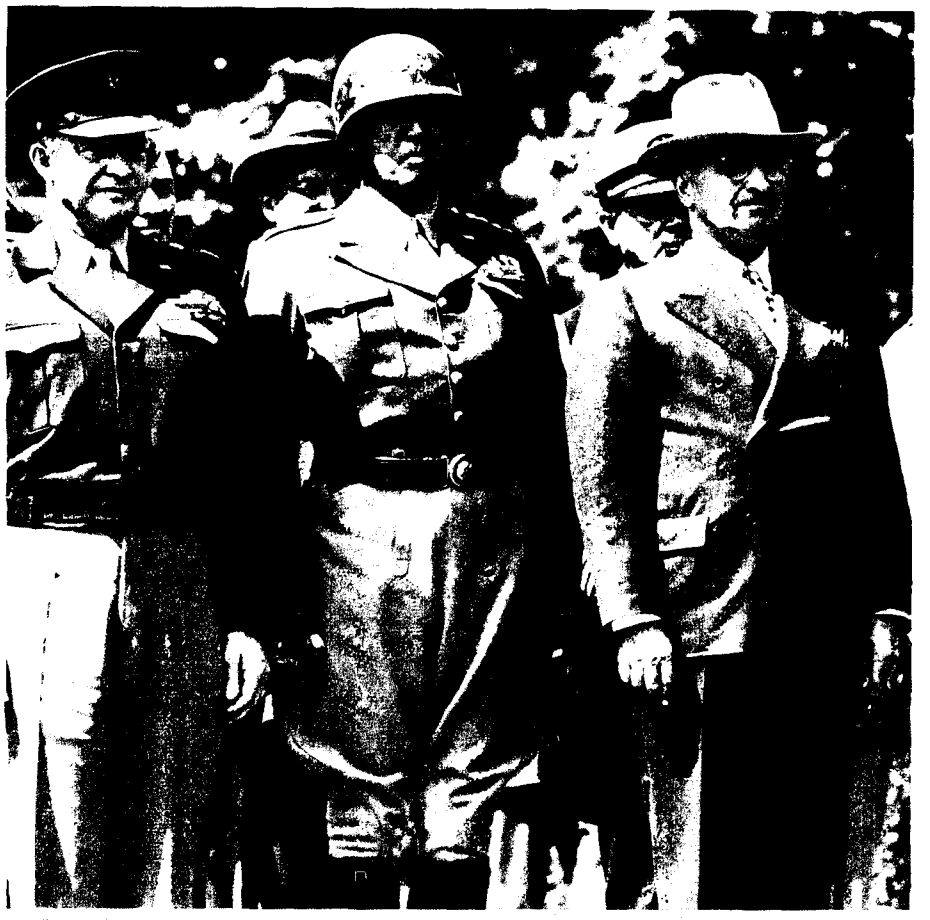
In Washington, it's an axiom that if three people are told a fact in confidence, the

# WE KEPT TRUMAN'S BIG

## Concluding I WORKED FOR THREE PRESIDENTS



U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

**At attention during flag-raising ceremony in Berlin: General Eisenhower, the late General Patton and President Truman**

**President Truman and Secretary of State Byrnes stand talking in the bow of the Augusta, returning from the Potsdam Conference. The author is at extreme left**

By CMDR. WILLIAM McK. RIGDON, USN

WHEN Harry S. Truman took the oath as President on April 12, 1945, I knew him only by sight, and I am sure he had never heard of me. But when he left the White House last January 20th, I felt that I had known him all my life and could count on him as a friend forever. In a way, I was closer to him than to President Roosevelt.

There were many differences between Roosevelt and Truman. Roosevelt was always confident. At first Truman seemed to lack self-assurance. Roosevelt enjoyed flattery, although he did not demand it. Truman was a little embarrassed by it. Roosevelt felt good about his patrician ancestry. Truman liked his own Midwestern farm origins. Roosevelt was a late sleeper; Truman, an early riser. Roosevelt liked movies and fishing; Truman cared little for either. Roosevelt rarely carried spending money; Truman always had plenty. Roosevelt called me Rigdon; Truman called me Bill.

My duties as assistant to the naval aide—which I first assumed 11 years ago and which I will give up soon—are such that I have little daily contact with the President when he is at home. But on the road, I have served as one of his secretaries, manager of his mess and keeper of his official log.

Working for Roosevelt in that multiple capacity, I attended many of the wartime Big Power conferences and learned a great deal about F.D.R.'s strengths and weaknesses. I also saw history made. I was present at the President's informal meetings with Joseph Stalin—who apparently admired Roosevelt greatly. I recorded the minutes of the conference between F.D.R. and King Ibn-Saud of Saudi Arabia, at which (despite later heated denials by some groups) Roosevelt definitely promised never to act against the Arabs' best interests in Palestine. And I saw the meeting at Pearl Harbor with General Douglas MacArthur, and later took down F.D.R.'s letter to the general which said, ". . . I personally have a hunch that you would make more of a go as President than I would as General in the retaking of the Philippines!"

President Truman attended just one major wartime conference, at Potsdam. It was on that trip, nearly three months after he was sworn in, that I first came to know him well. The war was over in Europe, and almost over in Japan, and our ship, the heavy cruiser Augusta, sailed confidently, sending and receiving messages in the open and keeping its lights on at night. This was a new and pleasant experience for those of us who had accompanied President Roosevelt on his secret and heavily guarded war travels. The cast of characters on this trip also was new, with a few exceptions, but the usual crew of Filipinos from the Presidential yacht was along.

Among the Filipinos was a steward known as Ike, who later returned to duty on the President's yacht. A ship's order issued January 20, 1953, prohibited any further reference to him as Ike. His name is Esperancilla now.

On President Truman's voyage to Europe, the Secret Service men, long accustomed to a nonwalking President, had a real workout. Even aboard a man-of-war they are required to shadow the President, and Truman was all over that ship nearly every day. He was up before six for a walk around the decks. He took part in every lifeboat drill. He



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ountry will hear it soon. The President confided in 13. One of them tells how . . .

# SECRET

ate his meals wherever he cared to—in his own mess, with the wardroom officers, with the crew.

I had learned that he liked buttermilk, and I had a supply along; on later trips he cheerfully got along without it. He was easy to please. In all my years with him I never heard him complain about food, and rarely did he ask for a special dish.

### Sailors Were Victims of Curiosity

President Truman's liking for friendly horseplay became evident on the trip across. Two of the seamen set up a box on deck and said they had a great sea bat inside. Sailors have a lot of curiosity. Nearly every man who came near that box asked what was inside, then stooped far over to see for himself. That was an error. A third seaman, who seemed to have nothing on his mind, and only a broom in his hand, was nearby; when the peeper's pants were tightest, he hauled off with a mighty swing of that broom. President Truman enjoyed the spectacle mightily. The victim, hearing the laughter from the Presidential quarters, naturally did not tell any of his mates what had happened to him, and so the show went on for hours.

When Mr. Truman stepped ashore at Antwerp on July 15th, he became the second American President to set foot on western European soil. Woodrow Wilson was first. F.D.R., in all his travels while President, did not visit western Europe.

The President and his party were housed in the Berlin suburb of Babelsberg during the Potsdam Conference. The President's quarters, at 2 Kaiserstrasse, was a large residence in the midst of a beautiful garden. President Truman issued the strictest orders to all of us that we were not to "liberate" any items we found there, and so far as I know the order was obeyed—except that somebody acquired a statuette from Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy's room. The Presidential chief of staff, upset and angry, took personal charge of efforts to find the figure, but in vain.

Stalin called on President Truman in the forenoon of July 17th, and apologized for arriving a day late; his doctor had insisted that he come by train, not air. Molotov and other high Russian officials were with him. Mr. Charles Bohlen, our present Ambassador to Moscow and F.D.R.'s interpreter at Yalta, served as interpreter for President Truman at Potsdam.

That first day, with no advance word to anyone, President Truman invited all his guests to lunch. I was in charge of the mess. It was too late to do anything about the menu, except increase the quantities, so all hands had liver and bacon. They seemed to like it, especially the Russians (the fact that we also served vodka and wines didn't hurt).

Stalin appeared in good humor. I recall that at one meeting the British suggested a change in the wording of something. Stalin liked the wording as it was, but when Truman said he was agreeable to the change, Stalin accepted with this comment: "If the President of the

**The President's vacations at Key West were not all play and relaxation. Here, Commander Rigdon, the author, delivers mail and documents sent down from Washington that required prompt Presidential attention**

U.S. NAVY PHOTO



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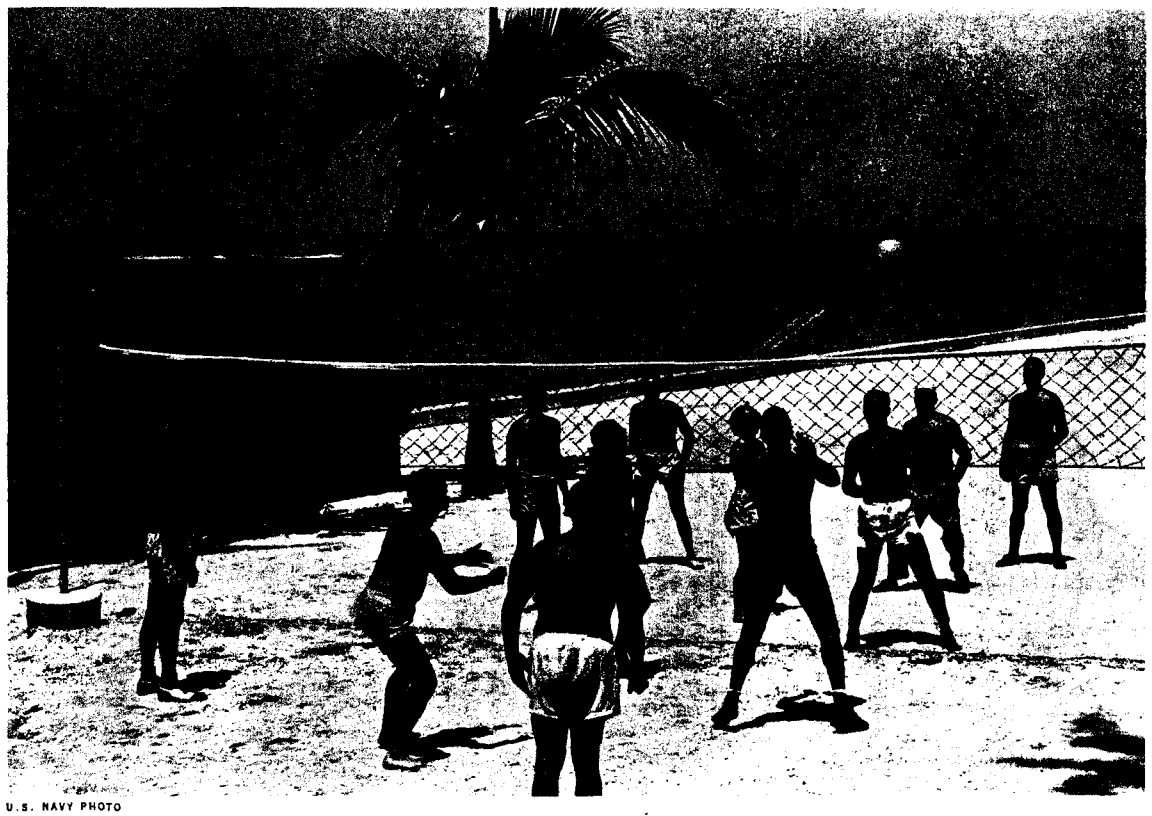
## *At Potsdam, Stalin came to a dinner by car with 50 guards. Truman came afoot with three*



U.S. NAVY PHOTO

**Volleyball was a favorite recreation of members of Truman's staff during holidays at Key West. Daughter Margaret sometimes joined Secret Service guards, military aides and others in a game**

United States understands it, the Russians can too."

In the midst of the Potsdam Conference, the Churchill government was overthrown by the Labor party in England. Clement Attlee, who had been sitting in on the meetings, became Prime Minister—and the conferences continued almost as if nothing had happened. I believe this smooth continuity through a change in administrations may have helped inspire President Truman's successful efforts to effect a smooth transition from his administration to that of President Eisenhower.

### Two Men Who Came to Dinner

President Truman's naturalness and simplicity were apparent to everyone at Potsdam. The air about the British and Russian quarters was formal and official. On the evening that Prime Minister Churchill entertained at dinner I remember that Stalin arrived in a big limousine, escorted by perhaps 50 armed guards in other vehicles. They moved swiftly, precisely, with an air of fierceness. At about the same time President Truman quietly appeared on foot, accompanied only by Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, Admiral Leahy and three Secret Service men.

On the President's arrival at Berlin two weeks earlier, he had been met by Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, and the two had consulted several times in secret. I thought nothing of it. Neither did I attach any significance later to a message the President sent to the Secretary—who had returned to Washington—approving "certain suggestions" that had been made.

I didn't learn what it was all about until we were on the way home. On August 6th, aboard the Augusta, the President and Mr. Byrnes were having lunch with the crew, when Captain Franklin H. Graham, of the White House map-room staff, handed Mr. Truman a message. The President leaped to his feet, shook hands heartily with Graham, and said: "Captain, this is the greatest thing in history! Show it to the Secretary of State!" Mr. Byrnes read it and said, "Fine! Fine!"

A few minutes later another message was handed to the President. Again he jumped up. "It's time for us to get on home," he called to Byrnes. Then to the crew he said: "Please keep your seats and listen for a moment. I have an announcement to make. We have just dropped a new bomb on Japan which has more power than 20,000 tons of TNT. It has been an overwhelming success!"

The President later disclosed that Secretary Stimson had visited him in Europe to tell him the bomb had been perfected. That apparently innocent message about "certain suggestions" being approved had referred to a world-shaking event.

My next long overseas trip with President Truman, in September, 1947, was less exciting, but almost equally interesting. The destination was Rio de Janeiro, where Mr. Truman attended the Quitandinha Inter-American Defense Conference, and where I was decorated with the Brazilian Order of Merit for my services to Brazil's friend, President Truman.

The President flew to Rio, but returned on the battleship Missouri. On September 11th we sailed across the equator, and the President, Mrs. Truman, Margaret Truman and numerous other polliwogs—persons who never before had crossed the equator on water—were summoned before the Court of Neptunus Rex, mythical ruler of the sea, to answer certain charges against them. This is an ancient sea custom in which polliwogs are tried, sentenced and then accepted as shellbacks.

### Entering into the Polliwog Spirit

The President and his family entered into the gaiety with full spirit, walking around the decks with other polliwogs, most of whom were wildly and absurdly dressed. The President wore slacks, sport shirt and a baker's hat.

As chief polliwog, Truman came first at the trial. He was charged with having neglected the sea for land and a lot of other crimes, but received mercy in the form of a light sentence—an autographed card for each member of the court, and a promise to continue to supply a bountiful number of Corona Corona cheroots for the shellback members of his mess.

Mrs. Truman was accused of having made life so pleasant on land that her husband had failed to run away to sea, but received no sentence. Margaret was sentenced to sing Anchors Aweigh. Then the rough stuff started, as other less-distinguished polliwogs were dumped into the ship's tank, and required to run down long lanes of shellbacks, all swinging canvas shillelaghs. It was a great day.

The following year was a time of great political excitement. As a member of the official family, I traveled extensively with President Truman on his campaign trips. The first came in June, 1948, before the Democratic convention, when the President was trying out the temper of voters and looking for an issue. At Butte, Montana, he told his audience that he considered the Republican 80th Congress the second worst in our history, the "Thad Stevens Reconstruction Congress" being the worst. Later the President was widely quoted as saying the 80th Congress was *the* worst. The favorable political reaction to this remark was decisive. The President had his issue, and with no one on the Republican ticket defending the record of that Congress, the President was able to shape the ensuing campaign to his liking.

### Embarrassed by Mistake in Identity

On this same tryout trip, at a stop in Idaho, the President learned a lesson he never forgot. He had been invited to dedicate an airport, and had only the name to guide him. He assumed it was the name of a soldier from that area who had been killed in war, and went on to praise the man who was having his name perpetuated in this way. Only after the ceremony did he learn that the airport was named for a sixteen-year-old girl who had been killed while taking a hop in a small private plane. He was furious with his staff for failing to get him the facts in advance.

Many people commented during his later campaigns that he was a political genius because he nearly always succeeded in associating himself in some way with the audience he was addressing. If a town had suffered a great disaster at any time in its history, he spoke of it. If some locally famous and beloved person had lived there he spoke of him. So it may be that the unhappy slip in Idaho was converted into a great campaign advantage.

On the way home from the first cross-continent swing in 1948, President Truman told us he had made up his mind to get the nomination, and that he believed he would win the election. So far as I could tell he never lost confidence, though I cannot say the same for myself or for several other members of his staff. As November came near, the whistle-stop crowds got bigger, station after station, and the faces of the people lighted up more and more as he slammed at the Republicans. There were plenty of tip-offs that he might win, but I confess I did not see them.

Then came November 2d, the night of the Great Surprise. The next day the President left Independence for Washington. His staff brought along a sign from the mimeograph room on the private train. It read: "White House Mimeograph, the only paper that supported President Truman throughout his campaign." That sign was around the White House for months, and Truman got a laugh every time he saw it.

The President reached Washington on Friday, got the wildest of welcomes, and planned at once to leave for Key West. He was feeling good, and it seemed to us that he invited everybody who had voted for him to come on down to Key West for a visit. Many accepted, including two sleeping-car porters, a railroad policeman and a railroad maintenance engineer.

I had never seen the President so excited. Normally he relaxed at Key West, but for several days he seemed unable to be still. Even the afternoon nap was abandoned, in favor of visits to the press room, chats with visitors, telephone calls and plans for meeting with big-time political figures who were



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*"After the Summer Theater,"* by Douglass Crockwell. Number 83 in the series "Home Life in America"

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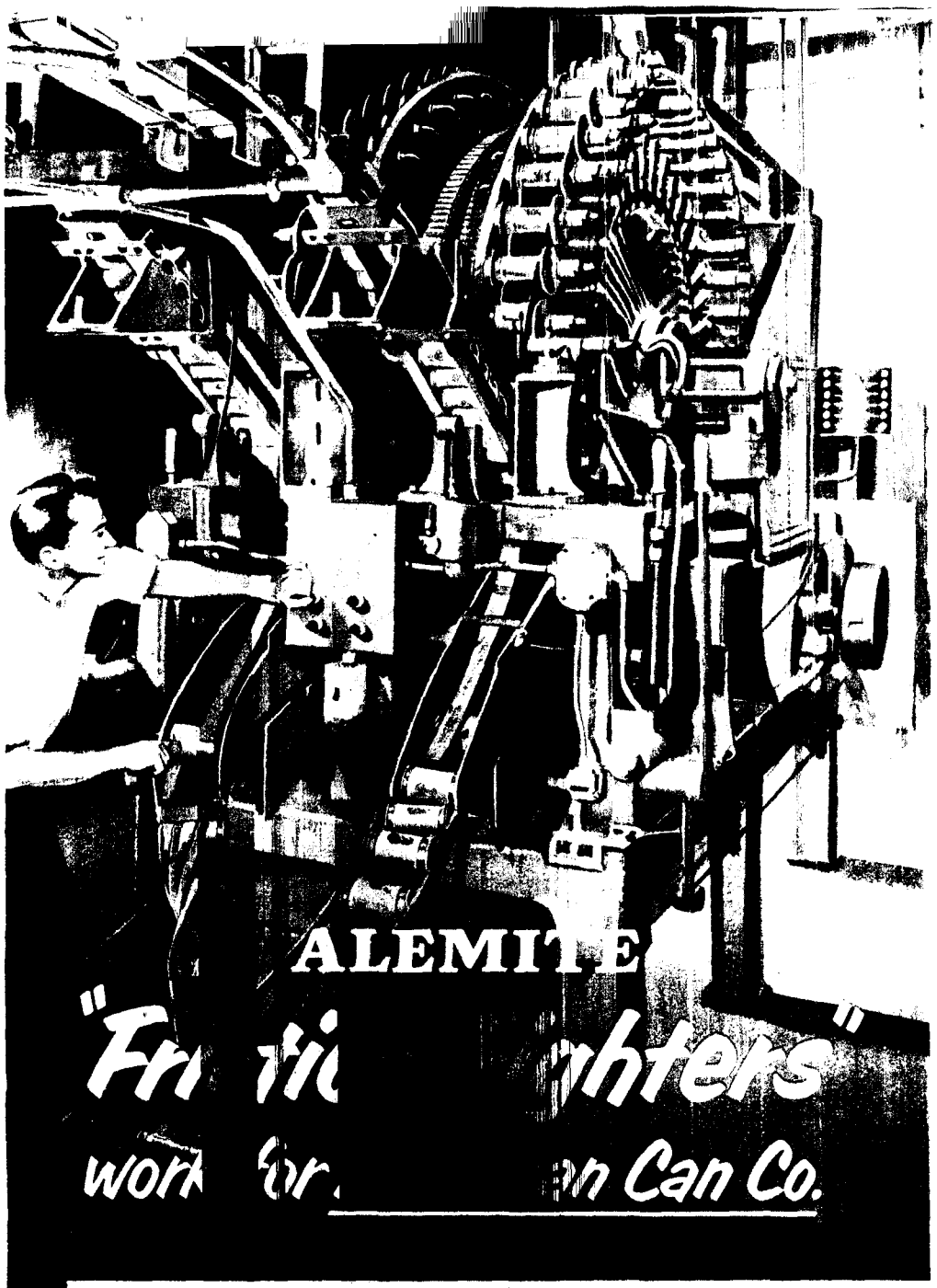


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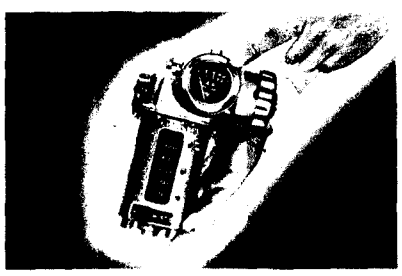

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clamoring to come down. He let his beard grow for three days—something he never had done before, so far as I know. But gradually the tension and excitement eased off, and he began to enjoy the deep satisfaction of vindication. He became a confident man.

Key West did much for President Truman, and vice versa. The people of Key West came to accept him as a genial neighbor. Now and then he would walk the streets and exchange greetings. When he stopped in at a lunch counter for a cup of coffee he paid for it with an autographed dollar bill. He carried a pocketful of these autographed bills with him. The station barber at Key West once had a dozen or more of them.

The President's naval aide—during the Key West period, it was Rear Admiral James H. Foskett and later Rear Admiral Robert L. Dennison—was general manager of these vacations, and I was kept very busy as his main assistant. The President once referred to me as "Bill Rigdon, the man who makes the clock tick night and day on these occasions."

One day he heard me refuse an invitation of Bill Hassett, his correspondence secretary, to fly over to Havana for a little fun, because I had too much work to do. The President disappeared into his study, then came back in a minute or two with this handwritten order: "Executive Order, Key West No. 1: It is hereby ordered that Lt. Commander William Rigdon be and he is hereby ordered to attend a party on a visit to Cuba March 16, 1949—and fail not at his peril." It was signed Harry S. Truman, Official. I went. Not long after that he issued another extraordinary order, raising my rank from lieutenant commander to commander.

### Not Too Keen About Fishing

Mrs. Truman was with the President on a number of his Key West vacations, and, like him, she was easy to please. Occasionally she liked to fish, and the President would go with her, though he cared almost nothing about the sport. But he was a devoted family man, and when his wife or daughter wanted him to do something, he usually did it.

Margaret was a sparkling member of the Key West group. She played volley ball with the men—and a good game, too. The Filipinos were delighted by her orders for their hot cakes—"Not just three, but a stack"—but they never became completely reconciled to her habit of spreading mayonnaise on steaks.

One spring night when Margaret, Mrs. Rigdon and I, and numerous other officers and their wives attended a dance, I learned how untrue a half-truth can be. At about midnight, I was paged to take a telephone call from the Little White House: the President wanted to attend Easter sunrise services next morning and wanted every one to be up and ready in plenty of time. I went back and said jokingly that we'd better get on home because the President had called for a 5:00 A.M. reveille. The party quickly broke up, and we accompanied Margaret back to the Presidential quarters.

A few days later, a columnist reported that the President had become angry at our high jinks and had ordered his daughter home.

The President, as everyone who knows him knows, is deeply devoted to Margaret. He was at his radio or television set every time she made an air appearance. He had—and played often—every record she made. Music was a major diversion for him wherever he went. Before every vacation, he would collect records, nearly all of them classical, and would trust no one but himself to carry them on the trip.

### When Lady Luck Played Poker

Poker was another of his favorite recreations. One night Clark Clifford was having all the luck, and the President was having none. The stack of chips in front of Mr. Clifford was really high. The President said the game would have to be interrupted a few minutes while he went into the next room to hear a broadcast. Clifford and all other players went with him. When they got back, the table was empty! The steward, thinking the game over, had put the chips back in the box. Mr. Clifford's yell of pain did him no good.

At Key West, President Truman usually wore slacks and sport shirts. Also he had a flair for caps. If you wondered when he had time to select all those odd caps and gorgeous shirts, I'll let you in on a secret. They were sent to him by dealers and manufacturers in such numbers that they spilled over into the wardrobes of all the rest of us.

Now and then the President would have some fun at Key West by appearing at Press Secretary Ross's news conferences. He said he was correspondent for the Federal Register, a government publication in which Presidential proclamations and executive orders are made official. He liked Charley Ross, I always thought, better than any other member of his staff. They had been boys together in Missouri.

November 19, 1951, was a memorable day for me and for a dozen other members of the President's staff. On that day he told us in confidence that he wouldn't run for the Presidency again. From then until March 29, 1952, when he made his public announcement, we kept his secret without, so far as I know, a single leak or even a hint to anybody. In Washington, where veils of secrecy usually have holes in them big enough to sail a ship through, it was a notable achievement.

Secrecy was important because a President can't afford to tip his hand on a matter like that until he's ready. Admiral Sidney Souers, the President's adviser on security matters, suggested taking down the names of all those in the know, and I did so. Besides Admiral Souers, there were Admirals Leahy and Dennison; General Vaughan and Brigadier General Robert B. Landry, the Air Force aide; Bill Hassett; press secretary Joe Short and his assistant Roger Tubby; special counsel Charlie Murphy; administrative assistants Donald Dawson and Dave Bell; legislative assistant Joe Feeney and finally myself.

I had to list the names in my log in such a way that they'd arouse no curiosity. Mr. Truman had been working on a speech that day with members of his staff; outsiders who saw the log might have received the impression that the President had called in other staff members to hear the finished speech.



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## but himself to carry his phonograph records

Keeping the secret was easy for me. I'd been entrusted with confidential information in the Navy, and later, during the war, I had access to the supersecret White House map room—where I saw not only what was happening on the battlefields, but what was planned. That experience did something to me for life. I steeled myself to be more than normally careful about what I said, whom I associated with and even what I showed in my facial expressions. I'm sure my attitude irked my friends; many times after some great event my wife has reproved me for not even hinting that something was up.

All during those late days of 1951, reporters and others went on fishing expeditions to the White House, trying to learn the President's intentions. Often the people who met him thought they had clues, and would announce as much; actually, the President was playing a cagy game, vaguely hinting first one way, then the other, and enjoying himself hugely.

### As Hope of Victory Waned

Despite his decision not to run, his hopes of a Democratic victory apparently were high. He campaigned vigorously for Adlai E. Stevenson, and Election Night found us on board the campaign train en route from Kansas City to Washington. I set up shop in the lounge ahead of the President's private car, and sent him bulletins as they came in. Margaret received these reports for several hours and kept her mother and dad informed. Finally she retired to her room, but I saw a light under the President's door, and continued to slip bulletins through the crack until the light went out.

I believe the President was in low spirits for some time after Stevenson lost, but before he retired on January 20th he was cheerful again. He is a man with a lot of bounce. He left with a smile and a wave of the hand. His successor came in the same way.

I am sorry, in a sense, that my time in the Navy is up because it means the end of my service at the White House, too. In the past six months it has been my privilege to serve President Eisenhower by continuing on duty as assistant to his naval aide, Commander Edward Beach.

### New Jobs for Filipino Help

Mr. Eisenhower has announced that he will not use the Presidential yacht, Williamsburg. The yacht's Filipino cooks and stewards will be reassigned —some, I suppose, to the White House mess, others, perhaps, to the Presidential camp in Maryland. Wherever they go, I wish them well.

Incidentally, the famous Maryland camp in the Catochin Mountains, which Roosevelt and Truman called Shangri-La, has a new name now, as you may have read: Camp David, for the President's grandson. The change caught the naval aide's office, which supervises the place, off guard. President Eisenhower was visiting his brother, Dr. Milton Eisenhower, in Pennsylvania when he decided on the switch; at the same time, he decided to visit the camp the next day. We poured on full steam ahead when we learned the news, and when the Eisenhower party arrived at the erstwhile Shangri-La they were greeted by a bright new sign announcing the entrance to Camp David. I hope they didn't touch the paint to see if it were dry.

My plans for the future are not yet definite. The Navy is good to men who have served long, so my retirement pay will provide me security. Perhaps I shall go into hotel management —after (and don't laugh at me) a vacation sea voyage.

I am forty-nine, and expect to be around a long time. But no matter how long I live, I'll always look back with a thrill to the years it was my inestimable good fortune to serve three Presidents of the United States. ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S "I got the decisive hit. It broke up the ball game, and a couple of other things" DICK CAVALLI

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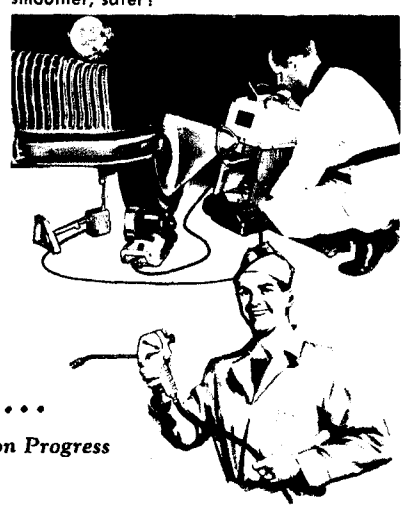

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# The DEADLY MERMAID

By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

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**Pellone was down, the spear tip bradded to his back. His hoarse screaming had stopped, but he was moaning and jerking his head from side to side. His cheek was against the rough carpet, and blood was beginning to spurt out of his mouth**

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

***To sidetrack a revolution, secret agent Harry Donner had to play sportsman in Haiti, with two rich young men and a sinister Italian. The very first day's sport ended in a murder***

**The Story:** Intelligence agent HARRY DONNER was sent to Haiti to prevent the landing of a boatload of munitions from behind the Iron Curtain, and to stop a scheduled revolution. In order to keep his eye on the mysterious VITO PELLONE, who might be mixed up in the Red scheme, Donner posed as a backer of a spear-fishing movie that Pellone was making with the help of two rich young playboys, BILL RUSK and CAMERON BRADFORD. The first night, Donner found that Pellone was away from home, and he bribed T'Goos, a Haitian cabdriver, to take him to Pellone's house. He broke in successfully, but was caught in the act and nearly shot by RUTH HORAN, a beautiful woman who, he remembered, had been involved, several years earlier, in a notorious murder case. Donner left, and then he arranged with a U.S. Embassy official to prevent her from telephoning Pellone in Cap-Haitien. Donner, Rusk and Bradford were to join Pellone there the next morning. To make sure T'Goos kept his mouth shut, Donner bribed the cabdriver—and slipped him a Mickey. Even with these precautions, Donner was sure Pellone would soon get word that his disguise was a fake. He had only a few hours to work.

## II

WHEN Harry Donner woke up at the time he had planned, there was a stale taste in his mouth. He examined his rumpled clothes, yawned and got up. Going into the bathroom, he had to step over the sleeping cabdriver. T'Goos was sprawled on the floor, snoring. After he had finished shaving, Donner put on a sport jacket and slacks, and locked his pistol in his suitcase.

He had breakfast alone, because none of the other guests were up yet. When he was through eating, he walked to the front desk and found that Bill Rusk was in Suite 3. He knocked on the door for several minutes before Rusk opened it, yawning and removing rubber earplugs.

"What is it?" the chunky boy mumbled, rubbing his bloodshot eyes.

"I thought we were sailing early for Cap-Haitien, on the yacht."

Rusk shook his head glumly. "Waste too much time that way," he said. "Trip takes ten or twelve hours, even when the roads are dry. So we're flying over at eleven this morning. The Cataplume cleared at midnight, and she'll meet us over there."

"Oh?" Donner said.

"Yeah. Left you a note, but I guess they didn't deliver it. Brad will join us here at ten; we'll all go to the airport together. And now, if you don't mind, sport, I'll creep back into the sack."

"Right. Sorry I woke you up."

"Okay," Rusk said. He ran one hand through his disheveled hair and made a face. "Boxed the decanters pretty late—a few dancing girls; you know how it goes."

"Sure. See you at ten," Donner said. He turned and walked back to his own room. T'Goos was still snoring, and Harry did not disturb him. Undressing, he put on swimming trunks and went out to the pool. The water was cold enough to be a shock when he hit it, and he stretched out into a steady crawl stroke. At the far end of the pool, he reached up for the overflow gutter and caught a slender ankle instead.

The ankle belonged to Micheline Gerard, the hotel's French hostess. She laughed and kicked at him lightly. She was wearing a white Bikini bathing suit. Harry Donner pulled himself up, trying not to stare.

"What kind of a tourist are you?" she asked mockingly. "Usually they don't get up until nine, at the earliest."

Harry explained that he had thought he was leaving at eight. He said that if the guests knew how she looked in that suit, they would be lined up on the edge of the pool, cheering. Micheline smiled and slipped down into the blue water. She swam briskly to the end of the pool and got out. When she had covered the revealing suit with a terry-cloth robe, she waved at him and walked into the hotel.

Harry went back to his room and wrote three letters. Then he shook T'Goos's shoulder. The cabdriver answered drowsily, but his eyes were still filmed. Donner told him to wash his face, and T'Goos nodded mutely and stumbled into the bathroom. While he was gone, Harry ordered breakfast for him, with an extra pot of coffee.

T'Goos was silent as he picked at his breakfast, trying to shake off the effect of the chloral hydrate. Over the rim of his own coffee cup, Harry announced that T'Goos would drive him, Rusk and Bradford to the airport at ten. He reminded T'Goos that he was to keep his mouth shut about last night's talk, and about the trip to Pellone's house. When Donner returned from Cap-Haitien, the driver would get another hundred-dollar bill.

T'Goos stopped eating long enough to fumble the bank note out of his shirt pocket.

"If you louse me up, or go to the police, or tell your wife or anyone else," Donner said pleasantly, "I'll make good on my other promise. You will spend a long time in jail."

A look of resentment crossed T'Goos's face, but he only stared at Harry Donner. When he had finished breakfast, Harry told him to go out and wait in the cab. The driver nodded, still groggy, and went out, pulling on his cap and blinking in the bright sunlight.

BILL RUSK and Cameron Bradford were sitting on the front steps of the hotel when Donner walked out with his bags. They had already packed the spear guns, face plates, flippers and cameras in the back end of T'Goos's cab. Bradford nodded curtly to Donner, and got in the back seat with Rusk. Harry walked around to the front and got in beside T'Goos.

While the sullen driver was pressing the starter button, Micheline Gerard came out on the steps and waved good-by. She was wearing a light blue dress with a scarf of the same color around her startling white hair. The wind stirred the skirt around her shapely legs as she smiled down at them. Harry said that he liked the bathing suit better; and she blew him a kiss and walked back into the hotel.

T'Goos was still numb from the effects of the chloral hydrate. He was disorganized, and when he let the clutch out too quickly, the cab leaped forward. Harry pushed him aside, got behind the wheel and drove away from the hotel.

As the car started down the curving drive, Bill Rusk spoke to Donner: "Looks like you been doing

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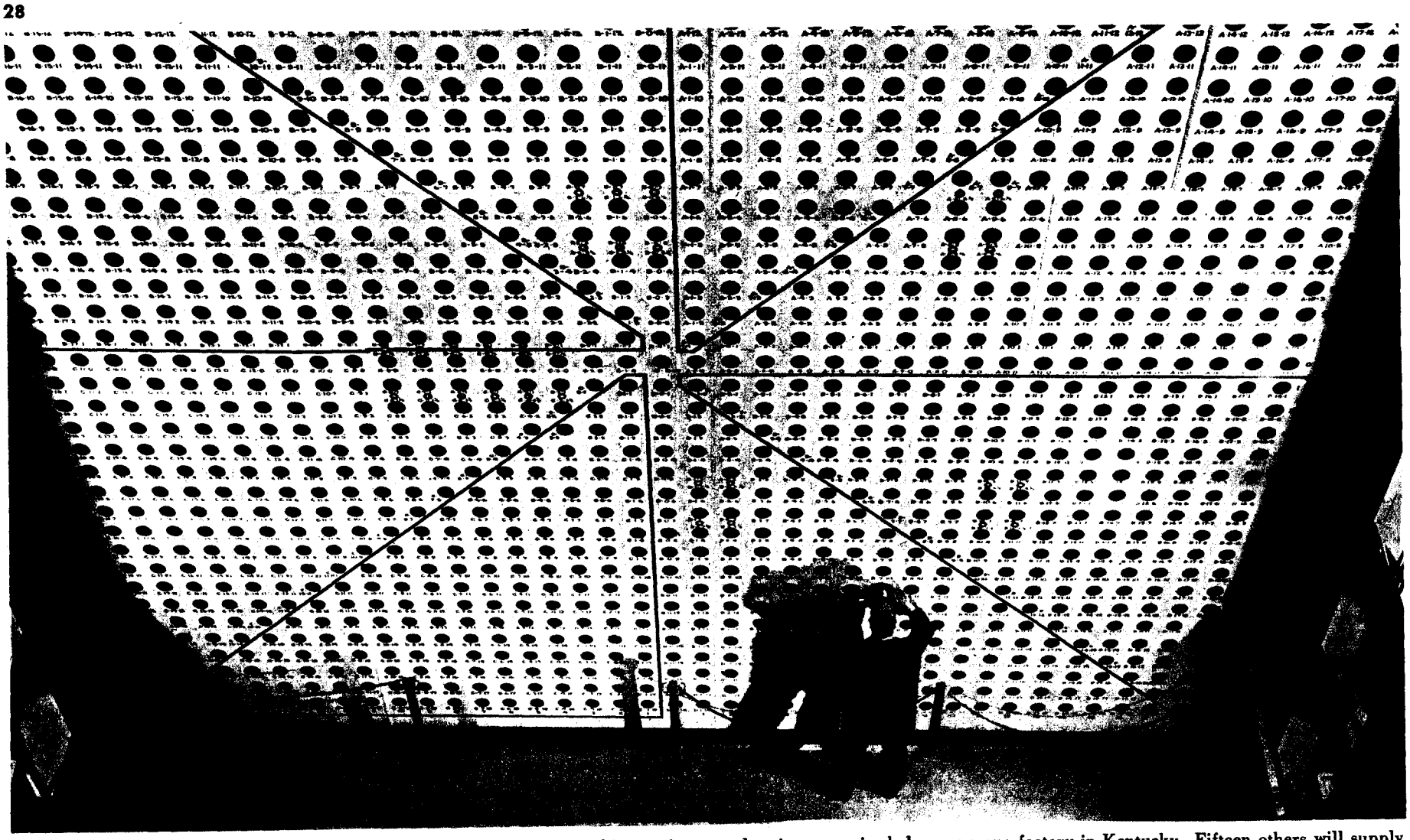
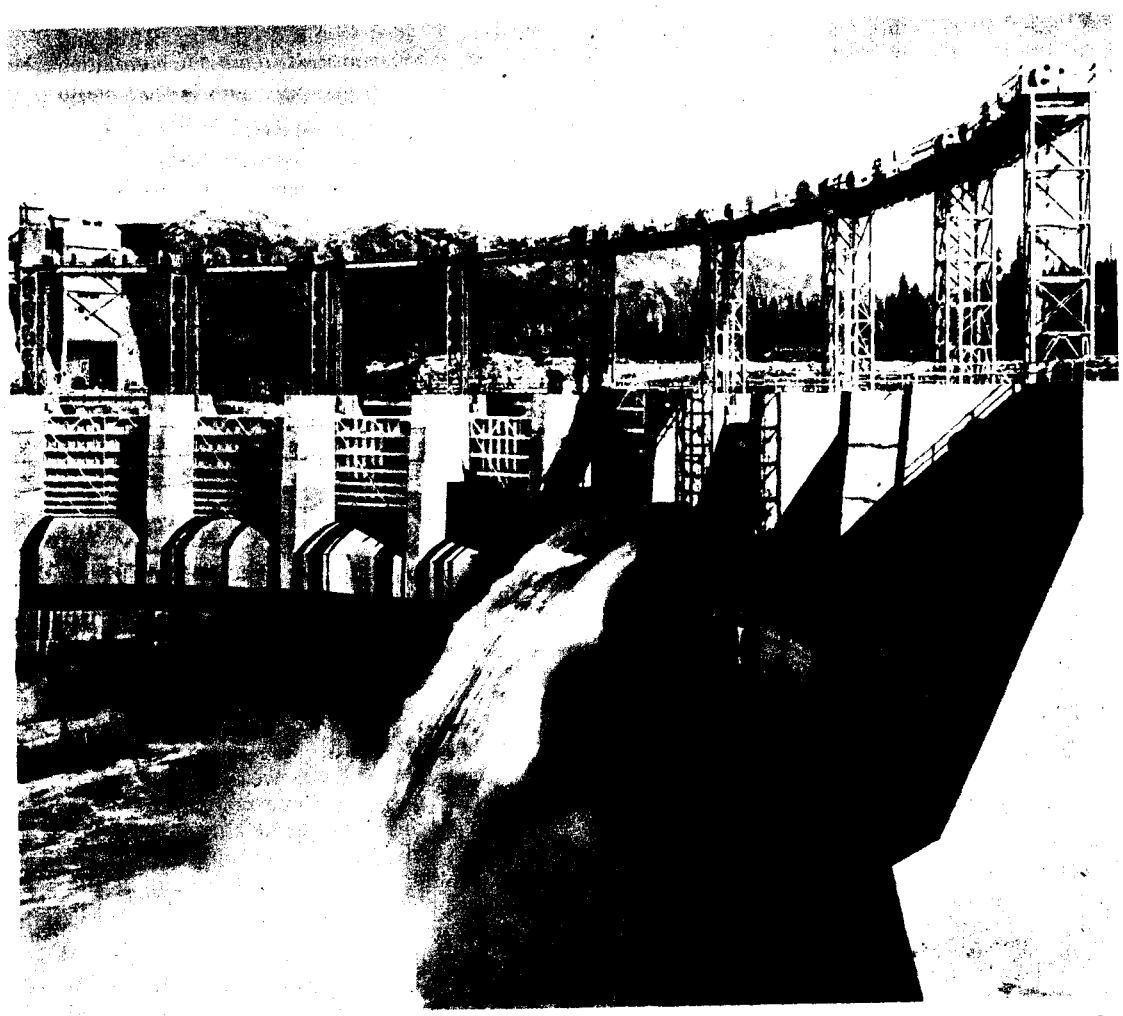
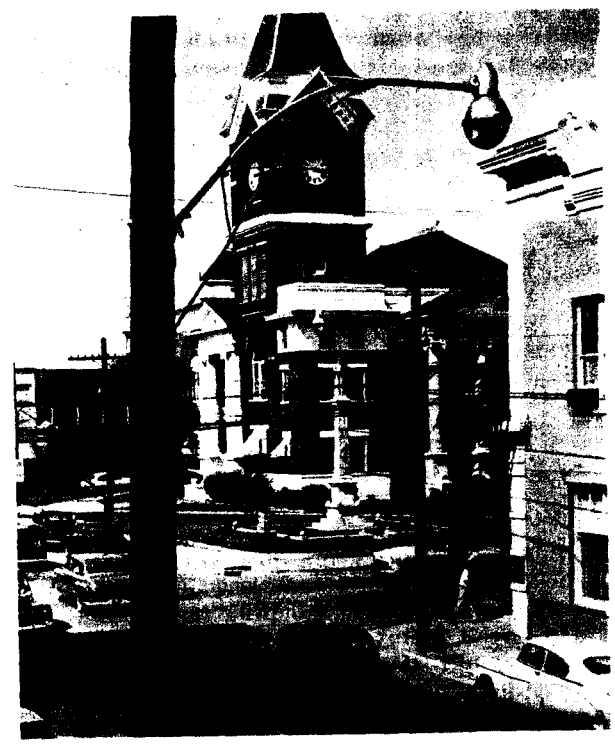


**ELECTRICITY FOR THE ATOM—AND FROM IT.** It takes a lot of electricity to run this atomic pile for research at Brookhaven Laboratory, L. I. Shown is the 5-foot-thick wall through which pure uranium "fuel" is loaded. At the big uranium processing factories, vast quantities of electric power help produce U-235 and plutonium. Five electric companies help power one factory in Kentucky. Fifteen others will supply electricity to a new atomic project in Ohio. But soon the atom will *make* electricity. Electric company engineers, working with industry and government scientists, have produced atom-electricity experimentally, expect atom-electric plants in 5 years.



**LARGEST PEACETIME CONSTRUCTION PROGRAM** ever undertaken by American industry. Electric companies have spent $13 billion since the war, will spend $2½ billion this year alone, building more power for America. Completed early this month, the Washington Water Power Company's spectacular dam at Cabinet Gorge (spillway shown above) is one of the few remaining sites where water power can be harnessed economically. (Most new construction is in fuel-burning plants.)



**NEW BUSINESSES, NEW JOBS, NEW OUTLOOK.** All over the U. S., local electric companies are helping to spark prosperity and civic pride. Statesboro, Ga., for example, was a prize-winning town in a state-wide improvement program sponsored by the Georgia Power Company.

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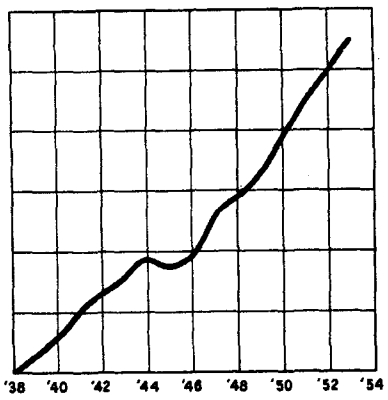



**MORE AND MORE ELECTRICITY.** Heavy line shows how use of electricity is still shooting up as the Electric Age progresses.

# AMERICA'S NEW ELECTRIC AGE

American families are using 2 to 3 times as much electricity as they did before World War II. Look around your home—and you'll see why. The Electric Age is here—in a big way.

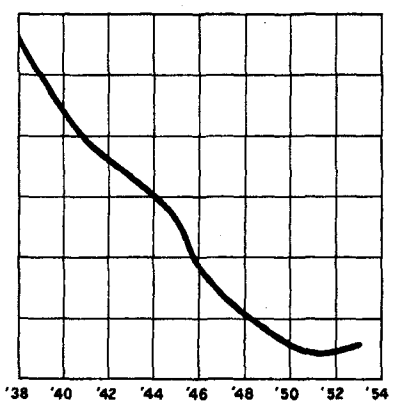
But this is only the beginning. Never in the history of the power industry has the future of electricity looked so full of promise for the nation, for its families, farms, businesses and industries.

The use of electricity is still skyrocketing. And so are the new supplies of electric power. The 800 business-managed electric light and power companies have already *doubled* the prewar supply and will *triple* it by 1960. They are building some of the world's largest power projects. And they're teaming up to tackle even larger ones.

All this is new lifeblood for the Electric Age, bringing everyone more electricity for better living. It's building new businesses and booming old ones, creating new jobs, opening doors to opportunity all across the U. S.

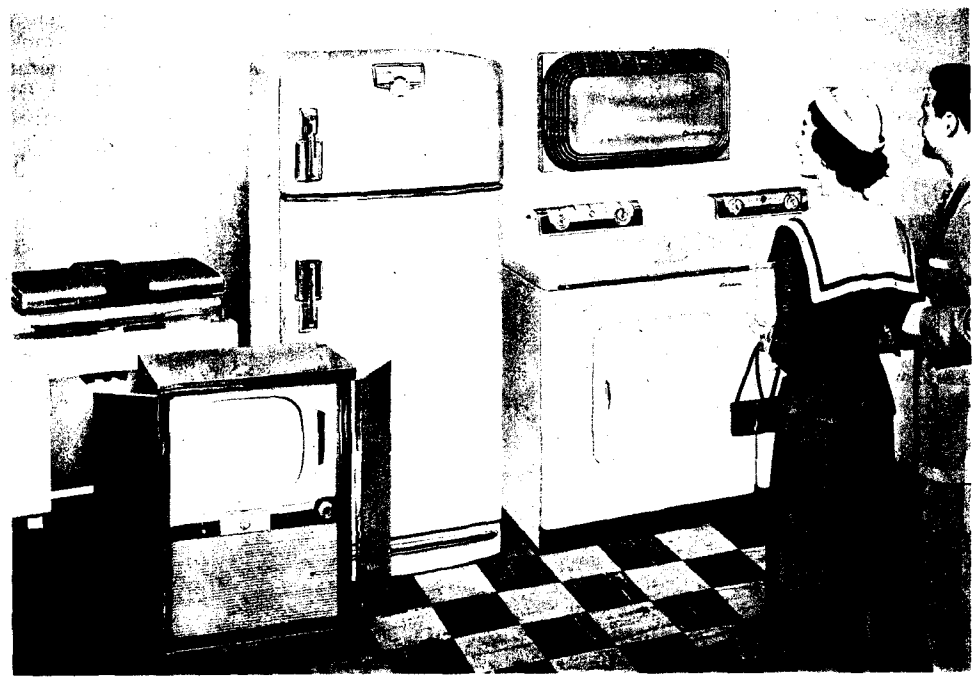
Best of all, the average price of electricity is lower than before World War II—and *America's Electric Light and Power Companies** are doing their utmost to keep it there!

**Names on request from this magazine*




**AVERAGE PRICE STILL LOW.** For the U. S. family, the average price of electricity per kilowatt-hour has dropped sharply—despite inflation!

**NEW ELECTRIC HOMES.** This home for electric living was part of an exhibit co-sponsored by Indianapolis Power and Light Company. It features planned kitchen, improved lighting.



**NEW ELECTRIC APPLIANCES.** Large-screen TV, home air conditioning, automatic laundry and kitchen equipment are helping to usher in America's *new* Electric Age.

**NEW ELECTRIC FARMS.** Electric equipment to do more jobs plus teamwork between farmers and electric companies make modern farms more productive, more profitable.

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a little spadework, sport," he said. "We asked her to go swimming with us last night, but she said she couldn't swim with the guests."

"Only selected ones," Donner said, and Rusk snorted with amusement.

The taxi turned onto the main road and went rolling down toward Port-au-Prince, under the arching *flamboyant* blossoms. The men rode in silence as the car moved through the crowded streets and crossed the town to the airport.

The plane was a Haitian National twin-engine. While they were weighing in, Bradford paced back and forth, shouting at the porters who were lifting his cameras and film cases. Rusk sat on the corner of a desk and refreshed himself at intervals from a vacuum flask filled with rum Collins. After a long period of confusion, created by Bradford, the three men boarded the plane.

The front of the cabin was roped off for cargo; and all the passengers except Donner, Rusk and Bradford were Negroes. When the plane was about twenty minutes out of Port-au-Prince, flying low, Harry noticed a tremendous pink island down in the marshes. It was not until the island exploded into separate birds that he realized it had been composed of flamingos who had been resting on the dark water.

AFTER another few minutes of flying contact, the plane droned over the remains of Emperor Christophe's Citadelle. The massive fortress was on the crest of a hill, and Harry watched it pass under him and reflected on the engineering problems it must have represented. Rain began to fall heavily, drumming on the metal fuselage, and the pilot started climbing.

The plane was on full instrument weather for the next ten minutes. The ground was completely obscured, and scuds of whitish cloud went sliding by the windows. When the cabin kept tilting, as one wing went up, Harry realized that the pilot must be making precision turns over Cap-Haitien. Harry tightened his seat belt and hoped that whoever was in the captain's seat knew something about instrument approaches.

He did. The transport broke out less than a hundred feet from the ground, but lined up with the glistening runway. Forward visibility was bad in the pouring rain, but the pilot cut his power, flared out expertly and put the wheels on the first quarter of the runway. Then he taxied up to the little station and the propellers ticked to silence.

The passengers were drenched by the time they got inside the airport building. Cameron Bradford was striding around like an irate stork, badgering the porters again. His film cases came in wet, and he howled when he saw water dripping from his cameras. The porters looked at him with blank politeness and did not seem to be disturbed by his tirades. Rusk was sprawled on a chair in a corner, sipping from his flask. Every few minutes, when Bradford went stalking by, the young Texan would look up and laugh.

Harry Donner walked to the far side of the little building, and went into the men's room. He lighted a cigarette, shifted it from his right to his left hand as he reached for the doorknob. A handsome young Haitian in a sodden uniform and flight cap followed him inside, and stood beside him. "Mr. Donner?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes," Harry said.

"The Greek ship was sighted this morning. Her present course and speed will put her off Haiti in about thirty-six hours. You are to report here at ten o'clock tomorrow night. A plane will come in from the carrier Farragut to meet you." The young Haitian spoke earnestly, watching the door.

"Thanks," Harry Donner said. He turned to wash his hands, and looked carefully at the man reflected in the mirror. A lot would depend on him, so Harry tried to memorize his features. They were clean-cut and patrician. "What about other planes from Port-au-Prince or Ciudad Trujillo?" he said.

"It was a hard rain," the Haitian answered, shaking drops of water from his flight cap. "The airport here is closed."

"But it might not rain any more."

"I am Henri Favre, the field manager," said the Haitian. "The airport is closed to all traffic until you tell me to open it."

"Thanks," Harry Donner said again. He combed his hair and, without further comment, went out into the corridor. Bradford was packing his equipment into a taxi, still wrangling bitterly, and after another ten minutes of it, the three men got into the old cab and drove into Cap-Haitien.

The cab bounced and lurched through the narrow streets, past stretches where an unbelievable stench filled the air. This is what they never show on the travel posters, thought Harry to himself. The taxi passed long piers, with blue water glinting beyond, and stopped before the white wall surrounding the Hôtel du Cap.

As he went inside, into the cool, rain-washed patio built around an enormous tree, Harry Donner knew he would like the place. The rooms were on different levels, and the dark mahogany furniture had been polished to a satiny sheen. Beyond the bar and the dining room he could see a large formal garden, blazing with flowers. Beyond the garden, there was a shadowed grove of towering palm trees.

Their three rooms were in a row, behind arches facing a smaller patio. Trailing plants grew in earthen pots suspended along all the walls. The polite lady who showed them in seemed to be French, not Haitian. She said that Mr. Pellone was out on the reef but would be in soon.

DONNER agreed to meet Bradford and Rusk in the bar, as soon as Bradford had dried off his cameras. Then he closed his door and locked it. The room was not modern like those in the Hispaniola. The furniture was baroque, enormous and very clean. The far window was covered by an ornate iron scroll, and through it Harry could see the bright masses of flowers in the garden. The air was cooling after the rainstorm; distant thunderclaps reverberated in the hills above Cap-Haitien.

Harry crossed the patio to the terrace beyond the bar, where Bill Rusk and Cameron Bradford were sitting. Bradford wore black linen shorts and jacket, and his thin face was somber, but never completely in repose.

Rusk, in contrast, seemed as nerveless as jelly. He smiled up at Harry. "A drink for the sport," he said, and dropped his hand on the little table bell. When the bar boy peered out, Rusk shouted, "Double rum and *citronade* for M'sieur Sport."

COLLIER'S

**"I won't have to look for a job for a while. An awful lot of people wanted to bet I didn't have the brains to graduate!"**

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Harry sank down in one of the woven-reed settees. "This is a beautiful place," he said.

Bradford's long legs jerked as he shifted in his chair. "The rain brings mosquitoes," he said abruptly, "and all manner of crawling things."

"Has to be some sort of a price," Harry said pleasantly. He noticed a small lizard crawling on the hand-carved beam overhead and made a treble sound deep in his throat. The lizard answered with almost the same sound.

Rusk began to laugh, and Bradford shifted again, this time to stare at Donner. "You got a touch of lizard blood?" he asked.

"No. Call them geckos in the East. A lot of them warble like that."

The bar boy came out with a frosted glass, and Harry thanked him.

"Do you do bird calls?" Rusk asked. Harry was about to deny this gift when a sudden altercation began in the street outside the hotel. Two voices were shouting, and all three of the men on the terrace turned as a boy came running through the lobby.

The boy stopped in front of Bradford and began to speak rapidly in Creole. Bradford jumped to his feet, and Donner and Rusk followed him toward the lobby doorway.

A giant was struggling in the narrow street, a bronzed man with a shaggy, sun-crisped mop of hair. He was choking a Haitian, who had been forced almost to his knees. Both the figures were straining, and the big man was shouting curses in a hoarse voice. The boy who had fetched them kept explaining something, in hurried patois, at Bradford's side. Bradford shouted, "Vito, you *damned fool!*"

"Pellone?" asked Donner, and Rusk nodded.

AS THEY started across the street, the Haitian jerked free, and a knife glittered in the fading sunlight. The golden man lunged back, rolled like a boxer and struck at the wrist that held the knife. He caught the smaller man by the elbow, jerked him in close and butted him suddenly. The sound of his lowered head meeting the Haitian's face was a sickening thud.

The hand that had held the knife unfolded slowly, let it drop, and the smaller man pitched forward and sprawled on the street.

*"Idiota!"* roared Pellone. He took a step, eluding Bradford's grab, and picked up the unconscious man. Then, splayfooted and huge, he hurled him toward a truck across the street. Harry was afraid the Haitian's head would be crushed, but he only crashed against the front fender and fell limply to the ground.

Bradford was still shouting at Pellone. "Inside, you fool," he said.

Pellone shook his head like a goaded bull, and walked past them into the hotel. Bradford beckoned to the dark boy and pulled a roll of gourdes from his pocket. As he rattled away in fluent French, he was pointing at the victim of the brawl and peeling off Haitian bills.

"Who's Bradford talking to?" Harry asked.

"That's Josef Brignac," Rusk said. "He works for Vito. The only Haitian who will swim in shark waters."

They watched as Josef knelt beside his stunned countryman and began to rouse him. After a few minutes of low conversation, the victim accepted the money, found his knife in the dusty road and went stumbling away. Josef



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*Maynard E. Webb, on the job in the Cities Service refinery at Lake Charles, Louisiana. Photograph by Nelson Morris.*

# I'm Your Car's Guinea Pig!

by **MAYNARD E. WEBB**

*as told to* **GRANTLAND RICE,** *Noted Sportswriter and Commentator*

THEY TRY OUT the gasoline on me—me and 22 other guinea pigs. If our reaction is good, your motor will have a good reaction, too.

Why does an oil refinery need guinea pigs? It doesn't—unless it's unusually careful about the kind of fuel it offers your motor.

Until I realized how important it was, I used to think we were *too* particular around this man's refinery. As the oil moves from process to process through the 1,560 miles of refinery pipe, we take a sample on the average of every 15 minutes, test up to 20 different ways, and report our findings.

We couldn't be fussier if we were making baby food.

Making gasoline is a lot like making baby food, at that. A high compression engine is as sensitive to gasoline as a baby is to its formula. When a baby cries, or your engine balks, it's probably "something it et." So we make sure our gasoline "formula" meets your engine's dietary needs as to *octane* rating or *anti-knock* qualities; correct vapor pressure and *quick starting* properties; low gum content to *protect your carburetor, valves and piston rings,* and freedom from *corrosive agents.*

This, of course, is over-simplifying the care we take to turn out a fine gasoline. A book could be written on the subject. But I think you'll agree that we guinea pigs are probably the most important people in this refinery—from your car's point of view, that is.

CITIES SERVICE

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turned and came toward Rusk and Donner. He was a handsome boy, and his teeth were very white in his smiling face. He said, "Okay now," and walked past them into the shadowed lobby.

Donner and Rusk were going back to the terrace when the lady behind the desk stopped them. In flawless English, she told them that if there was one more incident with Monsieur Pellone, she would ask the whole party to leave the hotel. Rusk assured her that there would be no more incidents.

When they were sitting on the terrace again, Rusk clapped the hand bell and ordered two rum *citronades.*

"He's nuts," Rusk said.

"Pellone?" Harry asked, lighting a cigarette.

"Yeah. That guy was a boatman, and Vito probably cheated him on a charter. He swindles everybody."

"Can't you get in trouble, in a Negro republic, slapping a citizen around like that?" Donner said.

"Most people would." The drinks came, and Rusk signed for them. "But this guy seems to have some kind of a fix-in," he said; "he manhandles everybody."

"It's a dangerous practice, just the same," Harry said.

"It sure is," Rusk said, staring bleakly over the rim of his glass. "If he ever tries it on me, sport, I'll kill him quick."

There was no amusement in Rusk's voice; it had quickened and deepened. Harry leaned back in his chair and did not answer.

When Donner had finished his drink, he excused himself and went back to his room. He wanted to put on a coat, and not just for dinner. He still didn't know what the pattern was, but it was beginning to show up. If I make a mistake around these lunatics, he thought, I'm liable to go for the full count. So, frowning, he buckled on the shoulder holster and covered it with his coat.

AS HE left the room, he was remembering Ruth Horan, the woman who had nearly killed him in Pellone's house. He was worried because he had not left a better check on her. In some way, she was involved in the Haitian venture. Donner shook his head, remembering her vitality, the fact that she had murdered two men and that he did not know where she was—or whose side she was on. . . .

Just before they were ready to go in to dinner, Pellone joined them on the terrace. Harry Donner stood up to shake hands with him. The giant seemed amiable and entirely different. After apologizing for the scene in front of the hotel, he began to chaff Bill Rusk for not coming to his aid.

"Sure, sure," Rusk answered lazily. "You didn't outweigh him but a hundred pounds. And then there was that knife."

Pellone laughingly deprecated the whole affair, dismissed it as a trivial misunderstanding. His golden hair curled down over his dark collar, and his brow was wide; he looked like an oversized matinee idol. Donner knew the man was deliberately turning on the charm, but it was working. Pellone had a sense of humor, and after a few minutes he had all the others smiling, even the bar boy. At Vito's insistence, the lady who ran the hotel came out and had a drink with them.

During dinner Pellone continued his flow of conversation. He explained to Donner about the spear-fishing documentary and said they would all go out on the reef at dawn the next day. Then he imitated the way Bill Rusk would look, with his hang-over, and even Rusk laughed. Pellone was a climax player. When he had tried everything else, he started pinching the waitress. Finally she began to serve him from afar, with the platters held out at arm's length.

After dinner, when they were back on the terrace, Pellone told them about the barracuda he had killed that day. If his gestures could be believed, it had been a monster. The bronzed man seldom spoke in less than a shout, and his talk was a curious mixture of Italian curses, garbled French verbs and butchered English. Several times Harry suspected that Pellone was deliberately mispronouncing words, for the comedy effect.

From the way the big man moved his head and answered questions, Donner concluded that Vito was deaf in the right ear. That was plausible enough; years of working underwater might have wrecked his sinuses. Listening politely, smiling and agreeing with everything, Harry waited. Before long, sure enough, Pellone's heedless joking produced another flare-up.

"This one," Vito said, laughing and waving at Cameron Bradford's thin figure slumped beside him, "this banker's boy—like all Americans, he wants things too easy. He wants everything run by an attachment. Never knew how to relax in his life."

"That's right," Bradford said steadily, his chin on his chest. "Just a poor, rich, neuro-idiot Yank. What's your *rationale* for that, Vito?"

"You see!" Pellone crowed. "He admits this."

"Public knowledge," Bill Rusk said lazily. "Whole U.S. gone to pot. I know; I flew an expensive pursuit plane out of Benghazi for the neurotic rascals. They had better planes on the other side."

"*Pouf!* Planes, wars!" Pellone said.

"Yep," the young Texan drawled, "all those decadent Yanks who had foundered on good living and gadgets, who couldn't possibly qualify as professional soldiers, spurted right across *Festung Europa.*" Rusk lunged to his feet. It was quiet on the terrace; the guests in the bar had stopped their chattering.

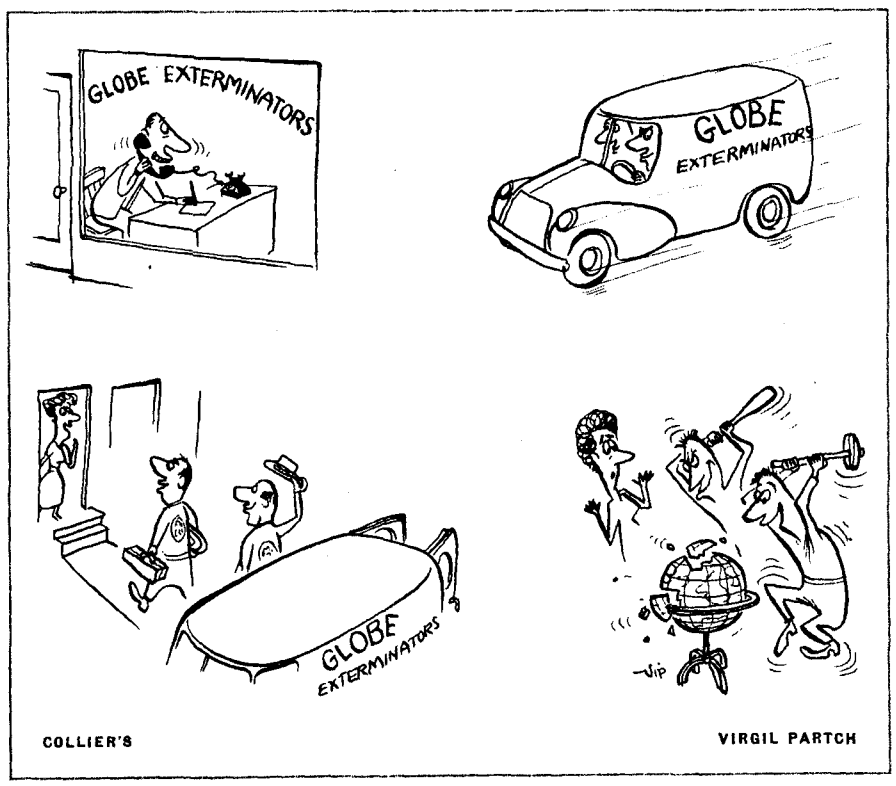
"Remember the Third Reich, Vito?" Rusk said, and his voice cracked with anger. "It was going to last a thousand years; but the spineless Americans climbed down Hitler's throat, gutted his empire and left him burned to a potato chip in his Berlin bunker. Remember that, Vito?"

Then Rusk threw his drink in Vito Pellone's face.

The big man did not move for several seconds. The gaiety had drained from his face and left it gaunt, and the drops of the thick liqueur trickled down his cheek. He heaved himself up and stalked into the hotel.

"*Heil Hitler!*" shouted Rusk after him. "*Semper Fi,* kid!" Anger was still jolting the young Texan. He tossed his head restlessly and stalked toward the bar.

Harry Donner leaned back in his chair and stared into the darkness of the garden. "It's going to rain again," he said politely to Cameron Bradford, who was a motionless silhouette on his right. "Will that ruin the spear-fishing?"




COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

"Not if it stops before dawn," Bradford said. . . .

A faint rap on the doorway woke Harry at four thirty in the morning. He put on his swimming trunks, and, over them, a pair of linen pants and a cotton jersey. When he had checked his cigarette supply and the thermos bottle, he put on a stray hat and walked into Bill Rusk's room, next door.

The young Texan had spear-fishing gear spread out on one of the beds. There were three Cernia guns, a dozen assorted spears, a $CO_2$ gun with a black metal chamber under the barrel.

Donner hefted the guns as Rusk explained them. The Cernias were light and spring-loaded. The spear had to be pushed into the barrel, either by main force or against something, until it latched into firing position. The $CO_2$ gun was powered by a compressed-air chamber; once the free spear was inserted, a slight pressure of the finger would blow it out with tremendous velocity.

On both types of guns, the firing action was like that of a pistol. The handgrips were alike. By indirect questioning, Donner learned that Pellone and Rusk had identical underwater arsenals, and that the pressure guns could be fired sixty or seventy times without reloading the chamber.

The Texan was enthusiastic about the trip; he demonstrated his cork-handled knife and his wrist depth meter. He said that they had decided not to use the Aqua-lungs, since free swimming was much faster, and because of that, they could not work below forty feet.

Harry smiled. "That sounds a little deep for me," he said.

Rusk shrugged. "Practice does it," he said. "But watch that coral. It'll cut you to ribbons if you're not careful."

"All right," Harry said. "Will you and Pellone still get along all right, after that little session on the terrace last night?"

Rusk laughed. "Bicker, bicker," he said. "Vito doesn't like to talk about the war. We wrangle, and it blows over."

Donner nodded and turned to go. "Just the same," he said, "I don't want one of those little tantrums breaking loose when somebody's behind me in the water with a loaded gun."

Rusk found this thought highly amusing. "Pie for breakfast, sport," he said. "A dividend. Makes it more interesting. And speaking of breakfast, better eat plenty. We'll be in the water a long time."

THE ancient cabin cruiser Rusk had chartered cleared Cap-Haitien harbor just at dawn. The new day was breaking in golden splendor over the dark hills. Vito said the sunlight would be good for pictures, and told Josef to check all the movie equipment. Harry watched him roam around the ship, quiet, helpful and smiling. Cameron Bradford had taken the back off his underwater camera and was cursing as he worked over it.

In three hours the cruiser was in the long swells that pounded to foam on the reef. When they were a hundred yards from the pluming reef, Vito directed the transfer of all their gear to a two-oared skiff. Then Pellone, Bradford, Rusk, Josef, Donner and an oarsman got in the small boat and watched the cruiser pull out to a safer anchorage.

Pellone's instructions were brief. He said that they would work east along the reef, using hand signals whenever they wanted Bradford to close in with the camera. They would kill enough red snapper and sea bass to bait the best locations, but no man was to engage a mako shark unless he had another diver behind him. Pellone never spoke directly to Rusk, who sat smiling and patting his stomach. Josef watched the white men in silence, his face impassive.

Donner kicked off his sneakers and took off his jersey and pants. The others went over the side, and he adjusted his face plate, grabbed a spear gun, and followed them. As he floated, looking down through the clear blue water, he saw so clearly that it was a shock. Between coral canyons of brilliant orange and red, stalks and fans and fronds were swaying in a sort of underwater ballet.

Donner stayed away from the others at first, drifting and surface diving for practice. Once, as he was going down, Bradford streaked past him like a projectile. The tall boy was tracking a barracuda, holding the pressurized orange camera in front of him. His yellow flippers were fanning swiftly.

While Harry watched, Bill Rusk slid by and took a shot at the barracuda. The fish with the undershot jaw doubled smoothly back on its own tail, and the barbed spear shot over it. The barracuda drifted through a shaft of sunlight in the water, facing the two swimmers, and its long jaw was opening and closing angrily.



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While Rusk was reloading his gun, Vito Pellone came diving past him. As the fish banked again, with that deceptive smoothness, Vito fired, and the spear caught the barracuda squarely through the head. It flourished away in a series of wild circles. A torrent of small bubbles followed its struggle, and blood stained the clear water.

Donner was at the surface, beside the boat, when Vito came up. The barracuda was thrashing beside him, its wicked underjaw snapping. Pellone flipped it expertly into the boat. The fish was nearly five feet long; and the frightened boatman scrambled away from it, as Pellone roared with laughter.

While Donner watched over the gunwale, Pellone climbed into the boat and gaffed the flopping barracuda until it was dead. Rusk and Bradford came aboard, and there was another big argument. Bradford was shouting that Vito should not have killed the fish until they had taken pictures of it in the boat. The bickering died down finally, and they all got back in the water.

Donner kept diving deeper and deeper. The nose clip helped, and his eardrums hurt less and less. After three unsuccessful shots, he put a spear into a forty-pound red snapper, and Pellone was lavish in his praise. They used the snapper as bait for sharks, hanging it under the boat.

After four hours of diving and gliding through the fantastic underwater canyons, Donner had to climb into the rowboat to rest. His lungs were laboring, and flecks of fire were dancing before his eyes. He sat with his hands swinging between his knees and watched the other men work. Pellone was a magnificent swimmer; in the water he seemed to change into a form of sea life. He flowed along under the waves with effortless ease.

Rusk was a good swimmer, but, like Donner, out of shape. Several times when he surfaced, his face plate was full of blood, but he only emptied it and went back under; Donner, watching from the boat, knew he must be hemorrhaging from the sinuses. Josef was a black flicker under the water. He followed Pellone constantly, coming to the boat only to replace a damaged spear or gun.

They had been working east all through the day, following the reef, which curved around the headland, more than seven miles from the shore. Harry was turning to look for the cruiser, when he noticed the native fishing boat for the first time. It was only a few hundred yards away, a dirty, schooner-rigged little craft. As Donner watched, the black men aboard it put several woven *langouste* pots over the side.

HARRY turned swiftly and counted the swimmers. Pellone was not in sight. Josef surfaced, put another large snapper into the boat, and dived again. Rusk and Bradford bobbed up and went back under. Donner waited, counting in his head, and scanned the waves. Ten minutes went by, and the other divers brought catches to the boat; but Pellone did not surface.

He's suckered me, Harry Donner thought angrily. Reaching for his face plate, he plunged into the water and swam toward the native fishing boat. As he approached it, the crew hauled in their traps and began to set the dirty sails. They seemed to be calling to someone in the water on the other side. Pellone came to the surface fifty yards to the right of Donner and stared at him briefly, his face expressionless behind the circular glass plate. It was obvious that he had come from the other side of the native boat.

Donner worked back toward the skiff. He did not go aboard, just drifted along looking at the coral formations. When the others called him, he climbed up into the boat, stiff with fatigue and angry at himself. Pellone seemed to be in high spirits. He pointed out the several hundreds of pounds of fish in the bow and said they would give it all to the hospital in Cap-Haitien.

The cruiser was approaching them. Harry wiped himself dry and watched the native fishing boat recede. She was already hull down to the headland, and he knew she was moving far too fast to be under sail alone. She was also under power, and the big wake proved that it was a lot of power for a craft her size. Pellone offered him a sandwich, and Harry nodded thanks and began to unwrap it. He sat munching in silence, listening to Pellone tell how they would take a big mako shark tomorrow.

Suddenly Donner was overcome with a burst of temper, because he had to do his job in a strange element, play-


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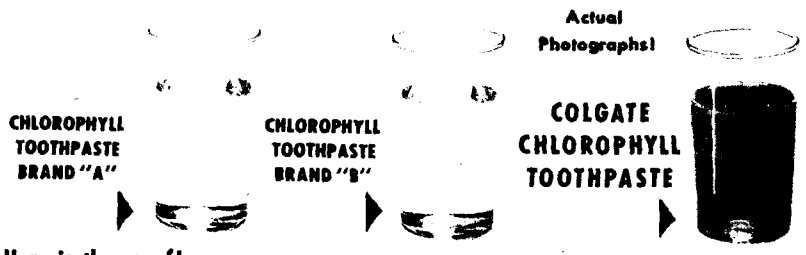


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**IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S**



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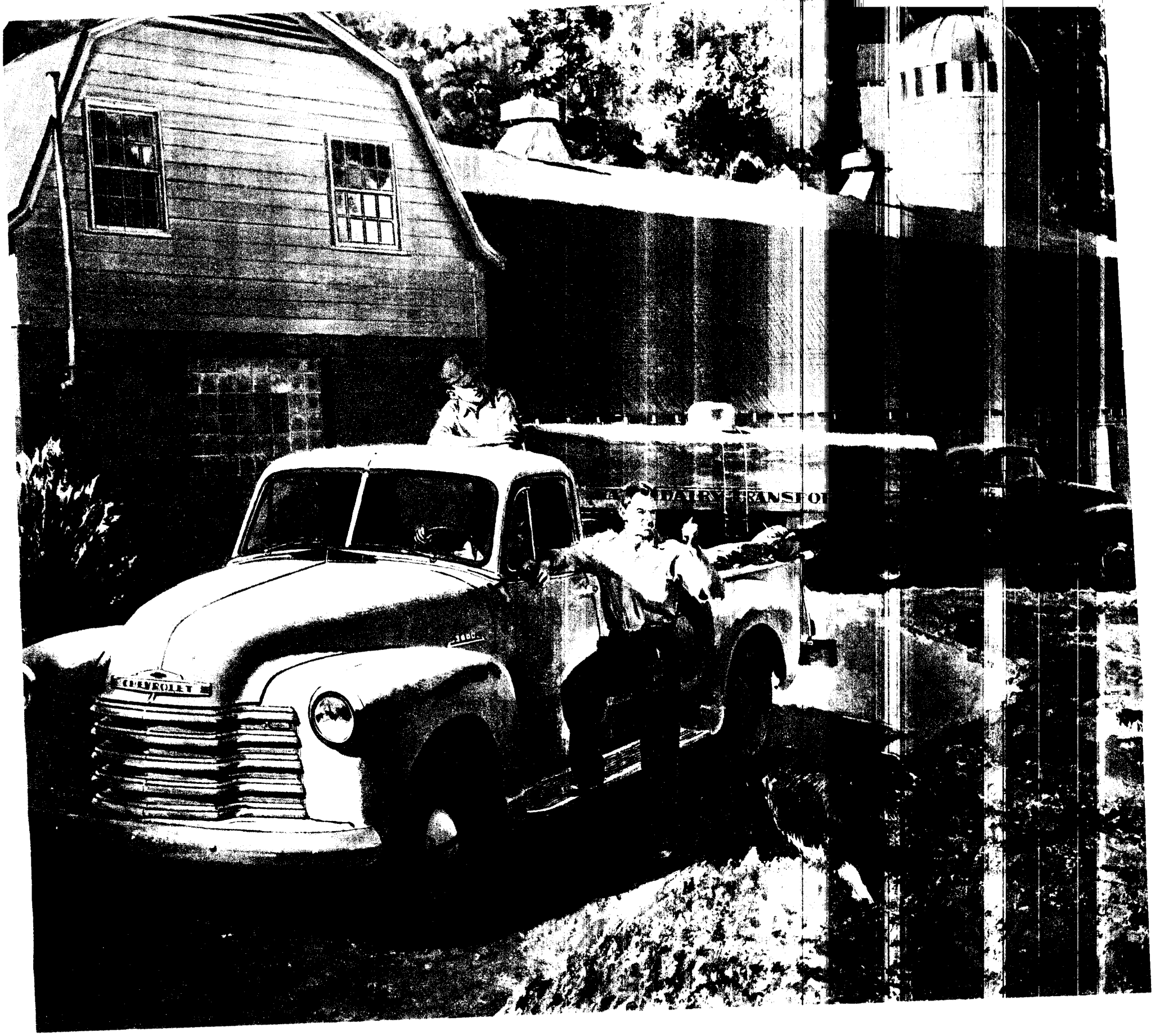


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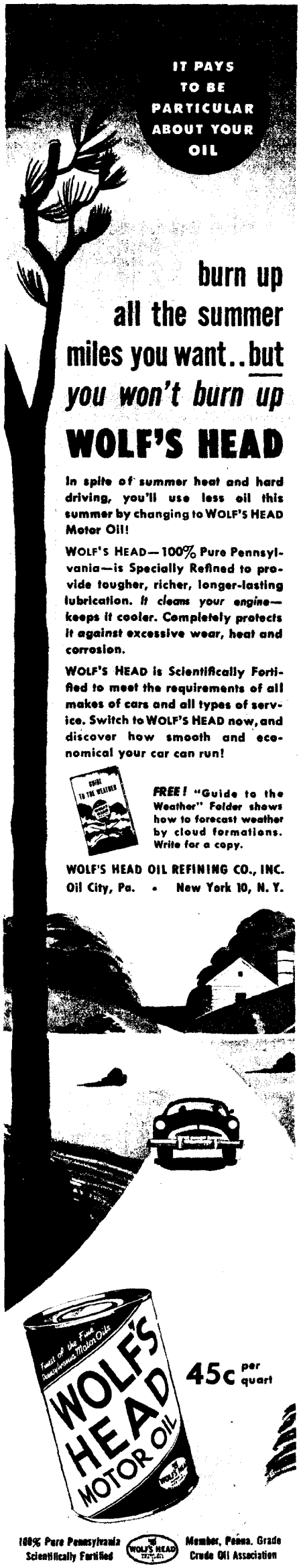
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ing sportsman with this rich oaf of a Rusk and this neurotic brat of a Bradford, having to accommodate their toy rages while Pellone outmaneuvered them all.

When Rusk and Bradford teased him for his inability to stay the course, he smiled wryly. He said he would be better tomorrow. Actually, he was accepting a hard fact. The obligation was his. He was the one, sitting exhausted in a rowboat like a junior lifesaver, who had to stop Pellone. The others were just window dressing, and there was hot much time left. So he listened to Vito outline the next day's plans, and he licked the salt spray from his lips.

When they had tied up at the pier, Pellone went to deliver the fish to the hospital, and the rest of them went back to the hotel. Harry ate his dinner early and sat on the terrace at dusk. Behind him he could hear Bradford and Rusk talking in the bar. He knew they would be out to join him soon, so he got up and wandered across the garden to the palm grove. The largest palm, next to the wall, had a circular seat built around its bole. Harry was lounging on the far side of it, staring up at the scattered fires on the hillside, when he heard a sound on the gravel behind him. Someone was walking toward him through the dusk.

The step was light, and after a few quick paces it stopped. Harry realized that someone was sitting on the same bench, on the other side of the huge tree. He stayed quiet, and then he heard a heavier step. It crunched a few times, and Pellone spoke abruptly.

"Why do you come here?" he asked harshly.

THE answering voice was low; it belonged to Ruth Horan. "Two nights ago a man broke into the house. He is an importer from Caracas, named Harry Donner, but he seemed very interested in you," she said.

"He's here," Pellone said, and he sounded thoughtful; then he began to curse softly. Ruth interrupted to say she would have come sooner, but the plane flights were canceled, and the drive had taken twenty hours in the jeep.

"*Si, si, si . . .*" Pellone said brusquely. "Get back up the hill. Have Schmidt contact the ship. Tell him I talked to Nogales today; they are ready. An hour after dark tomorrow night, have the ship stand in. Once Schmidt has contacted them and delivered that message, tell him to shut the radio station down."

"All right," Ruth said. Harry heard her get up. "You had better watch Mr. Donner."

Pellone snorted. "A *Dummkopf*," he said. "He never even knew it when I talked to Nogales." Then his heavy step went crunching over the gravel, as he walked back toward the hotel. Harry was flattened against the tree trunk. He saw Ruth pass by to his right, toward the hill. A dark shawl covered her light hair.

Just before she reached the wall, Josef Brignac stepped out of the shadows and stood waiting. Ruth went past him and vanished into the gloom. The Haitian boy followed her.

Harry waited several minutes, and then went back toward the hotel. He did not go inside, but skirted the west wing until he found the telephone cable leading to the office. Kneeling, he used pliers to cut out a two-foot section. Lifting the cover from the ancient cistern at the back of the garden, he dropped the severed section of cable into it and heard a muffled splash.

He circled the garden and approached the terrace from the other side. From a corner table, Bill Rusk shouted, "Hey, hey!" and Donner went over to join the party. Bradford was there, modish in his Brooks Brothers' seersucker; and two pretty girls were giggling at something Rusk had said. Harry was being introduced to them, when the scream of anguish started.

It came from inside the hotel. The pretty girls turned their heads suddenly, smiles fading, and their hands flew to their mouths. Rusk lowered the wine bottle which he had just taken, dripping, from the silver bucket.

The scream was hoarse, with a quivering edge on top of it. It was a raw bawl of pain; and several people at the terrace tables got up and rushed into the lobby. Rusk and Bradford pounded after them, and Harry Donner faded back into the dark garden. He crossed the gravel swiftly to the barred window of Pellone's room. As he approached the lighted window, the terrible shouting grew louder.

Pellone was kneeling on the floor inside the room, facing the window. Both hands were clutching at a spear shaft, which had been shot through his abdomen—all the way through, so that the curved barb protruded from his back. As Donner watched, Pellone kept pulling at the spear and crying out in mortal agony.

The door flew open, its bolt splintering from the frame, and Bill Rusk lunged inside. The curious crowd rushed in behind him, hotel guests and visitors from the bar. As Rusk steadied himself, Pellone gave a last, unsuccessful tug on the spear and crumpled onto the floor.

Donner stood in the darkness outside the window, watching the faces. He looked at the spear guns on the bed. Only one of them could have discharged the spear. It was the stubby $CO_2$ gun, which pointed toward the bathroom door. When he had the pattern set in his head, Donner walked back to the terrace, and through the hotel to Pellone's doorway.

Rusk was kneeling beside the fallen giant. He looked up as Harry came in. "I sent for a doctor," he said. "Do you think we ought to take the spear out?"

Donner got down on his knees. The barb was bradded to Pellone's back like a metal butterfly, where he had set it in pulling forward on the spear. "Not if the doctor comes soon," Harry said slowly. "May have gone through a major blood supply. We could take it out from this side, but we might not be able to handle the bleeding."

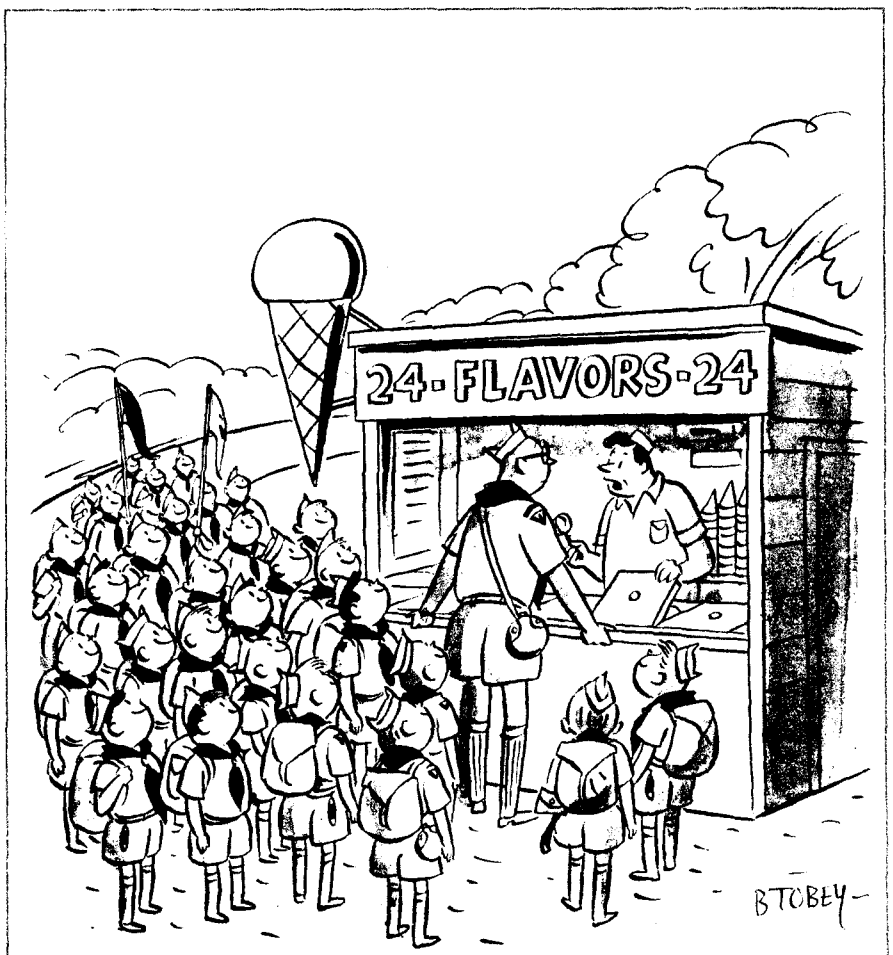
RUSK nodded and licked his dry lips. Pellone was down, not flat, but crumpled on his head and shoulders. He had stopped his hoarse screaming, but he moaned and jerked his shaggy head to one side. Cheek against the rough, woven rug, he stared at Donner, and the blood began to spurt from his mouth. It came in a crimson torrent, staining the floor and the cuff of Rusk's white jacket.

Donner felt sick. He got up and, murmuring, "*S'il vous plaît,*" began to herd people out of the room. Rusk was still crouched, hands on his thighs, watching Pellone die.

Pellone was dying fast. His head jerked a few times in the pool of blood, and the hoarse, stertorous breathing began. Donner shooed the last of the curious outside and closed the door behind him. The lady who ran the hotel came up, explaining to a Haitian policeman.

Cameron Bradford was standing on the other side of the patio. He had not been inside the room, and he was on the fringe of the crowd now. Donner walked over and stood beside him.

"What are they waiting for?" Bradford said.




COLLIER'S

"It's ten per cent discount if they all take the same flavor"

BARNEY TOBEY



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"The doctor. But it's no use; he's dead."

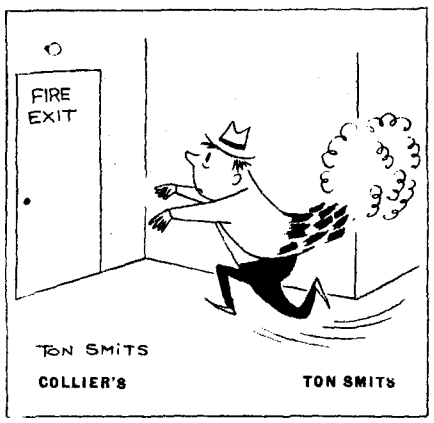
Bradford trembled, and while they watched, a plump physician pushed through the crowd and into the room. The opening of the door put a brief fan of light across the patio, across Bradford's thin, drawn face.

The tall boy recited mirthlessly, "'. . . hangs upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear—'"

Donner turned his head, startled. Who thinks of classical quotations when a real man lies dying, he wondered.

"'. . . So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,'" he answered, and saw Bradford nod in tense delight. They were staring at each other when Josef came out of the shadows behind them. The boy was a gargoyle, eyebrows pointed to tufts in the moonlight. He began murmuring something to Bradford in Creole. Beyond them, the patrons of the Hôtel du Cap were still gathered in front of Pellone's door.

"Josef says," Bradford said, interrupting the colored boy, "that there is a legend older than any book in Haiti. He says that two mermaids live in a cavern under Caracol Reef, and that one, Fluvanna, kills anyone who invades these waters. Josef thinks that Vito was killed




by Fluvanna, for violating the ancient voodoo."

Harry Donner grunted. "I doubt if Fluvanna, even on wheels, could have got inside the hotel and used a Cernia spear gun on Pellone," he said.

"But it wasn't—" Bradford said, and was stricken with silence.

"Oh, wasn't it?" Harry Donner asked pleasantly. He lighted a cigarette, and in the brief flare of the match he saw that he had less than an hour to keep his appointment at the airport. "Tell Josef," he went on, "that I am sure the mermaids here are very lethal."

Cameron Bradford did not answer.

"Tell him," Donner continued, "that a man could probably get killed in Cap-Haitien tonight without going near the water."

BRADFORD, Rusk and Donner were driven to the Cap-Haitien police station under a night sky dark with low rain clouds. News of the murder had spread quickly, and the dimly lighted doorways were thronged with natives, staring as the car bearing the foreigners rolled by.

Le Clerc, the chief of police, was a plump, pouter pigeon of a man, glittering with braid. Vittorio Pellone's violent death was the most exciting thing that had happened in the sleepy little harbor town for years, and Le Clerc was making the most of it. He had Bradford, Rusk and Donner thoroughly searched, and all of their effects closely examined.

Harry Donner was questioned first. He answered Le Clerc's queries politely and patiently, pointing out that he, Bradford and Rusk had all been sitting on the bar terrace when Pellone was killed.

"Ah, yes. That is so," the chief said, folding his hands over his comfortable paunch and staring at the white man. "Could the gun have discharged itself?"

"I don't know," Harry said. "I'm not familiar with the type. Perhaps Mr. Rusk or Mr. Bradford could tell you."

"Of course it couldn't!" Cameron Bradford said. "It had a light trigger pull, and maybe you could jar it off. But not just resting motionless, no—absurd."

"Sit down, Mr. Bradford," the policeman said. There was ill-concealed dislike in his eyes, as he stared at the tall boy. "It is also fairly absurd that a man inside a locked room should be killed by such a weapon."

Bradford sat down, frowning, and put one foot up on the chair in front of him. The chief asked Bill Rusk about the $CO_2$ gun; and Rusk said that the chamber had been freshly loaded. That meant it had about seventy or eighty blasts of air in it.

AFTER Donner had answered several more questions, he asked if he might go back to the hotel. The chief considered the request at length, and then he nodded.

Harry walked into the quiet street and looked for a cab. There was none in sight. He started walking and was two blocks from the police station when the rain began. It came without warning, a drenching downpour, and Harry ducked into the nearest doorway. Through the open door, he could see people dancing in a smoky room and hear the pound of a jukebox, wailing out American jazz.

He had made up his mind to run for the hotel, and get a cab from there, when a long sedan pulled up before the doorway. It was a foreign model, right-hand drive, and he thought it was a Bentley but could not be sure. The door opened, and a gloved hand beckoned to him. Jumping into the front seat, he slammed the door.

Micheline Gerard, the French hostess from the Hispaniola Hotel in Pétionville, was behind the wheel. She wore a severe evening dress, and black net gloves covered her hands.

"The Rue de la Paix, maybe," said Harry, "but not a side street in Cap-Haitien."

Micheline laughed and lighted a cigarette. "I have friends here," she said. "So we came over to visit them. But I was really looking for you. Are you surprised?"

"You were watching my face," Harry answered. "You ought to know."

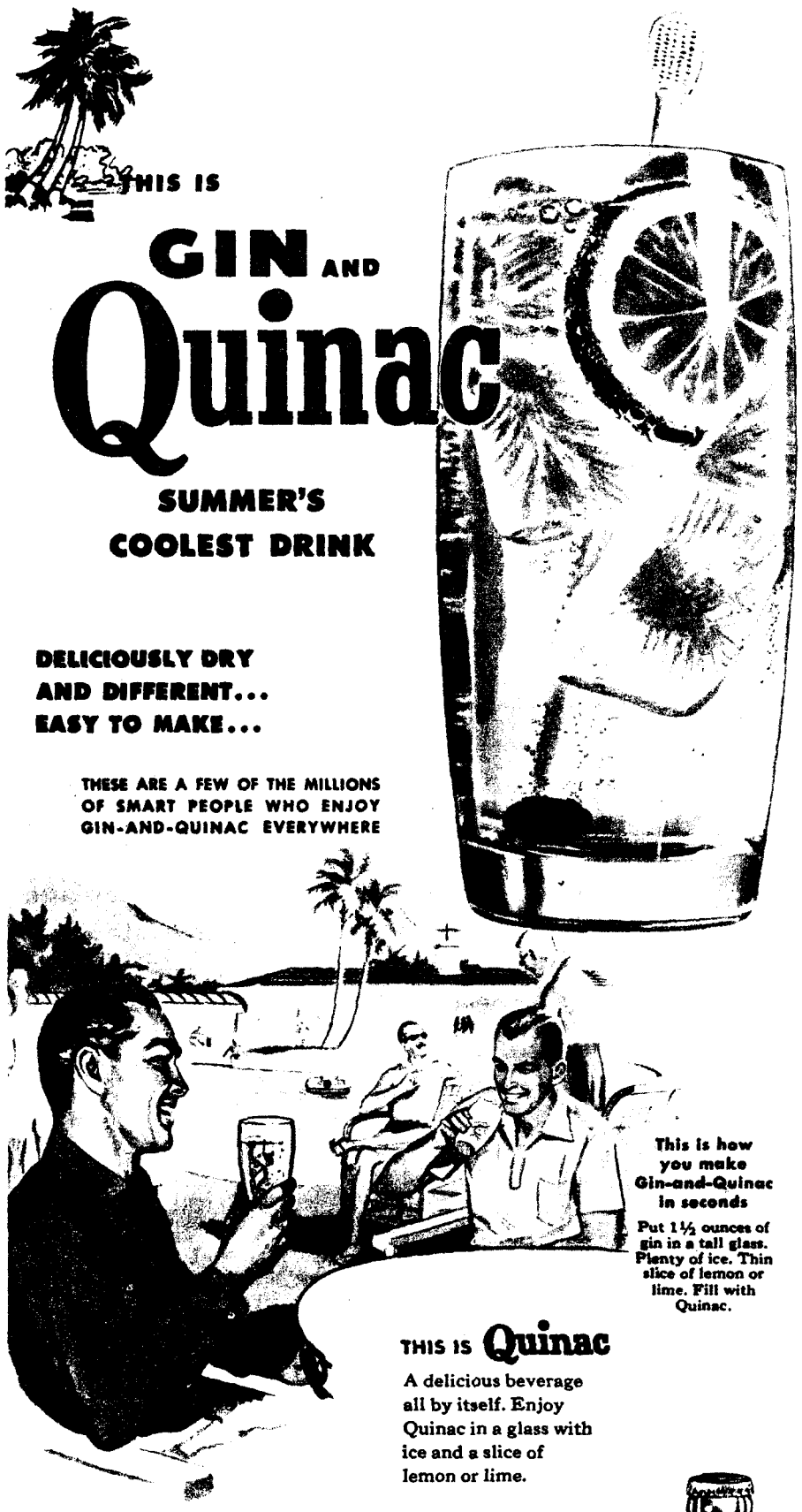
"Oh?" she said, and put her cigarette lighter back in her bag. "And who was it killed Vito Pellone?"

"I've just come from the police station. A lot of people are interested in knowing that," Harry said. "Could you drive me somewhere?"

"Yes," she said, looking thoughtful, "that's what I came to do."

"What?"

"Look in the back," she said. The car began to move down the street. Harry turned and saw a Browning Automatic Rifle, complete with tripod, on the back seat. "Pick it up," Micheline ordered, and he leaned back and lifted the gun into his lap. It was newly oiled and loaded; the clip was snug; and there were several more of them on the back seat. The car was picking up speed. Madame Gerard handled the big car expertly on the wet pavement. Harry held the Browning in his lap and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THE EDITORS


did not speak. Finally she took one hand from the wheel and flourished it. "You wait! *Mon ami,* you always wait," she said, in exasperation. "You do not even ask why?"

"There aren't any water buffalo in Haiti," answered Harry. "I assumed you had a reason for a fowling piece this size."

Micheline rolled her window down a little and thrust her cigarette out into the rainy night. "The reason is very near now, my patient friend," she said. "Somewhere between here and the airport are three men in a truck. They thought you would be in a cab, and they are waiting to stop you."

Harry pulled out his .38 and handed it to her. "Then you'd better have this," he said. She took the pistol and held it against the wheel as she drove. For some reason, the weapon did not look strange in the black net glove.

Rain drummed on the roof of the car, the windshield wipers ticked away, and Harry sat leaning forward. Once he motioned to Micheline to slow down, but it was only a tree limb blown across the road, and they skirted it. When they were less than a mile from the airport, Harry began to relax. Then he saw the truck. It was parked sideways, blocking the turn.

"Get a little closer, stop and cut your lights," he said. "Get down below the windshield. When I tell you to, put the lights on again."

She nodded, and the long car coasted to a stop. There was a click, as she switched off the headlights. Harry eased out of the car on his side, and a slug chunked into the door.

He got back into the car and cranked the window down hurriedly. Another slug glanced off the front bumper, and Donner pointed the snout of the automatic rifle up. "Give me the lights," he said. The switch clicked, and he leveled the heavy weapon. Holding it steady with his left hand, he shot two bursts of two into the truck. There was a distant sound of breaking glass, and a man fell out of the truck's cab, onto the road. Two other men ran into the glare of the headlights, one only fifty or sixty feet away. Harry swung on the near man, fired the Browning twice, and the man jackknifed into the ditch. The other man was fading into the darkness, across the rippling cane field.

"Turn the lights off," Harry said. His hands were trembling. "No turkey today, mam'selle. I always was a lousy wing shot."

WHEN the lights did not go off, he turned and saw her crumpled on the floor of the car. Slamming the switch off, he lifted her up to the seat. At first he could not find any wound and thought she must have fainted.

"Here . . ." She groaned and pressed his hand to her waist. The thin fabric of the evening gown was damp, and he knew she was losing blood rapidly. Ripping a strip from the tail of his shirt, he attempted to stanch the bleeding. The torso bandage he applied was clumsy, with only the dash lights for him to work by; but it seemed to stop most of the bleeding.

Micheline's teeth were clenched; they had lipstick on them where she had bitten in agony. She was moaning. After propping her up, Harry got under the wheel and started the car. Roaring down the road, he lurched into the ditch by the truck, and came out slithering sideways on the airport turn.

He stopped before the airport building, jerked on the hand brake, and jumped out. A figure stepped off the shadowed porch. It was the airport manager, Henri Favre. Harry walked toward him swiftly, told him about the woman in the car, and went back to show him how to operate the gearshift. The young Haitian nodded, and got in and drove away toward St. Francis' Hospital in Cap-Haitien.

Harry watched the taillights recede, and then went into the building. As he walked past the first, empty office, through the window he noticed a large helicopter parked at the edge of the taxi strip.

IN THE far office, Harry saw someone sitting behind the desk. As he came to the doorway, the man stood up. He was a thin, intense-looking man in the uniform of a naval-commander, and he wore a transparent rain-cover on his cap. "You Donner?" he asked, and Harry nodded. They shook hands, and the officer sat down again. "That you cranking up the riot down the road?" he said. Harry nodded again.

The naval officer popped his knuckles and looked bleak. "That's great," he said angrily. "Don't you know you could get us all—"

"Don't pull rank on me, Commander," Harry Donner said mildly. "I'm a civilian, and that's a good bit higher than fleet admiral. The men were firing at me. When people shoot at me, I kill them if I can."

"Do you now?" the commander said. "And how did you do with these?"

"I killed two of them," Harry said, shaking his sodden hat. "The other one signaled fair catch, so I let him go."

The commander smiled again, and then his brow wrinkled. "This is a fouled-up deal," he said, leaning back in the chair. "We've known about the members of the junta on the Dominican side for quite a while. They're not so important—a few discontented colonels. The biggest figures have been operating in Havana, handling the money."

"Excuse me," Donner said, "but did you know that Vittorio Pellone was killed tonight?"

"Yes; Henri told me," the commander said. "We slipped up there, too, because we had Pellone tagged as the agent. He was just a contact; there's somebody a lot bigger above him."

"These two crazy sportsmen I'm out with, Willoughby Rusk and Cameron Bradford—have you filled in on them?"

"Yes. Both are from rich families, both are college graduates, and have served their military time. If the answer's there, we haven't turned it up yet," the commander said.

"Ruth Horan? She was a principal in that California murder case five years ago."

The commander nodded and leaned forward; his face was thoughtful, as he said, "Got a long record of association with assorted crackpots, free souls and radicals. But so far as we know, she never carried a party card or was hooked up with anything this big. No, I don't think she fits. There's somebody bigger in charge, but we've drawn a blank there so far."

Harry dropped his cigarette and stepped on it. "You let it get pretty close without knowing," he said.

"Damn it, I admitted that," the commander said angrily. "And there was no reason for it; we had plenty of time. The arms were loaded on the Cnossa in Danzig on January fourth. She proceeded direct to Marseilles. After refueling, she went down to Las Palmas in the Canaries. When she hit Vera Cruz, we thought we had her tied up in-



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definitely. But the fix came unglued, and the Mexican government allowed her to get away. The clearance cost somebody a lot of money."

"Un-huh," said Harry Donner. "So they rush me down here, like a small boy, to put his finger in a wide-open dike."

"It wasn't done properly," the commander conceded, "but remember that I've got no business being here now. My carrier is anchored outside the international limit. We'd like to simplify the thing and let our planes make one pass over the Cnossa. Unfortunately, it can't be handled that way."

Harry lighted another cigarette and watched as the officer got up abruptly, stalked to the door, and shouted, "Jenkins!" A seaman with flight insignia on his sleeve came in from the darkened hall and stood at attention. When the commander told him to bring the load in, he turned and went back.

"Unless she changes course," the commander said, turning back to Donner, "the Cnossa will be in early tomorrow night. She will probably start unloading as soon as she reaches the rendezvous point. That means you'll have to hustle."

DONNER nodded as four seamen came in, staggering under the weight of a large box. They eased it to the floor and went back into the corridor. The box was painted gray and had several black figures and numbers stenciled on it. The commander unlatched the lid and stood it against the wall. "Do you know what they are?" he said.

"Yeah; mines," Harry said without enthusiasm. "Did you bring my medals with them?"

"No medals," the commander said. He leaned down and lifted one of the strange-looking metal objects from the box. Each one had two handgrips on it. Swinging the one he held up onto the desk, the naval officer put it down. "You've got four of the little beauties. Back of the right-hand grip here"—he pointed to a recessed switch—"is your dial control."

When the commander's finger moved the switch, two illuminated windows appeared on the face of the mine.

"On the left side, here," the commander continued, "is the control that reverses the polarity and makes the mines magnetic. Be careful when you trip this one, mister, because if you're near another metal object, the thing will jump right out of your hands."

"I'll remember," Harry Donner said.

"The control below the other dial arms it. There's a timer inside, and you can set it for detonation in ten minutes. That's the smallest safety factor, and it's not enough. I would suggest a minimum twenty-to-thirty-minute setting. You got it?"

"Yes," Harry said.

"Good," the commander said. He switched off the illuminated dials, carefully replaced the mine in the box, and latched the cover back in place. "Henri Favre will be standing by the Farragut's voice frequency on his set here. We'll report when the Greek ship enters Haiti's coastal waters. After that, it's all yours."

"Thanks," Donner said.

"You're welcome." The commander shook hands with him. "You've got another asset you don't know about," he said, "Josef Brignac, the Negro diver."

"I didn't know he spoke English," Donner said.

The officer laughed. "He does a real good job of it," he said. "Served under me in the Canal Zone for three years. When this Pellone made his first pitch, wanting to work for us, we sent Brignac in because he's Haitian-born. There's not much time left, and if the Cnossa puts those arms ashore, the fat is in the fire."

"All right," Donner answered. The commander switched the shaded desk light off, went down the hall briskly and walked out to the big helicopter. The rotors began sweeping around, and the aircraft rose straight up for a hundred feet and began crabbing toward the sea beyond the airport. As the sound of its engine dwindled into the night, Harry Donner reflected that if any of the natives saw it pass, a brand-new voodoo would be created—one about a weird whirlybird, something to match the legend of the deadly mermaid.

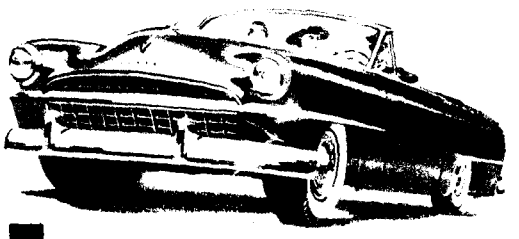
*(To be concluded next week)*

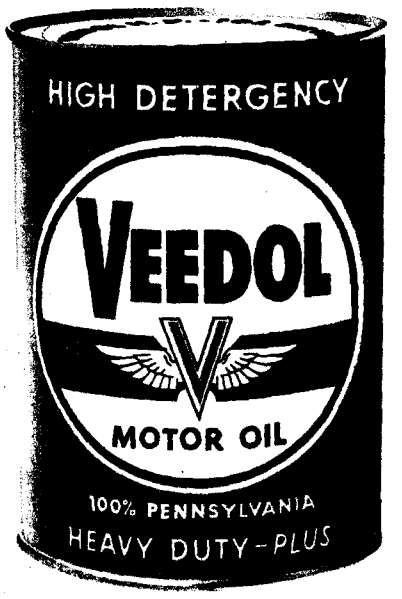
COLLIER'S

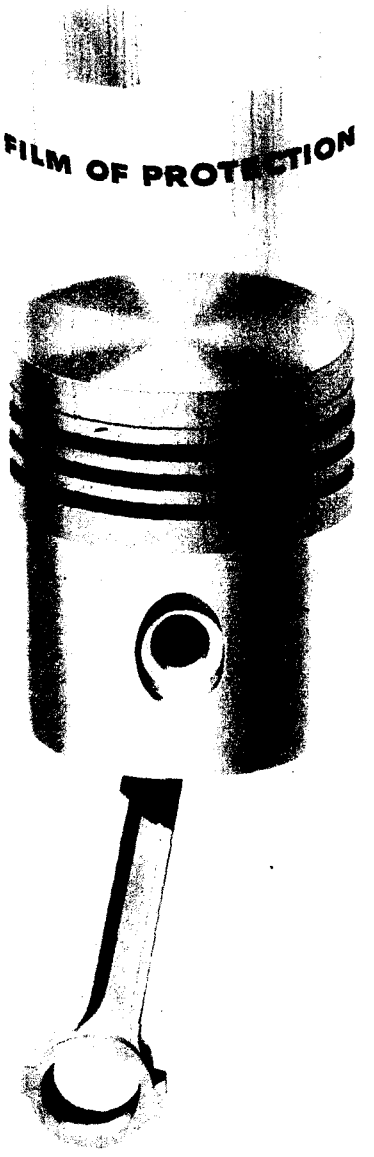
**"Daddy says he doesn't like little boys on Saturday mornings until after 8 o'clock"**

CHARLES SHARMAN


# Seal in All Your Horse-power



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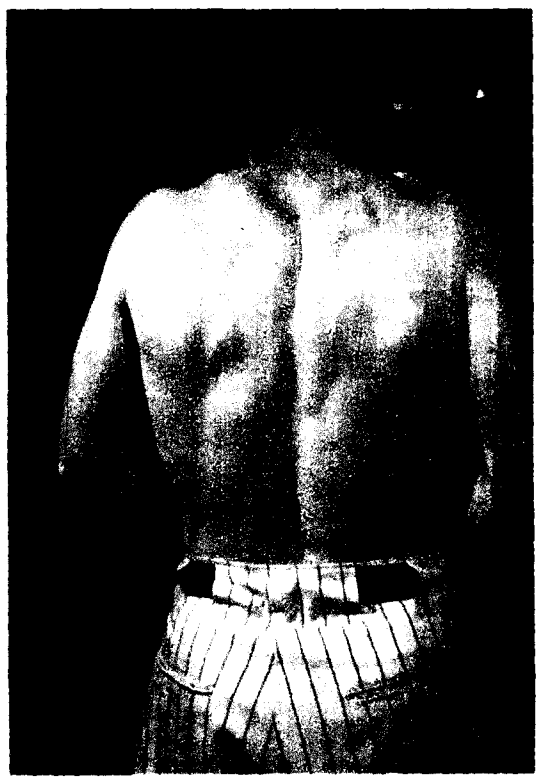
Mantle grips the bat right at the end, but with the knob showing—unlike sluggers such as Babe Ruth, who palmed the knob to get extra leverage and power at the plate

# WHAM!—

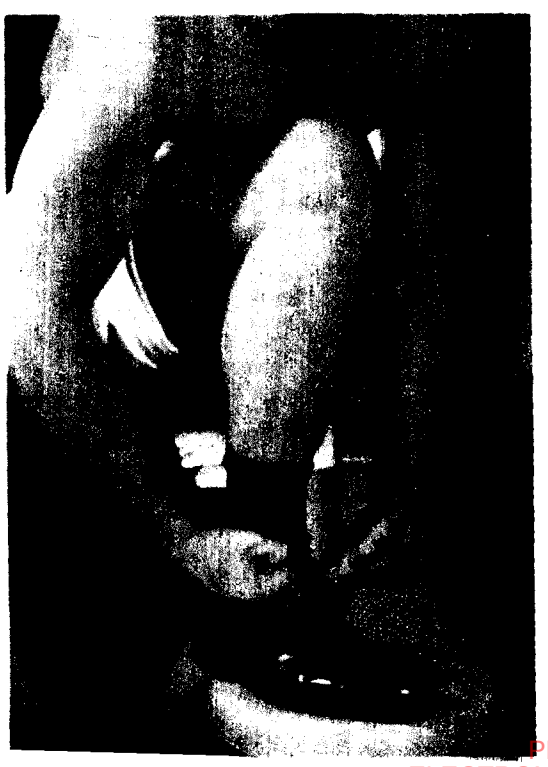
## BY TOM MEANY

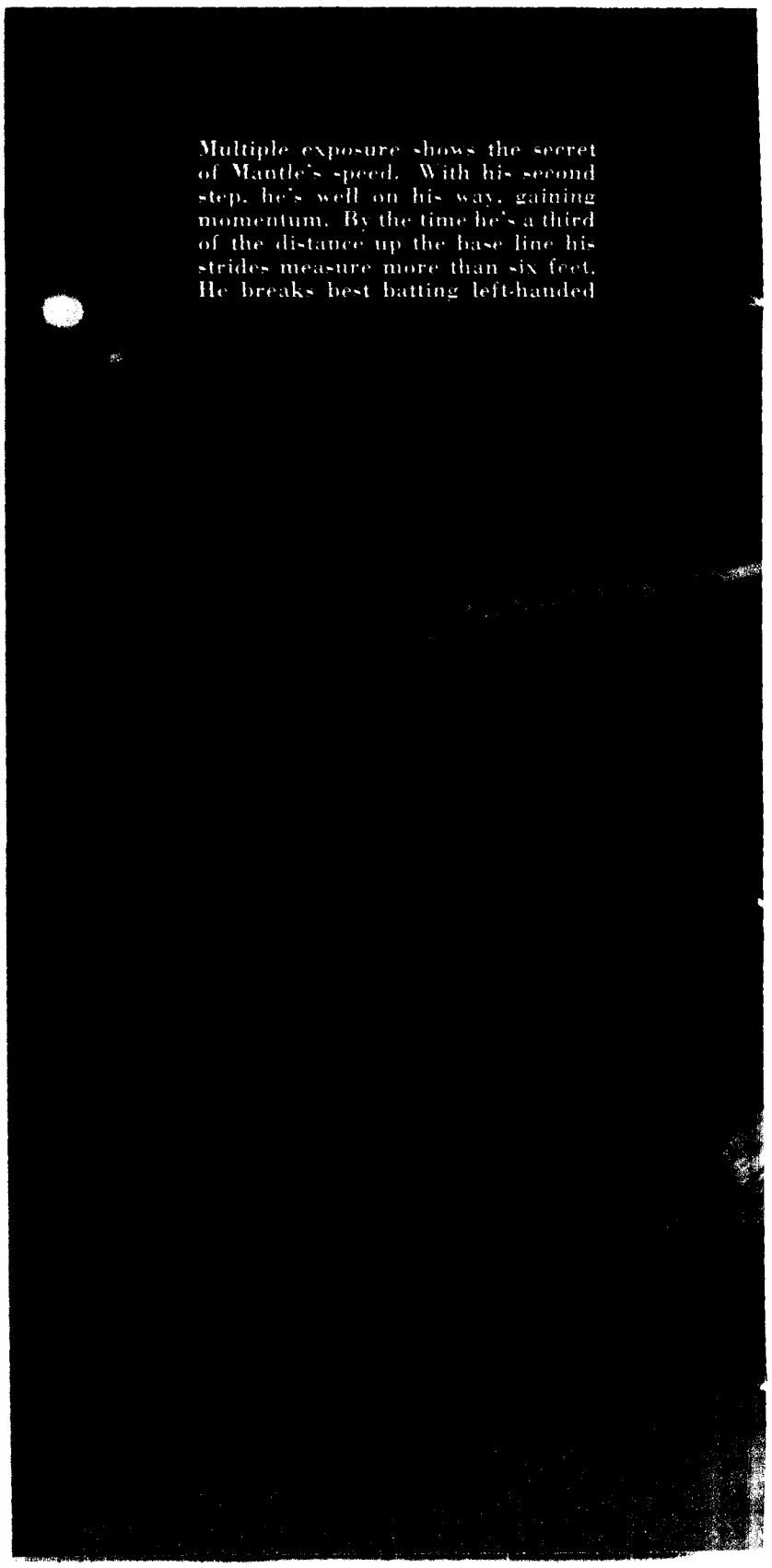
***The hard-hitting Yankee outfielder is built for speed as well as power, as the camera demonstrates. And if you think Mickey's good now—wait till he stops growing!***

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEO CHOPLIN



Here is where the Mantle power comes from. When Mickey first joined the Yanks, manager Stengel called him "the boy with the man's back." Below, he has the legs of a football lineman, but runs like a sprinter





Multiple exposure shows the secret of Mantle's speed. With his second step, he's well on his way, gaining momentum. By the time he's a third of the distance up the base line his strides measure more than six feet. He breaks best batting left-handed

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# Whoosh—Mantle's Away!

THEY ain't doing him no favor with this lively ball," Casey Stengel said. "Sure, he'll hit one nine miles now and then, but if they had the dead ball Cobb and them fellas played with, he might hit .400 year in and year out. How could an infielder throw the kid out with a dead ball that hopped to him slow and easy?"

The kid for whom the Yankee manager was making these extravagant claims was, of course, Mickey Mantle. What other hitter do they talk about in the American League these days? That Stengel should be high on Mantle is understandable. Mickey is the big wheel as Casey drives the Yankees toward a fifth straight pennant, a goal which no manager has yet achieved. It will be tough going even with Mantle. It would be impossible without him.

Although Mickey started off the year with two home runs of tremendous distance, one in an exhibition game in Pittsburgh batting left-handed, and the other batting right-handed in an American League game in Washington, his speed is at least as extraordinary as his distance clouting.

Mantle gets away from home plate as if it were about to explode. Lou Miller, New York World-Telegram & Sun sports writer and a track-and-field bug from away back, put a stop watch on Mickey leaving the plate and clocked him at 3.1 seconds for the 90 feet to first base.

Miller believes this performance is more remarkable than the fact that Mickey belted one of Chuck Stobbs's pitches 565 feet in Griffith Stadium, and he cites figures to prove it. No other left-handed hitter clocked by Lou in full swing has been able to do any better than 3.4 seconds. Over a two-year period, Miller has caught Gil Coan of the Senators at that figure, and also four National Leaguers—Stan Musial of the Cardinals; Bill Bruton, Milwaukee; Duke Snider, Dodgers; and Sam Jethroe, when he was with the Braves.

All five of those players batted left-handed. They should have a speed advantage over righties, because they're a stride nearer first after finishing their swing; but actually the right-handers Miller

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# *After two years, the ball parks look smaller to Mickey—and so does the big city*

has clocked did about as well. Lou timed Mantle, Bobby Thomson of the Giants, Jackie Robinson, Dodgers, and Jim Busby, Senators, all batting righty, in 3.4. He once caught Thomson reaching first in 3.3, but that was when Bobby was bunting and in full stride.

The big picture on the previous page shows Mantle's great burst from the plate batting left-handed. He's away running before the bat has struck the ground. The multiple exposure, which took photographer Leo Choplin more than three hours to set up, was taken with Yankee Stadium in pitch blackness and the camera shutter wide open. Powerful lights operated by a special hand switch were flicked on three times—each time for just 1/5,000 of a second—to catch Mickey on the film as he swung and started toward first.

The final shot was made by Mantle himself. A black thread was strung across the base line, and he struck it as he ran.

Yankee coach and former catcher Bill Dickey commented: "You should take him on his way to second, when he's really moving. Nobody who ever lived can reach second base from the plate as quickly as Mickey Mantle."

### Kid Brothers Sprint, too

Nobody ever has beaten Mantle in a foot race, although admittedly he has engaged in few. Mickey thinks maybe his seventeen-year-old twin brothers, Roy and Ray, might be able to outsprint him on a track. They're high-school stars back home in Commerce, Oklahoma.

The young man whom Marty Marion, Brownie manager, calls "better than Musial," has many physical assets going for him. He actually has grown since he joined the Yankees two years ago, adding 20 pounds to his original 175 and going from five feet, ten inches to just a quarter inch under six feet. His back muscles, forearms and wrists would delight a talent scout for the prize ring.

Mickey's reflexes are so good that Casey Stengel said last spring he wouldn't hesitate to use Mantle at shortstop. "Look at the sure way he grabs grounders in the outfield," says Stengel. "And look at that great arm! Why couldn't I use him at short if I had to?" And to prove to scoffers that he wasn't fooling, Casey had Mantle working out at short for a few days. He did mighty well.

In fact, Mickey's fielding has improved in general. He was pretty awkward for a while when he first came up, but he's a lot better now—perhaps better than he realizes. Somebody told him that Joe DiMaggio, his great predecessor in center field, had reported being bothered in the early fall by the position of the sun. Mantle said wryly: "It gets that way for me in the early spring, and never changes."

One of Mickey's fielding problems is that his home park, Yankee Stadium, is the toughest one for him defensively; line drives there often get lost against the background of the grandstand's third deck.

Busch Stadium in St. Louis is where he has the most trouble hitting. He hits best at Briggs Stadium in Detroit.

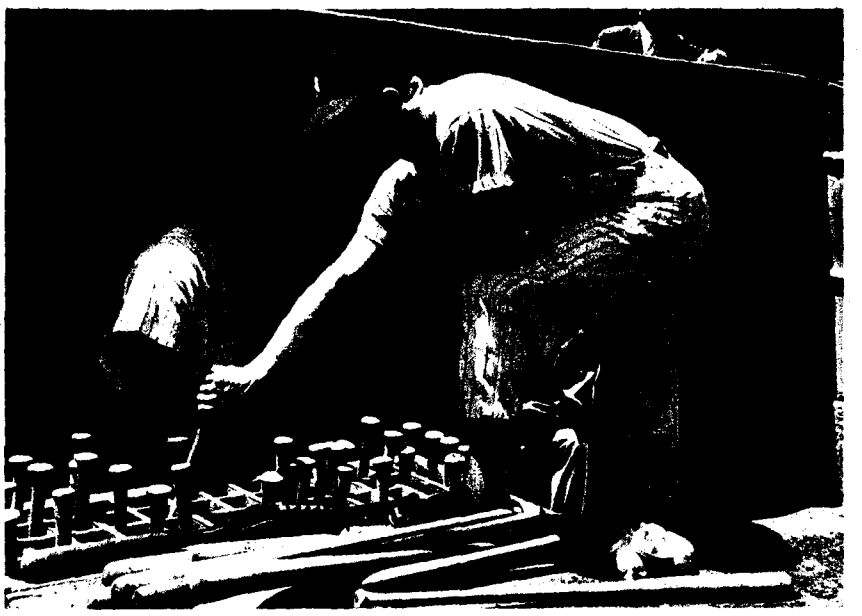
"I think St. Louis was always tough for me," he explains, "because my family used to come over from Commerce about three hundred miles away, to see me play and I pressed too much. This year," he adds, "with only my wife there, I hit pretty good."

Cleveland's Mike Garcia is the pitcher Mantle finds hardest to hit. "And I'm glad I don't have to bat against our own Allie Reynolds when the Chief is sharp," he adds.

Unlike most players, Mickey doesn't use the same bat every day. Although Hillerich & Bradsby, the bat manufacturers in Louisville, turned out a special model for him, he rarely takes it to the plate. The bat with which he socked his record home run in Washington was made for Loren Babe, an ex-Yankee now with the A's. Other models he favors are those of teammates Gene Woodling and Hank Bauer.

"I use whatever bat feels good at the time," Mickey explains. "For instance, I used Babe's bat only when batting right-handed until one night against the Red Sox. Then I used it left-handed and got a home run."

Other ballplayers usually switch bats only when they're in a slump. When Mickey's hitting fell off recently, he took a more realistic approach. He arrived early at Yankee Stadium and took batting practice until the palm of his left hand was worn raw. Then he went out and made three hits against Boston. He hit one home run right-handed and just missed hitting another lefty.



**Picking a bat is a problem. Mantle doesn't have a favorite bat but sticks to whichever one happens to feel good at the time. Sometimes he uses a different one every day, sometimes even swaps during game**

When Mantle first joined the Yankees at nineteen, Stengel was asked from which side the switch-hitting kid showed the most power. Casey, a man whose statements often need unraveling, gave a typical answer. "Some says he has more power right-handed, some say he has more power left-handed," said the Yankee manager, punctuating his remarks with a series of prodigious winks. "Seems they can't make up their minds. I hope they never find out."

### More Dangerous Batting Left-Handed

Jimmy Dykes, Athletics' manager, believes every switch hitter has more power from one side. "I don't care how many miles, yards, feet or inches Mantle hits the ball right-handed, he's going to hurt you less from that side than from the other." He meant, of course, that Mickey's speed is more dangerous when he's batting left-handed, a stride nearer first base.

Mickey's father, who died in 1952, concentrated on making the boy a switch-hitter from the time he was able to hold a bat. It has proved to be one of young Mantle's biggest assets as a major-leaguer.

In certain other respects, however, Mickey came to the Yankees somewhat ill-equipped for life in the big time. He was a country boy bouncing around among the big cities, and that took some getting used to. He's a lot more polished now. "This city doesn't look nearly so big to me as it did two years ago," he recently told a reporter in New York.

His roommates deserve a lot of the credit for the change. At present he rooms with the aggressive and knowledgeable Billy Martin, a San Franciscan who's as much at home on a city street as an Oklahoman is in a wheat field. When Mantle first lived in New York, he, Hank Bauer and Johnny Hopp shared an apartment above the famous Stage Delicatessen, which in itself must have been an education to the kid from Commerce. The Stage, a noted pastrami foundry, is frequented principally by minor actors and major horse players, characters alien to Mantle's native state. Bauer, incidentally, had Mickey tabbed from the start.

"I wish I had his talent and his youth!" observed Hank to a reporter one day. At the time, Bauer was a creaking twenty-eight-year-old.

Mickey's other teammates think well of him, too. But no one has been able to assess Mantle's value more precisely than catcher Yogi Berra, a man who has a solid appreciation of a buck—as Yankee general manager George Weiss discovers each winter when he tries to sign him. Other players, asked to appraise Mantle as a ballplayer, speak highly of his prowess at the plate and his improvement in the field. Berra, asked the same question recently, reflected for a solemn moment, then said:

"He should make a lot of money."

### Big-Income Years Ahead

Mantle received $7,500 in his first year as a Yankee, got a nominal increase in 1952 and is now collecting around $18,500. His really big-money days lie in the future, although he is augmenting his baseball income with personal appearances. He has looked at almost as many TV cameras as he has at pitchers this year. Of course, his responsibilities are greater, now that he's a married man and the father of a baby boy.

Mrs. Mantle, a sweet, quiet, country girl who would remind you of your baby sitter, is not a red-hot baseball fan. Although she grew up in Picher, only a few miles from Commerce where Mantle was a schoolboy sensation, she doesn't remember seeing Mickey in any of the athletic contests between Picher and Commerce. They met in 1950 at a football game on a double date—and Merlyn Johnson, who became Mrs. Mantle a year later, was not Mickey's date but that of his chum. Mickey didn't study switch-hitting for nothing.

Although Mantle has come a long way since the day in 1951 when he cried on the bench after striking out five straight times in a double-header, he's still a small-town boy at heart. He's very shy, and still keeps his head tucked down on his left collarbone when returning from plate to dugout, as if he were embarrassed to have the fans looking at him. With reporters, he's gracious, but far from voluble.

A reporter who mentioned Mickey's taciturnity to Stengel, however, found that the Yankee manager had a ready answer:

"I don't recall DiMaggio ever climbing on a soapbox to make a speech," said Casey, "—and that didn't hurt his playing any, did it?" ▲▲▲



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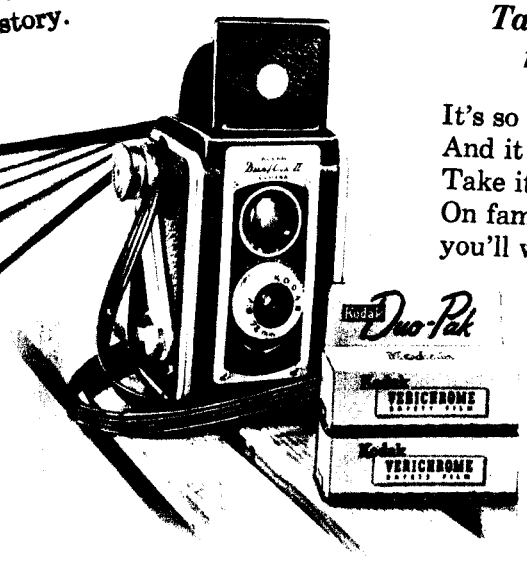


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# A Very Brazen WIDOW

*Peggy Henderson took one look at my runty uncle and cast ladylike modesty to the winds*

## By DAL STIVENS

MY UNCLE SEPTIMUS was the most confirmed woman hater in all Australia, if not the world—he said so often. He was a little sparrow of a man, sinewy and bald-headed, and given to asserting, "I've been dodging females for fifty years." This always summoned to my mind a grotesque picture of Uncle Septimus—not very different from what he was now, just smaller and almost as ugly—clambering over the side of his crib and leading his mother on a chase away from the maternity hospital. "I ain't put my head in the noose yet, and I'm staying that way," he would say confidently.

The Widow Henderson changed all that. The Widow Henderson was an attractive forty, vastly determined, and a little daring for Mundabilla. She smoked, drank like a fish (so it was rumored) and drove, with more verve than skill, a newfangled contraption called a motorcar. This was the second motorcar to make its appearance in Mundabilla. It had long sleek mudguards, a low bonnet, lots of brass, and a high-backed seat. The Widow Henderson burst on Mundabilla like an Empire Night bonfire and bought the neighboring farm to my Uncle Septimus'.

"Danged foreign hussy!" Uncle Septimus commented, when the Widow Henderson had been established a week. "Frightening the wits out of Clydesdales with that horseless buggy!" My Uncle Septimus was surprisingly conservative in his language. His Clydesdale stud was his life's joy. "I'm going over to have a bit of her."

He jogged off to beard the Widow Henderson. The ways of love are one of life's mysteries. My Uncle Septimus fell for the Widow Henderson, though we did not know it immediately. All that we knew was that Septimus came back an hour later and announced: "She's mending her ways and buying a buggy. She's quite intelligent—for a female."

Just how intelligent she was we discovered a few days later when all Mundabilla vibrated with the news that she was establishing a Clydesdale stud, and proposed to draw heavily on Uncle Septimus for advice.

"I take it back about her being a foreigner," Septimus said, by way of comment on the gossip. "She was brought up on a farm."

"Got money, too, I hear," said Nosy White who had just driven over. He was our other neighbor, lean and morose, with a nose like an ice pick. His visits were never social ones; no one had any love for him. My Uncle Septimus looked him up and down sharply.

"Some dough, I believe," Uncle Septimus said. "Got a bit myself."

"That's the way the wind blows, is it?" Nosy White said.

"Blows nothing," Septimus said. "I will be glad to help her with any advice on breeding Clydesdales, seeing as how I am the recognized authority around these parts." Here my Uncle Septimus fixed Nosy with fierce blue eyes. "There are a few people who fancy themselves in that direction, but I'm the one who takes all the prizes at the Mundabilla Show."

"That's small stuff," Nosy White said. "Now, if you win a championship at the Royal Show in Sydney, it means something." Nosy had—fifteen years before.

"That was a poor year when you won, Nosy, and you know it," my Uncle Septimus said. "It's old history. I aim to take most of the prizes at the Royal myself in the next few years."

"What with?" asked Nosy with a sneer. "You've got nothing in your stud good enough."

My Uncle Septimus, though hurt, could be objective. "That's true

**Several times each day there would be a roar and splutter along the road, as the widow went motoring about to buy her trousseau**

ILLUSTRATED BY W. DAVID SHAW

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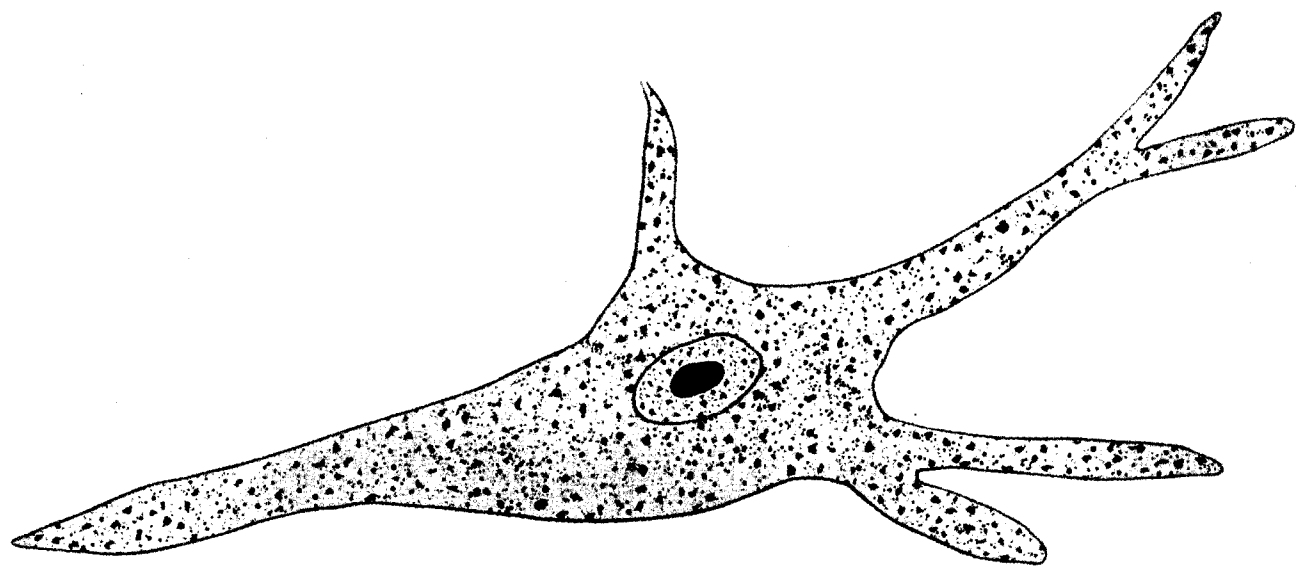

# Is the secret of cancer locked in this cell?

Cells like this . . . along with several other types . . . make up the human body. And upon these microscopic bits of living matter medicine's most powerful research weapons are focused.

Why? Because the secret of cancer is believed to be locked within the cell itself. When science eventually learns why cells suddenly cease growing normally—and revert to wild, uncontrolled growth—then cancer may cease to be a mystery.

Fortunately, we don't have to wait until these innermost secrets of life are known, to do something about cancer. For doctors today are saving about one in four cancer patients. Moreover, the American Cancer Society estimates that this cure rate could be increased to *two* in four—without a jot of further knowledge—if patients would report symptoms in time to receive prompt, thorough treatment.

Luckily for us, nature usually sends out certain warning signals. Sometimes they mean cancer—more often they do not. But if you notice any of the following symptoms—tell your doctor at once!

1 *Any sore that does not heal*

2 *A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere*

3 *Unusual bleeding or discharge*

4 *Any change in wart or mole*

5 *Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing*

6 *Persistent hoarseness or cough*

7 *Any change in normal bowel habits*

The importance of *early diagnosis* and treatment cannot be overemphasized should any of these symptoms appear; for despite the fact that there is still much to be learned about the disease, there is much your physician can do to control cancer *now*. Remember — in your physician's hands, you're in *good* hands.

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Many agencies—notably the American Cancer Society, the National Cancer Institute, scores of universities, hospitals, pharmaceutical companies, and private organizations—are conducting extensive research programs to meet the challenge of cancer. The Parke-Davis laboratories, for example, are among the chief suppliers of chemicals used by Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, and we are supporting studies at Mellon Institute for the specific purpose of developing new chemical compounds to combat cancer.

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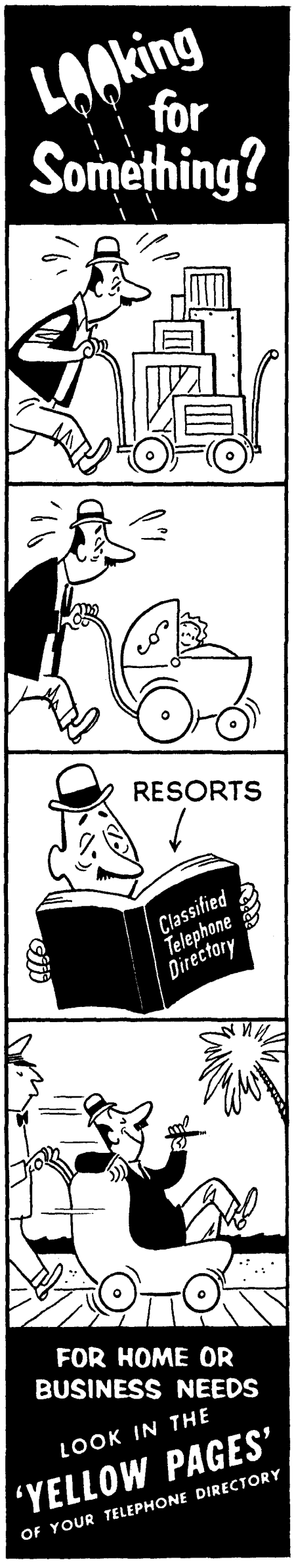


enough, Nosy, but I don't rest on my oars like some people. I build up. Now you've got to admit I've got a good stallion in Prince Rupert, and if I were to get a good mare or two—such as Lady Luwana—well, there would be no holding me," he said.

"Lady Luwana!" Nosy gasped and then he burst into harsh laughter. "Five hundred quids' worth! That's rich!"

"That's what I aim to do!" my Uncle Septimus said. "I'll have to scrape a bit, but I'll do it!"

Within two days all Mundabilla knew that Nosy and my Uncle Septimus were rivals for the hand of the Widow Henderson. Septimus took to wearing his Sunday blue serge on his daily visits to his new neighbor. Nosy did the same, and he was even bold enough to wear a carnation in his lapel.

The Widow Henderson, however, clearly favored my Uncle Septimus—so much so that when several weeks had passed, she took matters into her own hands. The conversation at the Farmers' Ball, when they sat out a dance, is attested to as having gone along these lines:

"Septimus, you're keen on me, aren't you?"

"Yes," Uncle Septimus said.

"Well, why don't you ask for my hand then, man?"

"You see—it's this way—that is—" Uncle Septimus said.

"Don't mumble, Septimus," the Widow Henderson said.

"It's—it's her—" my Uncle Septimus said.

"You've been playing me false, Septimus?" asked the Widow Henderson, fiercely.

"Her is Lady Luwana, ma'am," my Uncle Septimus said. "I want her for my stud. Five hundred quid, she'll cost me. Now, if we were to set up house together there would be some outlay, and the truth is I can't manage both, ma'am. And that's the truth!"

"Don't ma'am me!" the Widow Henderson said. "My name is Peggy! And now take me inside, because they are playing The Blue Danube, and I can't resist that."

It may have been her good sense or her appreciation of Clydesdales, but the Widow Henderson did not reproach Uncle Septimus with preferring Lady Luwana to herself. Instead she acted. Five days later a car carrying a loose box was shunted off at the Mundabilla railway station. It was carrying Lady Luwana, consigned to Mrs. Peggy Henderson.

AS THE Widow Henderson and my Uncle Septimus watched the noble mare stepping out in her new home, she said, "It's plain sailing for you now, Septimus. I'll give her to you as a wedding present."

My Uncle Septimus, who had been ecstatically praising the mare's proud head, shoulders, quarters, breadth of barrel and other glories, now diverted some of his lyricism toward the Widow Henderson.

"You make me blush, Septimus," she said, with a little maidenly exaggeration. "We'll fix the day: three weeks to the day from now."

"Yes," my Uncle Septimus said. . . .

The Widow Henderson swung into action. Five and six times a day there was a roar and a splutter along the road, and Septimus' Clydesdales flung up agitated heads and went galloping off along the fence. The Widow Henderson was motoring to and from Mundabilla, buying her trousseau.

"A buggy is more handsome, but a car gets things done," she said one afternoon, stopping on the road, and walking over to the paddock where my Uncle Septimus was trying to soothe a sweating Prince Rupert.

"Yes," my Uncle Septimus said. . . . somewhat tensely. "Whoa, boy." The stallion jerked his head fiercely. "Whoa, Prince."

"Oh, isn't he handsome!" the Widow Henderson cried girlishly. She patted the great horse and stroked his muzzle. "It's a pity to frighten him. I'll give up that noisy thing after the wedding."

"I would be obliged to you if you did, Peggy," my Uncle Septimus said with a flash of his old form.

"I will," she said. "What's more, I'll give it up now."

"I hold you to that promise," Uncle Septimus said. "This poor fellow is almost spluttered out of his wits."

What might have become a crisis was averted.

IT HAD been confidently asserted in some corners of Mundabilla that my Uncle Septimus would squirm out of his bargain as the nuptial day approached. One of the stanchest exponents of this theory was Nosy White.

"Stands to reason," Nosy explained to an audience at the stock sales. "Septimus ain't a ladies' man—he ain't cut out for it. Human nature will assert itself, though at the moment Septimus is behaving like a hypnotized kangaroo."

The time drew to two days short of the wedding. My Uncle Septimus gave some minute signs of a wriggle, but on the whole he rejoiced in his fate. Nosy White's prophecy was written off as sour grapes.

Nosy now took a hand. In a sulky drawn by a wild-eyed mare, he drove over to see Uncle Septimus. After twenty minutes of hedging about the weather, the price of sheep, the deficiencies of shire councils and the parasites in Sydney, he came to the barbed point: "I think you ought to know, Septimus, what people are saying."

"No fool like an old fool, eh?" said Uncle Septimus, whom approaching marriage had mellowed surprisingly.

"Worse than that, Septimus," Nosy said mournfully. "Far worse."

"My shoulders are broad," my little Uncle Septimus said. It was poetic license.

"They say—"

"Don't tell me, Nosy, if it's hard for you," Uncle Septimus said, cocking a wicked blue eye.

"They say you are marrying her for the mare," Nosy said breathlessly.

My Uncle Septimus laughed loudly. "I am, Nosy, I am," he said.

Nosy swallowed hard and tried again: "They say, too, that the Widow Henderson will make a sucker out of you and drive that—that horseless carriage, just as soon as she has you hooked."

That was a shrewder blow, because my Uncle Septimus suddenly winced and shouted, "That she won't! She has promised me! You've got the soul of a louse, Nosy White, because you have invented this story. A man has his rights, and mine is not to have good horseflesh backfired and harried to death!"

Nosy White left then. He was seen to smile.

The rest of the day my Uncle Septimus was irritable and, indeed, more like his old self. Once he was heard muttering, "It's divorce if you do, woman!"

ONLY toward sundown did he relax, and that was when he was grooming the great Clydesdale, Prince Rupert, and saw the chestnut coat burst into flames under his brush. "You're a fine fellow," Uncle Septimus said, reverently, almost mystically. "I wouldn't swap you for any of those fine pictures in the Sydney art gallery."

Prince Rupert bent his regal head submissively. Suddenly his nostrils flared wide, and he squealed. Great sheets of muscles rippled in his flanks. A motor was roaring down on the road, beyond the line of gum trees. Dust billowed behind it. Prince Rupert reared. He wrenched the rope from my Uncle Septimus' hand and jumped away. He broke into a heavy gallop, through the tree stumps in the paddock.

"He'll kill himself!" my Uncle Septi-

"Wood gathered by Big Eagle. Spark blown on by Happy Horse. Blanket handled by . . ."

COLLIER'S NED HILTON



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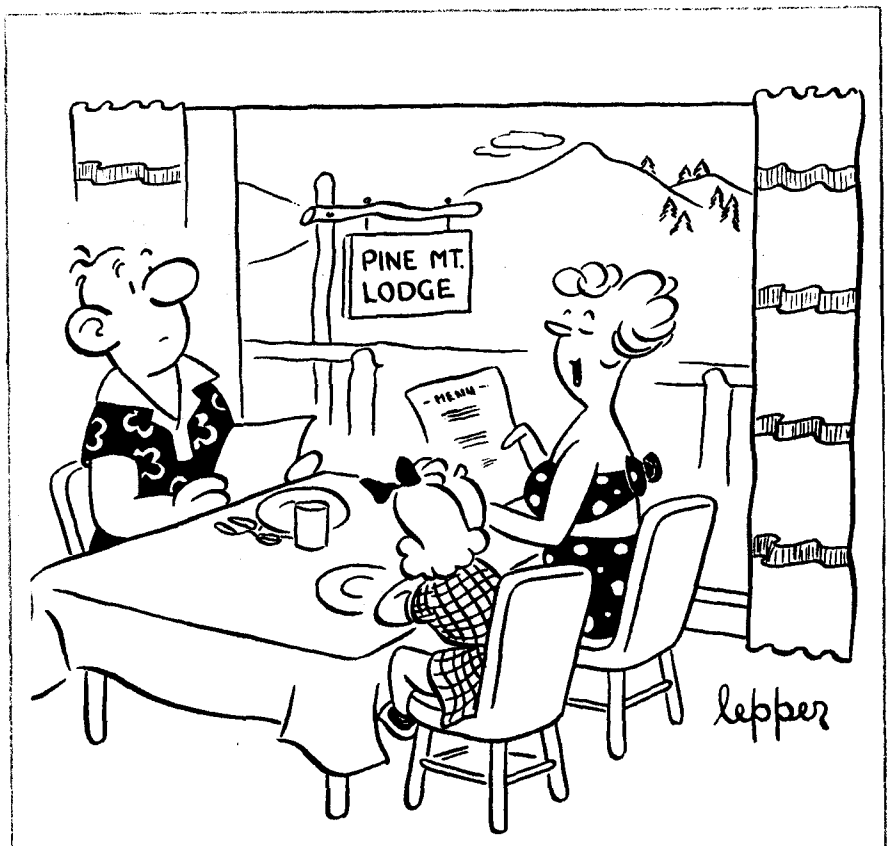



COLLIER'S **"American plan, dear, means Daddy doesn't have to pay for our meals"** EDWIN LEPPER

mus cried, agonizedly, starting after the great horse. But he had no chance of catching the fear-stricken stallion. Prince Rupert galloped wildly, tossing his head and squealing. He ran along the fence, and then he hit a post hard and came down.

He picked himself up. Uncle Septimus ran up and caught the rope and tried to calm him. The motor had gone now. Prince Rupert trembled. After some minutes he began to quieten.

"No bones, I hope," my Uncle Septimus said. "I must get the vet."

He led Prince Rupert to the stables, and there my Uncle Septimus blew up about the Widow Henderson. An expurgated précis ran this way:

"Danged foreign hussy, pretending to like Clydesdales! The marriage is off, and I'll tell her so on the phone just as soon as I have rung the vet!"

My Uncle Septimus did tell her, too —in the one breath, and then he banged down the receiver.

The telephone rang almost continuously for the next hour, but Septimus would not answer it.

THE vet came out that night and reported that there was no serious damage. Uncle Septimus didn't relent. "No thanks to her!" he said. "It's the principle of the thing!"

His principles were further outraged that evening at about nine o'clock, when the Widow Henderson's motorcar was heard cracking the night open.

"Danged murderous contraption!" said my Uncle Septimus. "You'd swear it was in your horse paddock. I've made a wise decision. As soon as my nerves cool down, I'm going to bed. I've had too many shocks."

But he had to bear another in the morning. At the first vague hint of dawn, Uncle Septimus padded out in his pajamas to the stables to look at Prince Rupert. "Wouldn't mind betting he's done for," he told his hired hand Jake, gloomily.

The stable door was ajar. A trail of smashed fences showed the way the stallion had gone—to the Widow Henderson's farm and Lady Luwana.

"This is too danged much for flesh to bear!" my Uncle Septimus cried. He put his clothes on over his pajamas and set off for the Widow Henderson's farm.

She met him with all sweetness, wearing one of her best frocks. "Isn't it lovely, Septimus?" she said. "Just look at those two—it's true love if I know the signs." She pointed to her horse paddock. Prince Rupert and Lady Luwana were indulging in a little lighthearted necking. "They're made for each other."

"Not under these circumstances, ma'am," said Uncle Septimus. He had been braver on the telephone. "You might have killed him yesterday with that—that hell chariot."

"It wasn't my fault, Septimus," said the Widow Henderson. "That was Nosy's little trick to cause trouble between us—as if anyone could! He deceived me, Septimus—me, who wouldn't deceive anyone! But you wouldn't let me explain yesterday. Nosy promised me not to go anywhere near your farm. And what's more, I made him promise to push it away from here before starting up the motor—I didn't want Lady Luwana frightened."

"That may be, ma'am," my Uncle Septimus said. He tooked toward the majestic Clydesdales. "That sight, ma'am, is one I have looked forward to for years. But it is as ashes in my mouth now."

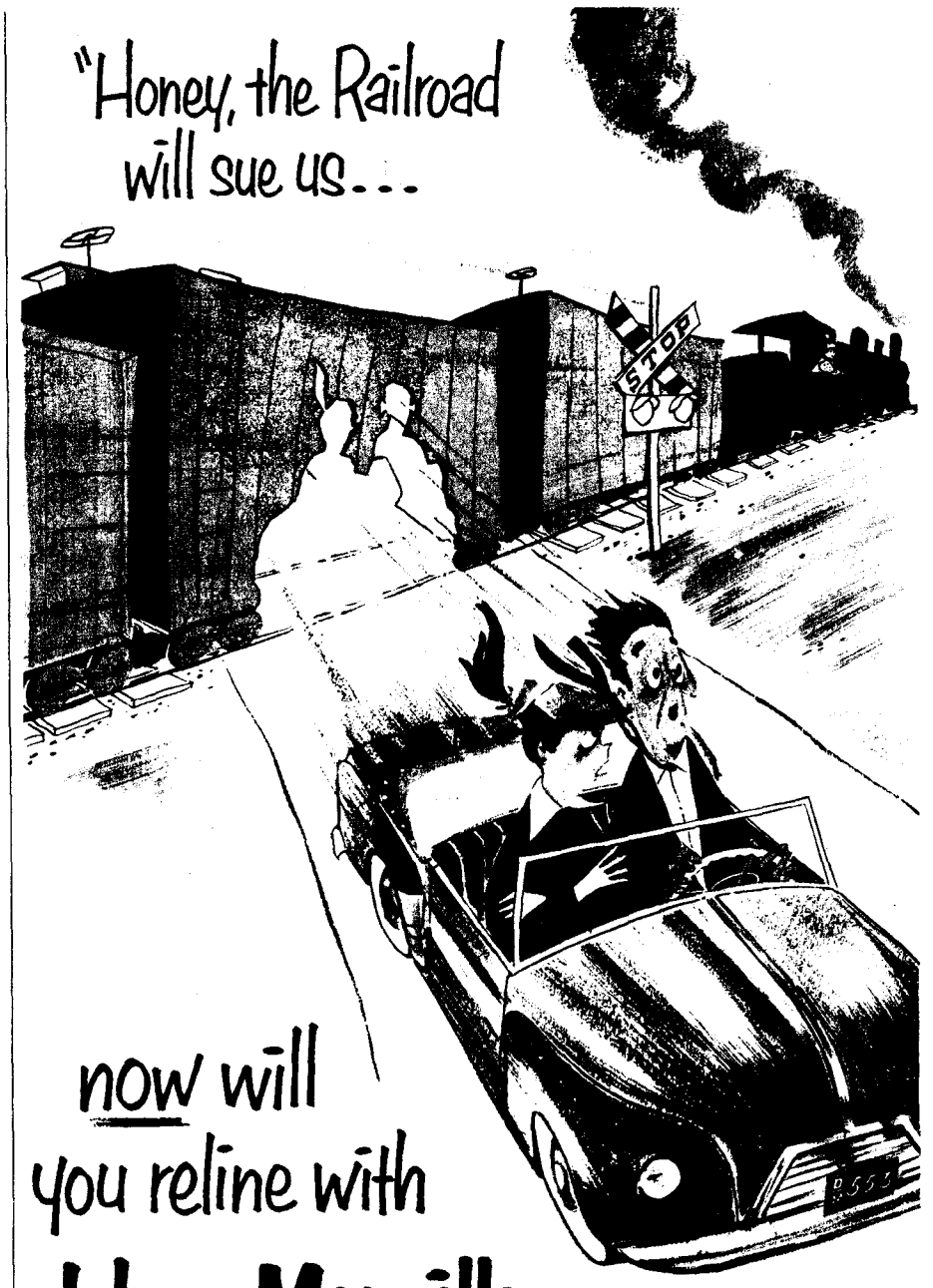
"She'll have a handsome foal, Septimus," said the Widow Henderson. "I'll be proud to own her foal."

"By dang!" my Uncle Septimus cried. "Your foal! Dang me, no! No, ma'am! Not your foal! This is too much!"

"Don't ma'am me, Septimus," said the Widow Henderson. "You know my name! Call me Peggy. And cut out the nonsense about not marrying me!"

My Uncle Septimus nodded. He knew when events were too big for him. And if he ever wondered about the fencing-wire scratches on the motorcar, when it was stored away to rust in the barn, he kept his counsel to himself. ▲▲▲

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## *How Jefferson Spent*

# THE FIRST FOURTH

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

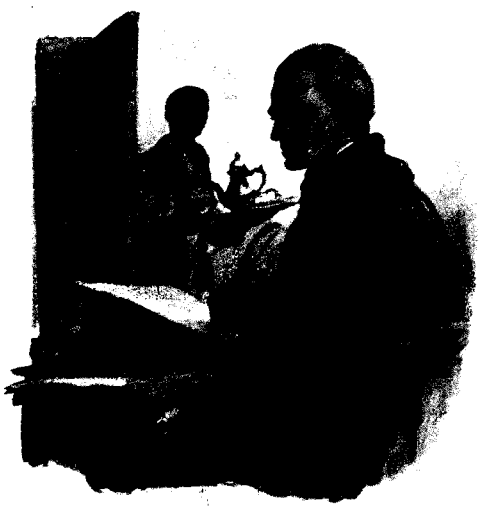
***The meeting room was stifling hot as the Continental Congress neared a final vote on the Declaration of Independence. Its author squirmed at the changes being made in his work***

**How did Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, spend the first Fourth of July? To find out, John Kord Lagemann spent months in painstaking research, sifting fact from legend and piecing together scattered bits of history.**

**He examined letters and diaries written by Jefferson and others among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He culled official records and eighteenth-century newspapers dealing with the momentous months of 1776. He studied paintings and etchings by contemporary artists. He read nearly 50 books about Jefferson and his times. He went to Monticello, Jefferson's home in Virginia. He visited the old State House (now Independence Hall) in Philadelphia. And finally he talked with Dr. Dumas Malone, distinguished professor of history at Columbia University and famed biographer of "T. J."**

**Even the most meticulous research left some gaps, however. No newspapermen were present when the Continental Congress debated and finally adopted the Declaration of Independence; no reporters were around to buttonhole the delegates afterward. Even the leading actors in the drama, letter writers all, neglected to put down homely details and atmosphere that would have made it easier to relive their great moments.**

**But by taking historical facts and fitting in what is known of the habits and personalities of the leading patriots of the time, Lagemann was able to reconstruct in authentic detail the events of July 4, 1776, as Jefferson probably experienced them.**

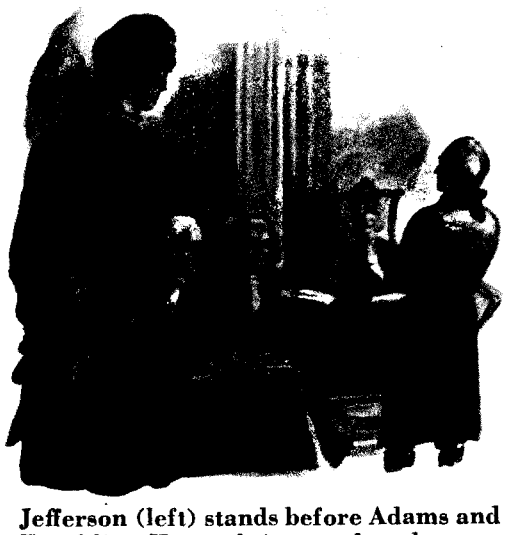


**"His desk was a plain table on which he placed a small slant-top writing box..."**

THOMAS JEFFERSON woke just after dawn in his 35-shillings-a-week lodgings in Philadelphia. The date was July 4, 1776—and in a few hours the Continental Congress was scheduled to debate for the third day a document drafted by Jefferson and described in the official Record as "the declaration respecting independence."

Yet in the bright stillness of early dawn, there was nothing about the rural war capital of the 13 rebellious Colonies to suggest that a decision to be made there that day would profoundly change the conditions and expectations of life for all mankind.

Jefferson himself went unhurriedly about his usual morning routine in the second-floor bedroom and front parlor he rented from the bricklayer Jacob Graff at 7th and High (now Market) Streets, on the outskirts of town.



**Jefferson (left) stands before Adams and Franklin. Hancock is seated at the rear**

He brushed his teeth, scrubbed himself with soap and cold water from a pitcher on the washstand, and put on the clothes his Negro servant Bob had laid out the night before—white linen shirt with wrap-around collar, red waistcoat, plain black jacket and knee breeches, white cotton stockings and black leather pumps with silver buckles. He dressed swiftly, humming to himself (a habit of his when he was alone or riding horseback), his mind occupied with the business of the day.

The Declaration of Independence was not the 33-year-old Virginian's only concern. In Williamsburg, the Virginia Convention had just drafted a new constitution and Jefferson feared that his political enemies had taken advantage of his absence to preserve the rule of the aristocracy over the common people. At home in Monticello, his beloved wife Martha was ill and the news he read between the lines of her letters was not encouraging. A few months earlier their baby daughter, Jane, had died and now his thoughts dwelt all the more anxiously on their three-year-old Martha, or "Patsy" as Jefferson called her. Monticello itself was only half finished and the farm crops on his 10,000-acre estate had been declining steadily in his absence. British warships had set fire to Norfolk six months earlier and nobody knew when the war would sweep inland to engulf the whole state.

Dressed, Jefferson entered the front parlor and leaned down with his elbows on the sill to glance at a thermometer he'd screwed on the frame of one of the windows. Every morning, and again every night when he returned home at eleven o'clock or midnight, he jotted down the weather in his account book. His notation that morning was:

*"July 4. Fine sunshine. Pleasant morning. Wind S.E. 6 A.M. 68 degrees."*

Then he made a mental note to stop by the clockmaker Sparhawk to order a barometer and pick up a new thermometer he'd ordered—an expensive one, £3/15, but worth it, he thought, to make his records precise.

The face of this weatherman-statesman is probably on the nickel in your pocket, and you can picture him as he looked on that fine July morning if you subtract a few years and add a few details—the unruly, sandy-colored hair brushed back in a careless pompadour and tied at the back of the neck . . . the freckled skin that reddened quickly on exposure to the sun or to a slur . . . the widely spaced gray-blue eyes, serenely alert under the level brows . . . the muscular jaws and clenched fist of a chin, relieved of stubbornness by the wide sensitive mouth turned up slightly at the corners as if about to speak or smile.

Big, deep-cut features like his need height to put them in perspective. Jefferson was a lean, square-shouldered six feet two—"a straight-up man," as one of his servants back in Virginia described him, "back bone straight as a rifle barrel; a good shot, too, never aims at a bird while it's a-sittin', always skeers 'em up fust." In walking he had the typical wading gait of a long-legged man, and when talking he usually folded his arms, tilted his head to one side, and bent forward slightly from the waist.

The two or three hours between getting up in the morning and leaving for the nine-o'clock session of the Continental Congress, plus a brief period before he retired at night, were just about the only times when Jefferson could write without interruption. Sitting down near the open windows of



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the little, low-ceilinged parlor, he wrote steadily in his clear, swift hand, pausing once or twice perhaps to pick up the violin that was always part of his baggage and refreshing his mind with five or ten minutes of Mozart or Haydn.

His desk was a plain table on which he placed a small slant-top writing box made by his former landlord, a Philadelphia cabinetmaker named Benjamin Randolph, from a design Jefferson sketched out on a piece of wrapping paper. Through the windows came the soft humming and pulsing of a summer morning in any small town—the distant shout of field hands harvesting rye and barley, the banter of crows over a pine grove, the whine of a rusty hand pump, the cries of children playing hopscotch in the street. From the kitchen basement came the familiar rattle of pots and pans, the smell of wood smoke and new-baked bread.

### The Desk at Which History Was Made

It was on this writing desk during the early morning hours of the previous weeks that Jefferson had done the biggest job Congress had given him—the writing of a statement to present the case for American independence to the Colonies and to the world.

On June 7th, acting on instructions from Williamsburg, Richard Henry Lee had risen from his seat to move for the Virginia delegation, "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States . . ." The motion finally brought out into the open the great issue of independence—the ultimate "to be or not to be" of the Colonies.

Opponents of independence fought a bitter delaying battle and doubtful Colonies asked time to call special assemblies to find out how the people felt. On June 10th, after two days of debate, Congress postponed the showdown to July 1st and elected a committee to draft a declaration to serve as the basis of a new government.

The committee comprised Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, John Adams of Massachusetts, Roger Sherman of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston of New York.

As in many committees, most of the actual work had to be done by one man, and Jefferson, already known as the author or coauthor of several revolutionary papers, was a logical choice. As John Adams put it to him: "Reason 1st. You are a Virginian and a Virginian ought to appear at the head of this business. Reason 2nd. I am obnoxious, suspected and unpopular; you are very much otherwise. Reason 3rd. You can write ten times better than I can."

"I will do as well as I can," Jefferson told him, and sat down next morning at the writing box in his front parlor to write what he called "an expression of the American mind."

When it was done, he showed it first to Franklin, then to Adams—"of whose judgments I most wished to have the benefit." Each penciled in minor amendments.

On Friday, June 28th, the Journal of the Congress reported: "The Comee appointed to prepare a declaration &c brought in a draught which was read. Ordered to lie on the table."

Virginia's independence resolution was brought up again the following Monday, debated hotly far into the night and passed the next morning, July 2d. Thus the fact of independence had become official, but its meaning remained to be decided. The resolution told the American people what they were not—subjects of Great Britain; in the Declaration, Jefferson told them what they were—self-governing men, politically equal, with certain inalienable rights as human beings.

It no longer was a question of rebellion against the British crown. It was revolution, and nobody knew it better than Jefferson, who was later to say: "I have sworn on the altar of God, eternal hostility against every tyranny over the mind of man."

Such, then, was the situation as Jefferson sat writing at his desk on that morning of July 4th. Around seven, there was a knock at the parlor door and Bob, the servant Jefferson had brought with him from Monticello, carried in the usual tray of coffee, hot rolls and home-churned butter.

While Jefferson sipped the hot coffee, he talked with Bob about the day's chores, including the shoeing of the horses for the return journey to Virginia, which Jefferson hoped would be soon.

At ten minutes of nine, Jefferson sealed up his letters with wax, tucked them in his coat pocket, put on the straw hat he'd bought for 10 shillings the week before, and set out for the State House.

Philadelphia, with a population of 28,000, was the biggest, richest and most colorful town in the Colonies. Thanks to the efforts of its leading citizen, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, many of the streets were paved with a narrow strip of cobblestones and some even had brick footpaths along the sides and whale-oil lamps on wooden posts to light the way at night.

At intervals along High Street, as on most other streets, were hand pumps and watering troughs—the town's only water supply. Jefferson had to zigzag around the housewives grouped about the pumps and gossiping. Children swarmed around the watering troughs, sailing bits of wood in the mossy water or playing in the mud.

Jefferson's dark, simple clothing sometimes made him feel a little conspicuous among the red and green coats of the men of the town and the rainbow hues of the women's dresses. Even the stores and houses were brightly colored, green, blue, red and yellow with contrasting trim, and almost every shop front had a large, brightly illustrated sign suspended from wrought-iron beams.

As Jefferson approached the center of town, he noted the tension in the air. The Colonies had been waiting with mounting excitement for the final break with England, and that morning the downtown streets were alive and stirring with townsfolk converging on the State House.

At the north entrance to the State House, half a dozen militiamen stood guard to keep an open passageway for the delegates. A cheer went up as two husky liveried servants trotted up and deposited a sedan chair. Out stepped a short, stocky man with a large head, high forehead and a mole on his left cheek. It was Benjamin Franklin, lately recovered from a siege of the gout. He looked hearty despite his 70 years and his eyes darted around the crowd with interest and amusement. Seeing Jefferson approaching, he held out his hand to the younger man and led him into the hall.

The broad vestibule was jammed with delegates drifting slowly into the meeting room. Jefferson's eyes immediately sought out his friend John Adams, the Boston lawyer who headed the Massachusetts delegation and now led the fight for the

**"Seeing a blind fiddler on the sidewalk, Jefferson reached into his pocket . . ."**

Declaration. He spotted Adams almost at once—as usual the center of a group of delegates who flocked around him to seek guidance on every important issue that came before the Congress.

Physically Adams combined the slashing agility of a gamecock with the massive, deeply gathered impact of a bull. He was self-confident to the point of dogmatism, contemptuous of mediocrity and more than a little vain. Yet his principles could always be depended on to override his passions, as when this archfoe of Britain successfully defended the British officer and soldiers imprisoned for the so-called Boston Massacre.

### Adams Discusses Delay in Adoption

Adams detached himself from the group around him and joined Franklin and Jefferson. They walked into the meeting room together and placed their chairs in a small group beside one of the writing tables. "We should have adopted the Declaration seven months ago," Adams told them. "We might have formed alliances with foreign states. But on the other hand the delay has many great advantages—the hopes of reconciliation with England have been gradually and at last totally extinguished. Time has been given for the whole people to consider this great question maturely. This will cement the union."

At the far end of the room, John Hancock, Presi-

**"For a long time after blowing out the candles, Jefferson stood by the open window . . ."**

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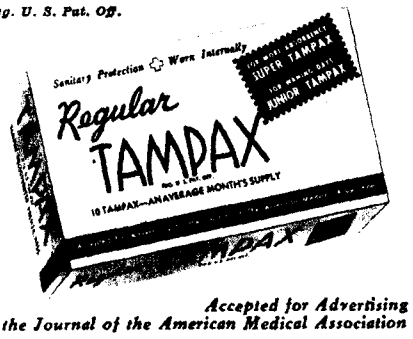


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## *The patriots celebrated at Smith's City Tavern. Jefferson*

dent of Congress, seated himself behind his desk and raised his hand to call the meeting to order. The first item on the agenda that morning was a resolution asking the Pennsylvania Committee of Safety to dispatch a supply of flints to the troops in New York. It passed routinely; and so did a resolution urging the colonies of Delaware and Maryland to hasten their military arrangements.

Then the Congress resolved itself into a committee of the whole with Benjamin Harrison of Virginia as chairman and got back to the main business of the day—the reading and amending of the Declaration of Independence.

The meeting room was stifling hot. Red velvet curtains had been pulled over the windows to ensure privacy, and candles burning in the big crystal chandelier overhead seemed to emit more heat than light. The buzzing of flies from neighboring livery stables could be heard above the voices.

Watching the sweating delegates squirming in their seats and using their handkerchiefs to shoo away the flies which bit their stockinged legs, Jefferson smiled and remarked to Franklin: "The flies are welcome if they speed up the debate."

### A Sensitive Author's Ordeal

Throughout the debate on the Declaration, Jefferson did not rise once to speak. Though eloquent and witty in conversation, he dreaded public speaking; he could never develop the gestures and intonations that stir an audience's emotions. Extremely sensitive to criticism, he writhed in helpless silence while Congress went over his brain child, line by line, removing some words, inserting others. But with the exception of a passage he had inserted condemning the practice of slavery, which was removed entirely, the changes were minor.

Franklin, seeing how keenly the younger man felt about the changes made in the Declaration, tried to comfort him with a humorous anecdote about a hatter who asked his friends' advice on a design for a new signboard. The design featured a picture of a hat and the words "John Thompson, Hatter, Makes and Sells Hats for Ready Money." Each of his friends found something wrong with this or that word until at last all that remained was the figure of the hat and the simple inscription, "John Thompson."

Again and again Adams, near exhaustion after many sleepless days and nights, bobbed up from his chair to answer questions and criticism from the floor. He did not try to sway the delegates with eloquence alone. And he solemnly warned that once a vote had been taken, there could be no turning back.

"If you imagine that I expect this Declaration will ward off calamities from this Country you are much mistaken," Adams said. "A Bloody conflict we are destined to endure. But Freedom is a Counter ballance for poverty, discord and war, and more . . . that is the commonsense of the matter."

When he sat down the Declaration was submitted to a vote. The minutes of the Continental Congress for July 4, 1776, tell the rest of the story:

"Mr. Harrison reported that the committee of the whole Congress have agreed to a Declaration which he delivered in.

"The Declaration being again read was agreed to as follows:

"In Congress, July 4, 1776. A Declaration by the representatives of the United States of America in General Congress Assembled. . . .

"When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation."

Harrison, boon companion to Jefferson in the carefree student days when they danced their sweethearts in the Apollo Room of the Raleigh Tavern, had started the reading in a matter-of-fact tone. But as he continued, his voice began to shake with emotion.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. . . .

". . . . And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor."

After this final reading, the delegates sat for a moment in silence. Then, in a sudden release from tension, they rose from their seats, shook hands, laughed and clapped one another on the back.

The signing of the Declaration by the members was postponed until the text could be engraved on parchment. But broadsides were to be printed immediately for distribution to the troops and to the various state assemblies. Since these would bear the signature of Hancock as President of Congress and Charles Thomson as secretary, the delegates gathered around John Hancock's desk to watch them sign.

### The Cue for a Famous Retort

"Well, gentlemen," said Hancock, "from now on there must be no pulling in different ways. We must all hang together."

To which Dr. Franklin replied: "We must, indeed, or we shall most certainly hang separately."

The quill point hissed against the paper as Hancock signed with a flourish. "John Bull can read my name without spectacles," he said, "and may now double his reward of £500 for my head."

News of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence spread rapidly through the crowds waiting outside the State House. "The excited multitude in the streets," reports a chronicler of the times, "responded with loud acclamations and with cannon-peals, bonfires and illuminations, the patriots held glorious carnival that night in the quiet city of Penn."

After Congress adjourned late in the afternoon, most of the delegates met again around the dining tables of nearby Smith's City Tavern, the unof-

## TIZZY

"He's the sort of fellow you'd like even if he didn't have a 1930 convertible"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN



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## ast was: "To the world's best hope"

ficial headquarters and news center of the Revolution. Stage wagons from all the Colonies arrived or departed in front of its doors. Reports of battles won or lost arrived there first, often in the person of men who had been in the thick of them. There Paul Revere tied his horse when he galloped into town to announce the British blockade of Boston Harbor—a year before his famous ride through Lexington. Martha

COLLIER'S

**"I see a tall dark man, a somewhat short middle-aged man, a youthful blond man, a heavy-set young man, a college man, a Latin-looking man, an older gentleman, another tall dark man, a short man, a . . ."**

JOHN RUGE

Washington put up there on her way from Mount Vernon to join her husband in Cambridge.

On his way to City Tavern that July 4th night, Jefferson stopped by Sparhawk's and picked up his thermometer. Then noticing a ribbon shop nearby, he picked out seven pairs of gloves for his wife and had them wrapped to send back to Virginia along with the letters still in his pocket.

Outside the tavern, the passing throngs were in a festive mood, beating on pots and pans, singing Yankee Doodle, and piling up wood in the middle of the street for a bonfire. Seeing a blind fiddler on the sidewalk, Jefferson reached into his pocket and gave the old man a shilling and sixpence. Inside the tavern, Jefferson left his package and letters at the mail desk to be forwarded to Monticello on the first southbound stage wagon. There were no stamps to buy; the charges were paid by the recipient in those days.

"To the world's best hope" was Jefferson's toast at the dinner table. It was an exciting night at the tavern, and speculation and argument over the future of the nation born that day waxed until a late hour.

Not until almost eleven o'clock did Thomas Jefferson climb the stairs to his front parlor in the Graff house, light a couple of candles and sit down at his writing box.

Methodical as always, he recorded the weather *("fine, cool moonlight night")* and the day's expenses: *"Paid Sparhawk for a thermometer £3/15. Paid for 7 pair women's gloves 27/. Gave in charity 1/6."*

Then he began letters reviewing the day's events for his wife and his colleagues in Virginia. *"It is a heavenly comfort,"* he wrote, *"to see that these principles of liberty are so strongly felt. I pray God they may be eternal."*

Toward midnight he picked up his violin, tuned it, then put it down again. The bells of the town were still ringing and their sound was music enough.

For a long time after blowing out the candles, Tom Jefferson stood by the open window, listening to the bells ringing in celebration of the birth of the United States of America.

* * *

Exactly half a century later, beside an open window at Monticello, Thomas Jefferson heard once more the sound of bells, carried faintly from Charlottesville, ringing in another Fourth of July for the nation to which he had pledged his life, his fortune and his sacred honor. The echo of that first Independence Day, beating through the drowse of a summer morning in Virginia, was the last sound he heard. He died shortly after noon.

* * *

In far-off Massachusetts, John Adams heard the jubilant bells on that Fourth of July in 1826, too. His last words before he died later during that same day were: "Thomas Jefferson still survives." ▲▲▲




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Kirby had learned a lot about her. When he found they would be getting off at the same stop, he asked, "Someone meeting you at the station?"

# DEPARTURE

By JOHN CAMPBELL SMITH

***Kirby had told the girl a lie about himself. Then he wondered if she'd lied too***

KIRBY STONE was a pleasant young man of twenty-eight. He was tall and thin, moderately good-looking, and he thought of himself as a pretty ordinary person in most respects. He was in his last year of law school when he discovered that he had tuberculosis.

Fortunately, his father could afford to send him to the best sanatorium the doctors could recommend. Once it was decided, everything went very fast. Kirby's father offered to go with him to the sanatorium but Kirby refused; and in the end, his father and mother and the girl to whom Kirby had been thinking of proposing when he finished law school went with him only as far as the train. It was early morning and still dark. The train platform was almost deserted. Kirby shook hands with his father, and then kissed his mother, and after an imperceptible hesitation, he kissed Marcia on the cheek. It was all a little strained, as though they were all a little uncertain of how they should behave under the circumstances.

"You'll call us when you get there?" his mother asked.

He nodded and said, "Just as soon as I get settled." He tried to smile, to be casual about it.

"As soon as you get there," she said.

"All right; as soon as I get there."

His father cleared his throat. "Find out right away about visiting, and all that sort of information," he said. "Find out what their rules are."

"I will. Don't worry," Kirby said and glanced at Marcia, wondering what he should say to her. There did not seem to be anything very appropriate. "Take good care of yourself," he said.

"I will," she said.

It was time to get on the train. Kirby picked up his bag. "I'll call first thing," he told his mother. "Don't worry."

As he swung his bag up onto the rack above the seats, the train started to move. Kirby leaned forward and peered through the window at the three people on the platform. They waved, and he raised his hand. For the first time, he realized that Marcia was taller than his mother and almost as tall as his father. His father, a corporation lawyer, was a plump, solidly built man, and not very tall.

The train emerged from the station into a world that was still dark and gray, only beginning to acquire form. Kirby had the same feeling he had had on trains when he was in the Army, that he was going somewhere, that he should look at everything very closely because everything might be different where he was going; it might be a long time before he would see these things again.

He looked at his watch. It was six thirty. They should, he knew, get to the resort town, where the sanatorium was, at nine that evening.

Kirby disliked long train trips, but suddenly he realized, with a strange feeling of surprise, that he was looking forward to this one, to reading the books and magazines he had brought along, to eating in the dining car. He felt curiously and unexpectedly free.

He tried to visualize the time stretching out in front of him, the miles to be traveled. The train would go through a lot of small towns, a few medium-sized cities, places he had never heard of, did not know. There was no real reason, he thought, why he should not get off at one of these places. He could spend the night at a hotel, catch another train in the morning, and it would not really make any difference to anyone. He would

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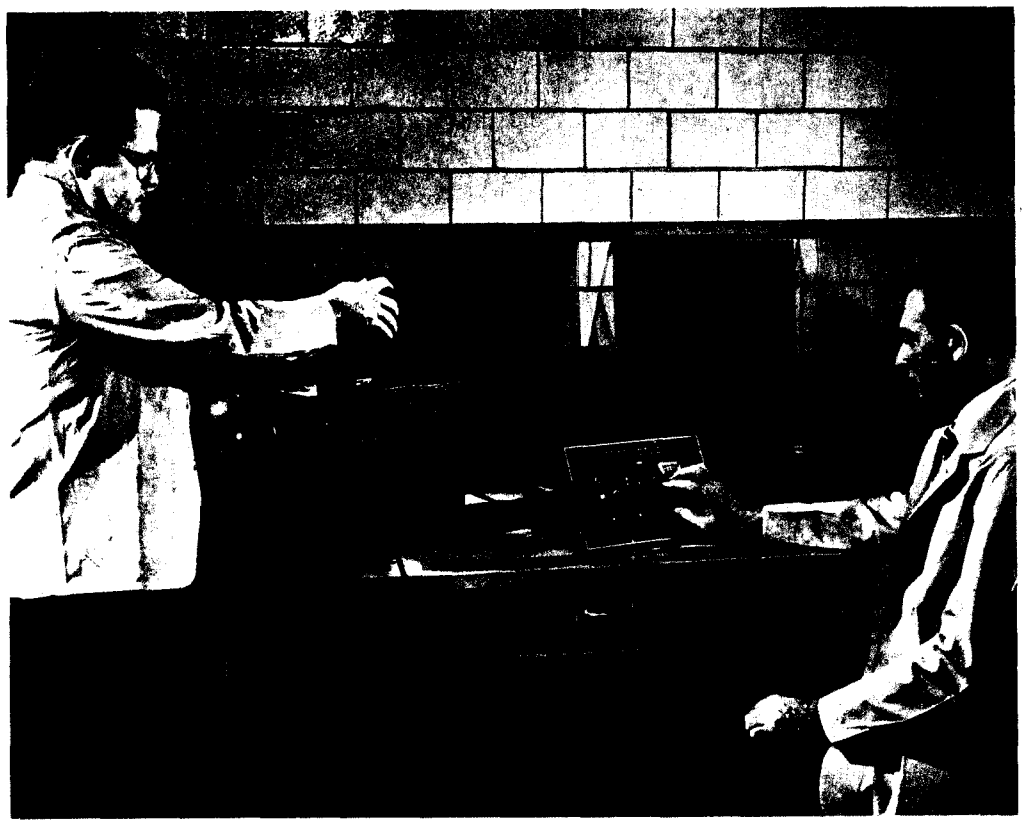
**An L·O·F Scientist** making a resolution test on a sample of the E-Z-View Television Screen.



**Here L·O·F Scientists** measure haze and light transmission of different development samples of E-Z-View.

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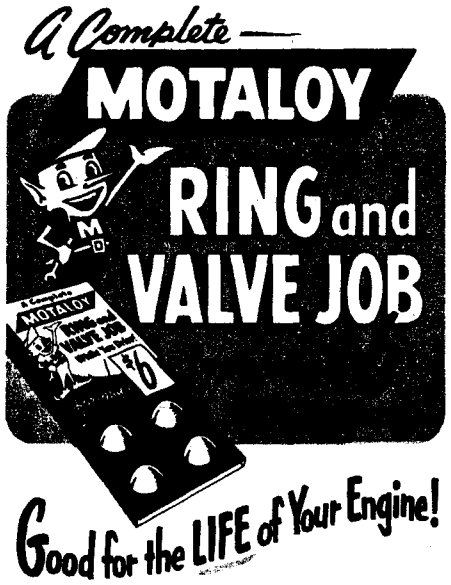


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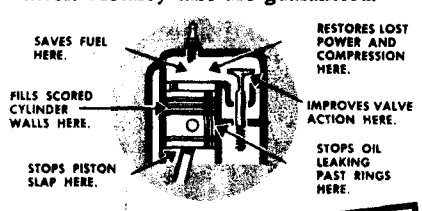
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IT'S A WONDERFUL TOY . . IT'S IDEAL


buy a newspaper and have a few drinks in a bar. He would read the newspaper in the bar, the local news, all about the people and events that did not concern him because he did not know anything about them; and maybe he would take a walk before he went to bed in the strange hotel. Kirby did not like the South, but he wished it could be a Southern town, dark and mysterious, the way Southern towns had always seemed to him to be, with pretty girls walking in the street.

Thinking about it, he fell asleep. He woke up with a start, feeling a dazed, instant necessity to know where he was; it was a reaction he had often experienced overseas during the war. A porter was walking down the aisle, chanting, "First call for breakfast. Breakfast now being served in the dining car forward. First call."

KIRBY fumbled for a cigarette. He felt confused and vulnerable, and he had a stale taste in his mouth. His neck was stiff. The coach, he noticed, was almost empty.

The train was moving through open country. The new, summer day looked like spring, but because it was summer, a little forlorn.

Dr. Leibowitz had said that it would not take long, everything considered, maybe two years, maybe even less than that. The idea that two years was not a long time had startled Kirby, but he had come, gradually, to accept it. He would be only thirty, and his life would not have been much changed. As Dr. Leibowitz had pointed out, he was lucky; he was young and could afford the time. Kirby wondered how he would have felt if he had been married.

He put out his cigarette and stood up and walked on to the dining car. It smelled of fresh coffee. He took a seat at one end, facing forward. Fields, trees and fences sped past the window.

He had grapefruit and cereal, bacon, two scrambled eggs, toast and coffee. He was drinking his second cup of coffee, and staring out of the window, when someone lurched against the table. He caught the cream pitcher as it started to upset.

"I'm terribly sorry. I just—"

"No damage done," he said and smiled at the girl standing there. She was, he thought, about twenty-three or twenty-four. She looked embarrassed.

"It didn't spill?"

"No," he said and shook his head.

A waiter appeared with a napkin, and started mopping up the few drops of cream on the tablecloth.

"That's all right," Kirby said.

The man stopped. "Would you care for anything else, sir?" he said.

"No."

During his interchange with the waiter, the girl had moved away. Kirby looked after her with a vague regret.

When he got back to his seat, he discovered that she was sitting across the aisle from him. She looked up from her book and smiled politely as he sat down. He smiled in response. She was, he noticed, reading Trollope. She read with a serious, concentrated expression, and he wondered whether she might be a college student. After a while, he got an anthology of short stories out of his bag and began to read himself.

When he put down his book an hour or so later, the train was passing through a small town, past stores and houses, a school, a church. He watched the people walking along the streets, the flow of traffic. He had no idea what town it was. It could have been anywhere. Kirby decided that he would have a drink. As he stood up, he noticed that the seat across from him was empty.

For some reason, he was surprised to find her in the club car. She was sitting by herself at a table, and when he came in she looked up and drew her glass toward her as though to make room. He hesitated awkwardly, and then sat down opposite her. The waiter came over and Kirby ordered Scotch-and-water.

"I saw you were reading Trollope," he said. He felt shy and embarrassed. It was the only thing he could think of to say.

She nodded and said, "Have you read any of his novels?"

"No," he said. "They were always on the reading lists in school, but I never read any."

"I had to read Barchester Towers in school. I got quite interested," she said. "He's wonderful, and quite funny, too."

"Yes," he said.

The waiter arrived with his drink. In the corner, at another table, a heavy-set, red-faced man was saying, "A lot of people knock salesmanship. Make it sound as though everything about it was overdone. Sure, some of it is. Some of it consists of getting in there and twisting somebody's arm, but, look, that's true of everything, isn't it? There's horrible examples in every line of work, isn't there?"

Kirby sipped his drink. The heavy-set man was talking to two other men, both of them obviously strangers to him; a tall, thin-faced, elderly man, and a short, plump, middle-aged man.

"But the way I look at it," the heavy-set man said, "they're missing a very important point. The point they're missing," he said, "is that everything more or less depends on selling. Everybody works in the end only because somebody sells. You follow that? You have to have salesmen."

The thin-faced, elderly man nodded.

"As you can gather," the heavy-set man said, "I'm a salesman. That is, I've been a salesman. Right now, I train salesmen. Maybe I'm hipped on the subject, but that's natural. I think people forget a basic point when they criticize selling."

Kirby grinned at the girl. "I would have said he was an artist," he said.

She smiled, and looked down.

"I agree with you," the thin-faced, elderly man said to his friend. He wore rimless glasses, and he looked reflective. "I'm an architect, myself, but I have nothing against the concept of selling. It may, in some cases, be overdone, but it's still necessary to our economy."

"Did either of you see the picture?" the short, plump man asked. Then he added, "By the way, I'm a dentist."

"By the way," the girl said, "I'm not anything at all."

"I'm a law student," Kirby said.

"When do you finish?" she asked. She looked interested.

"Next year." He had almost forgotten, until he spoke, that it was no longer true. The girl, he noticed, had a slight scar over one eye, and her nose might have been thought just a trifle snubbed. She was very pretty.

"Why did you decide to study law?" she asked.

"Because my father's a lawyer," he said, after a moment. "I guess. I suppose that's not a very good reason."

She smiled. "Maybe it shows that you're fairly well integrated, or something. You don't reject your parents."

"I never thought of rejecting my parents," he said, "come to think of it."

"Not at all? Not even a little bit?"

He smiled and said, "A little bit, maybe."

"Most people," the short, plump man was saying, "don't realize the amount of training a dentist has to have."

KIRBY had a very pleasant conversation with the girl. She was going on a two-week vacation, in which she hoped to brush up on her riding. They would be getting off at the same place. When she asked about him, he told her that he was visiting an aunt for a few days.

He learned a lot about her. She had been graduated from Smith. She was not prepared to do anything in particular. She painted and liked philosophy.

"Someone meeting you at the station?" he asked.

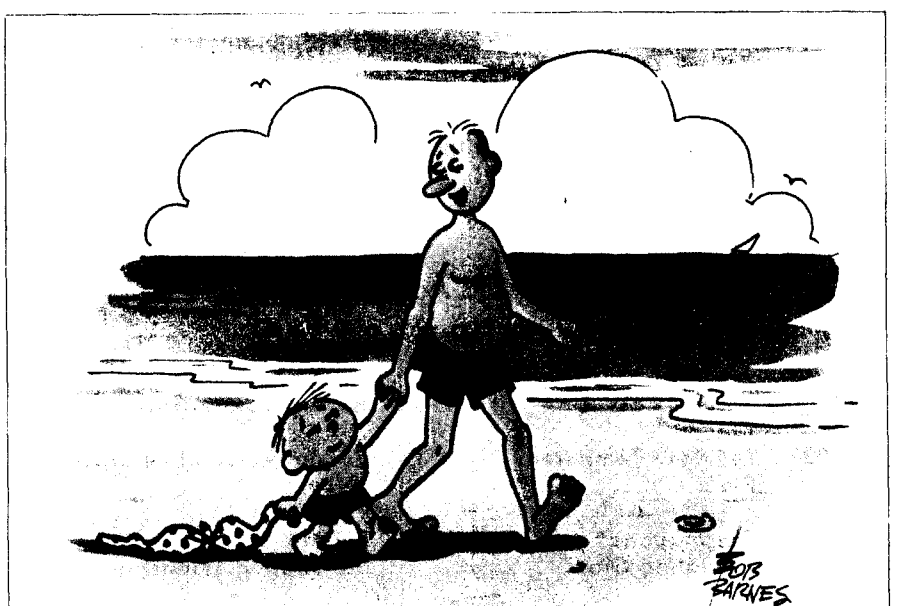
"Yes, a girl I knew at Smith. She's been there a week, already." She looked at him questioningly and said, "What about you?"

He hesitated and then said, "My aunt." Their glasses were empty. "Would you like another drink?"

She shook her head. "I think I'll take a nap," she said. "Drinking in the morning always makes me sleepy." She got up. "Thanks just the same."

Kirby had another drink. When he looked at his watch, he saw that it was almost twelve. He listened to the conversation of the three men at the next table for a little while, and then he left.

The girl was asleep. Her face was




"Now show Daddy exactly where you found it . . ."

COLLIER'S — BOB BARNES



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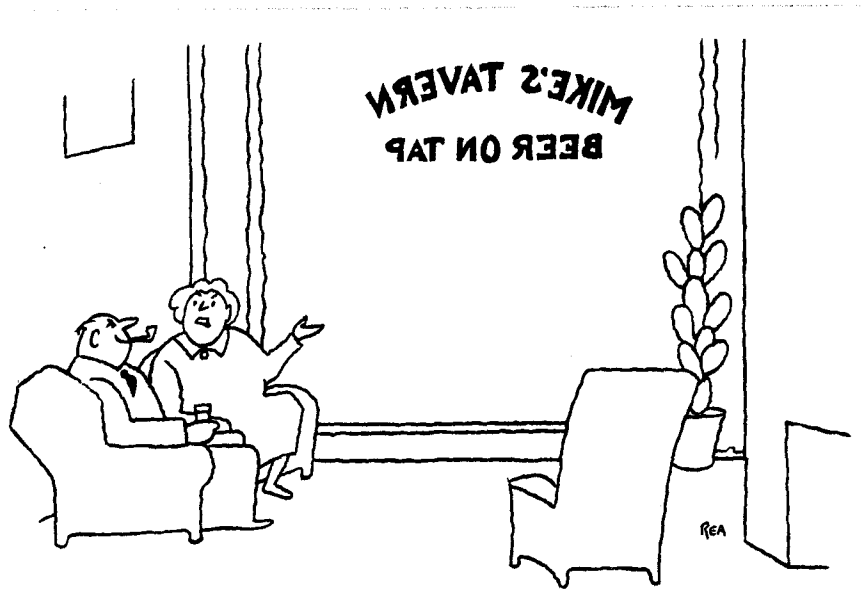


COLLIER'S

**"I'm not denying you got it at a bargain when they tore the place down. I'm simply saying that some of these days you've got to scrape off that lettering!"**

GARDNER REA

turned away from him, toward the window. The book lay beside her.

Kirby stared out at the landscape. It kept changing, steadily, monotonously, but remaining continually the same. He thought about the fact that he had lied to the girl. It had been easy and natural, although he had never lied very much before.

He closed his eyes, but the landscape kept on unrolling in his mind. He tried to imagine a lake, a place where his father had taken him fishing when he was a boy. The train rocked him gently.

He woke up with the same sense of urgency, of necessity, that he had known earlier. Again there was a flat, stale taste in his mouth.

"I think we missed lunch."

AT THE sound of the voice, he looked over at the girl. She smiled. He stood up and crossed over and sat down beside her. He felt as though he were still half asleep. "When did you wake up?" he asked.

"About ten minutes ago. It's three o'clock," she said and smiled. "Was my mouth open when you came back?"

Kirby lighted a cigarette. "I didn't notice. I doubt it," he said. After a moment he asked, "Do you mind my sitting here?"

"No," she said. "I know you're not trying to pick me up. I like talking to people on trains."

"I do, too," he said.

"A sailor once tried to pick me up on a train," she said, "during the war. He was drunk. I felt very sorry for him. I was fourteen, and he was only eighteen, but he'd been in three naval engagements in the Pacific. He wanted me to go to a hotel with him. The train was crowded, and finally he got embarrassed by the people staring at him, and he started to cry. He said I reminded him of his sister and that he would kill anyone who tried to pick up his sister. I felt awful."

"What finally happened?" Kirby asked, after a moment.

"He fell asleep. Some other sailors who were with him woke him up at his station and he got off there. It was the first time anyone ever tried to pick me up."

"Guys can get pretty rough in the service," Kirby said. He glanced past her, out of the window. They were coming into a town; the train slowed down. "If we went back to the club car, we might be able to rustle up some pretzels and potato chips. They might even have sandwiches."

"All right," she said.

They had ham-and-cheese sandwiches and a drink. The club car was pretty crowded. At a nearby table the three men who had been discussing salesmanship earlier now formed part of a larger group, dominated by a man with bright red hair. Everyone was talking loudly and cheerfully.

"I wonder if they've been here ever since we left?" the girl said.

"It looks that way."

At that moment, the red-haired man rose and walked over to their table. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but you could settle a point for us. We're having a small discussion, and I maintain that you can pretty well tell a person's profession by his appearance. Isn't that right?" he asked, turning to the group at his table.

There was a general murmur of agreement.

"Well," the red-haired man said, "first, what do you think?"

Kirby considered it. Then he shook his head no.

"You?" the man asked, looking at the girl.

"No," she said, "I don't think so."

The red-haired man grinned cheerfully. "You two can cost me five dollars," he said. He paused. "All right, this is a personal question. Are you or are you not either married and on your honeymoon or engaged?"

Kirby laughed and said, "I'm sorry; no, we aren't."

The man grimaced. "Are you an engineer?" he asked Kirby.

Kirby shook his head again.

THE man groaned softly and sat down at their table. He had an interesting face, long and ruddy, with alert, blue eyes. He looked as though he were in his early forties. "My name's Richardson," he said. "I'm the assistant manager of a rug factory. I'm going on a short vacation, and I'm out for a good time. Since I've asked you a couple of personal questions, why don't you come over and join our party? It lacks a female presence."

Kirby looked at the girl.

"Let's," she said.

"If you'll tell me your names," Richardson said, "I'll introduce you."

It came as a slight surprise to Kirby




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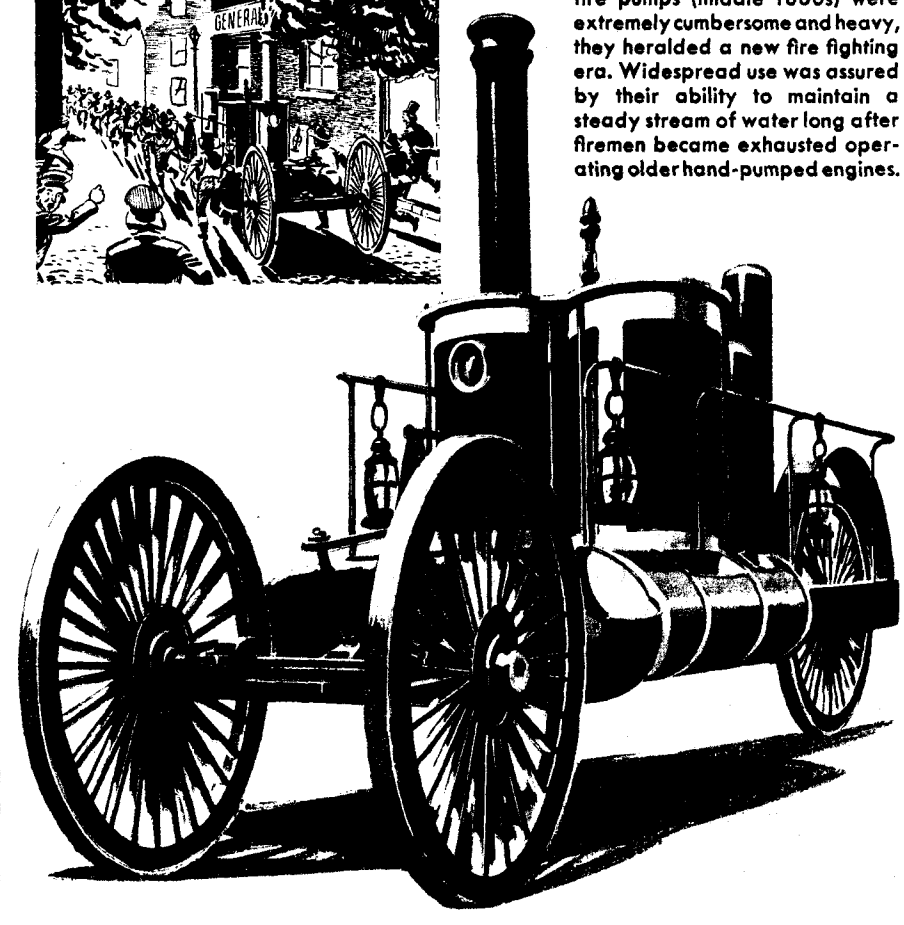

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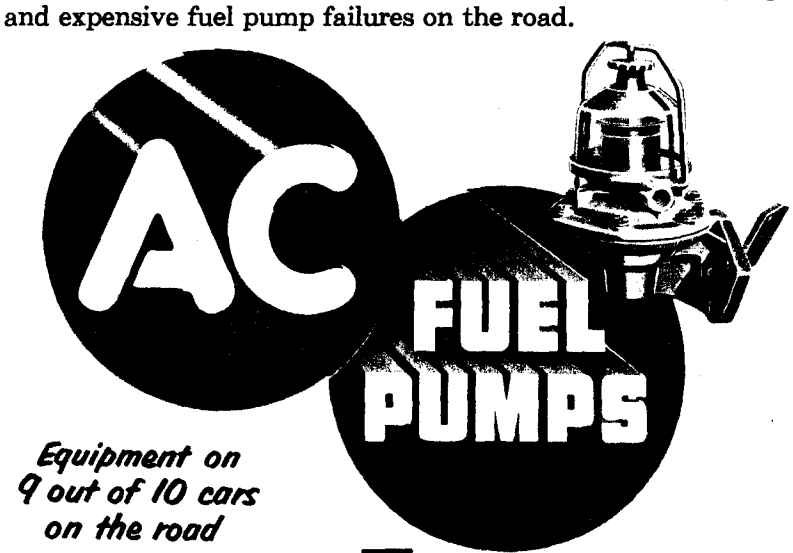


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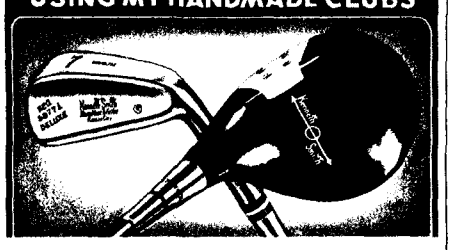

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to realize that he did not know the girl's name. It was Foster, Harriet Foster. After he had introduced them, Richardson asked, "Where are you two going? The same place? Different places?"

Kirby named the town where the sanatorium was. "I'm visiting an aunt," he said. "Miss Foster is going to meet a friend from school for a vacation."

Richardson said, "As I told you, I'm on vacation myself. Mr. Jervis and Mr. Sokoloff are too. Everyone else is traveling on business." He hesitated. "I owe Mr. Sokoloff five dollars, and I would like to buy everyone a drink."

Mr. Sokoloff was the heavy-set salesman. "I'll go along with that," he said, "if you use those five dollars you owe me to do it."

"Agreed," Richardson said. "A good use for ill-gotten gains."

"That was an honest bet," Sokoloff protested.

Everyone there seemed to be a little high. The round of drinks, when it arrived, started a general discussion about the dangers of alcoholism. To his own surprise, Kirby contributed a couple of anecdotes about a sergeant he had known overseas. That started a discussion about the two wars. One after another, the men ordered rounds of drinks.

Suddenly Kirby realized that it was dark. He turned to say something to the girl, and then remembered that she had left some time before. He had been hardly aware of her going.

It was almost eight o'clock. Kirby felt sober. He said, "Another round of drinks on me. I haven't got one yet."

"If you insist," Richardson said.

"Then I'll have to go," Kirby said.

"Mr. Stone says that the party should break up," Richardson announced. He looked at his watch. "I think Mr. Stone is right."

"The best of things," Sokoloff said, "come to an end."

It seemed to Kirby that he had lost the day, that it had slipped away from him without his noticing. He finished his drink very quickly and did not feel it. There was no time now to think about getting off the train at some small town. The morning seemed like a long time ago.

He stood up.

Richardson put out his hand. "I hope I'll run into you again sometime," he said. Surprisingly, he seemed sober.

"I hope so," Kirby said.

"Good luck with law school."

"Thanks," Kirby said.

THE girl was not in her seat. Kirby went right through to the dining car. She was just finishing dinner. As Kirby sat down across from her, the waiter came over with a menu. The dining car was almost empty.

"We'll be there soon," the girl said.

"I'll just have some coffee."

"You should eat something," she said.

"I'm not very hungry."

She smiled and said, "I hope your aunt approves of drinking."

"I feel pretty sober now," he said. "I didn't for a while, I guess."

"I didn't either. That's why I left."

Kirby drank his coffee. They talked about riding. Kirby had never ridden and did not know very much about the subject. The girl said she was not very good. "I talk with more confidence than I show on horseback," she said.

By then the dining car was empty except for their table. The waiter came over to them. "Will there be anything else?" he asked. He was a stooped, elderly man, and he looked tired.

"I guess not," Kirby said. He glanced at the girl, and she shook her head.

By the time they got back to their seats, the train was pulling into the station. Kirby helped the girl get her bag down from the rack and then got his own down. They shook hands. He wondered whether he should ask her where she would be staying, suggest that he might look her up. He did not say anything, though.

The train finally came to a stop, and he remembered his book lying on the seat. By the time he had retrieved it, people were crowding the aisle. A woman with two children had got between him and the girl. He followed them along the aisle, but at the door a couple more people intervened. When he stepped down onto the platform, he could not see the girl anywhere in the crowd.

"Carry your bag, sir?" a porter asked.

Kirby handed the man his bag.

"Where to, sir? Taxi?"

"Hilldale Sanatorium," he said. "I think there's supposed to be a bus."

"Yes, sir. There's a bus," the porter said. "Right out in front."

Kirby followed the porter along the crowded platform and through the station.

He had the feeling that it was all familiar and that he had been here before. Outside, the bus was standing at the curb. "Here we are, sir," the porter said and put the bag down.

Kirby gave him a tip.

The driver of the bus was standing on the pavement beside the open door of the luggage compartment. "Your name, sir?" he asked.

"Stone," Kirby said. "Kirby Stone." It was like being in the Army again.

The driver nodded. "Take any seat," he said.

The inside of the bus was dimly lighted. Kirby saw that half the seats were empty. He stood there, peering into the dimness, and then he heard a loud laugh.

"Well, you too?" a vaguely familiar voice asked.

Kirby stared at the speaker and, with a start of surprise, he recognized Richardson, the assistant manager of the rug factory. Sitting next to Richardson was, he saw, the short, plump dentist who had been on the train. They were both smiling.

"You make the third," Richardson said. "Welcome to the party." He laughed cheerfully. "It's a small world."

KIRBY sat in a vacant seat across the aisle from Richardson and the dentist. Another man entered, followed by the driver. The man was a stranger. He moved to the rear of the bus, and the driver swung the door closed.

"I guess that's everyone," Richardson said. "I guess Sokoloff really was traveling on business." He spoke loudly, to make himself heard above the sudden roar of the engine.

"I guess so," Kirby said. He looked out of the window at the dark, emptying street. The driver put the bus into gear, and pulled away from the curb. He shifted into second and then stepped heavily on the accelerator, picking up speed.

Kirby leaned back against the seat, back into the protective darkness. For a moment, when he had seen Richardson, he had thought that perhaps the girl would be coming too. She might have been. He did not know, for a moment, whether he was sorry or glad that she was not there, and then he decided that he was glad. He was glad that, wherever she was, she was somewhere else. ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S

**"Hey, Alice, dig that cool gone outfit on this crazy mixed-up kid that our chick is frammin' with tonight . . ."**

STAN FINE



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# 48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Just in case you've forgotten, the date on this issue of Collier's commemorates something for which we should be proudly grateful. We could elaborate on this theme, but we won't. Merely suggest that, on Saturday morning when you open your eyes, you devote a few long, quiet moments to what 55 courageous citizens of a small defenseless country told an astonished world 177 years ago. And . . . oh, yes. Sometime that day, call the family together and read aloud what they said. Just in case you've forgotten.

★ ★ ★

Let's say you moved to Milwaukee and, after painting your new house, landscaping the lawn and otherwise

beautifying the premises, decided that the sidewalk, too, needed a coat of paint. A nice lively vermilion, for example. Or a cheery yellow. Go right ahead, but don't be surprised if the cops arrive. It would be safer to wait and see what happens between Mr. Meyer Wynn and the city of Milwaukee. Mr. Wynn wants to paint his sidewalk maroon. Department of Public Works says no. No written law against it. With paintpot open and brush poised, Mr. Wynn is defiant. Situation tense.

★ ★ ★

In a Lansing, Michigan, court a young lady was amazed by the furious protests of defense counsel. So she asked the gentleman beside her why the lawyer objected so often and so vehemently. "Dunno," he whispered, "unless it's because somebody's trying to tell what happened."

★ ★ ★

As a psychologist in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was leaving the hall where he had told his audience that good poker players make the best executives, a gentleman stopped him to say that there was one point he had omitted. "You failed to tell us," said this gentleman, "why a good poker player should waste his time working."

★ ★ ★

Couple of church notices trickle in from Argus-eyed scouts. French Lick, Indiana, pastor advertises: Wanted—Men, Women and Children to Occupy Some Slightly Used Seats at 9:30 A. M. Sunday at the Springs Valley Nazarene Church. The other is the observation of a Roanoke, Virginia, pastor after a rueful survey of the collection plate. Said he doubted whether Congressional investigators would find any Communists among the parishioners in his church, but was even more convinced that there were no capitalists.

★ ★ ★

If you're driving through Grass Valley, in California's Nevada County, this summer, do Mr. Ralph Fuhr a favor and don't stop at his farm. Particularly if you're armed with pick and shovel. Mr. Fuhr has had no peace since a couple of fellows from Vallejo struck gold on the Fuhr acres. It's got so bad that he's thinking of having his phone disconnected and going into hiding. Calls coming in all the way from New York. Borings show pay dirt valued at from $3,075 to $124,950 a ton—nothing unusual. But Mr. Fuhr says the guy making the real gold strike is the owner of the tow car who is dragging would-be prospectors out of the surrounding mud. Mr. Fuhr begs you to ignore the news and keep going.

★ ★ ★

In one of Boston's better clubs several gentlemen were speaking gently and lovingly of a departed member. How scholarly. How prudent. How wise. Finally, they got around to praising his generosity, his philanthropy. Thereat one of them rebelled. "Gentlemen," said he, "you all know as well as I do that all he ever gave to charity was a couple of poor relations."

★ ★ ★

We don't know what picture was showing at the Rio theater in Sweet Home, Oregon, but in large illuminated letters the sign on the marquee read: "Hurrah. Trula Had a Boy!" Thus the theater manager, Mr. Harold Mellinger, and his wife, Trula, notified the natives of Sweet Home that its population had been increased.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Phil Thighorne was having his faithful but aging crate serviced at a filling station in Dover, Delaware, when a magnificent car whooshed in on all large, whispering cylinders, filling everybody present with awe. After the beautiful auto had been driven off, the attendant confided to Mr. Thighorne:

IRWIN CAPLAN

"If they keep on making them like that, we'll have to add interior decorators to our staff. Greaseballs like me won't dare touch them."


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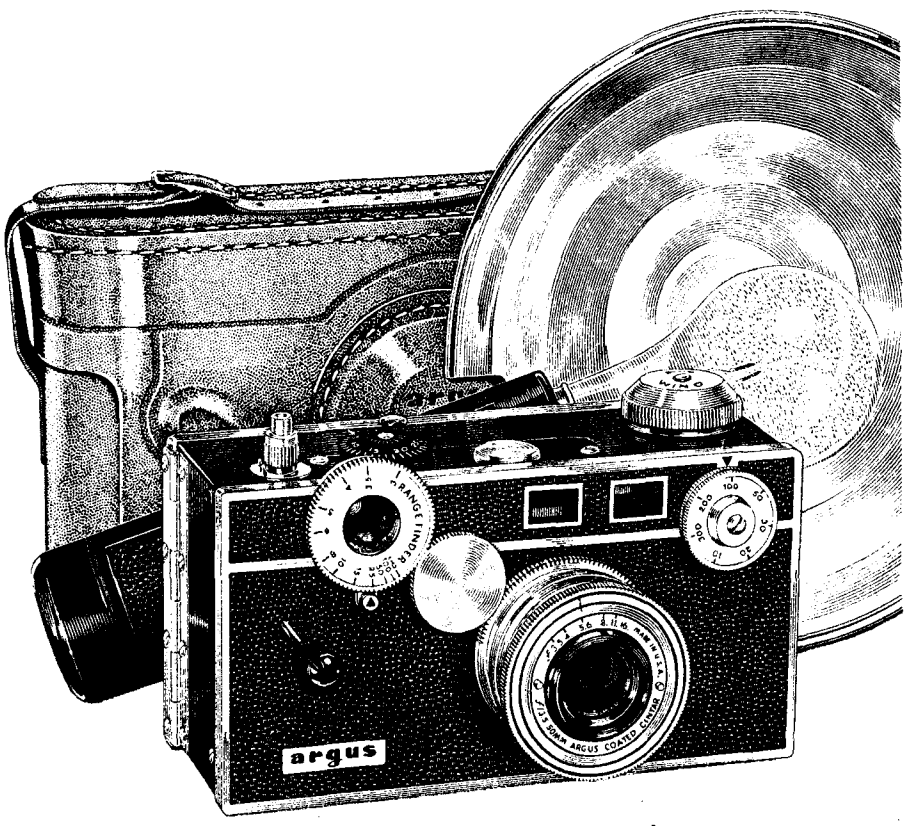


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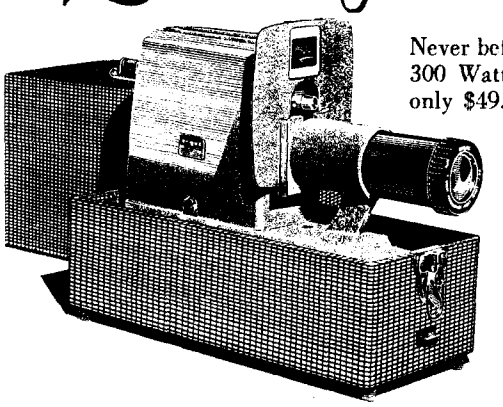

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*At last a dedicated researcher dares tackle a question that has secretly worried mule*

# CAN A MULE BRAY *without* RAISING ITS

CHARLES NICHOLAS

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*ınd other experts for years*

# TAIL?

By LYDEL SIMS

**Consider the Indian fighter's plight: red men on one side, mules on the other. Watch that tail!**

**Ann Wylie's old mule Blue will be remembered by scientists for the remarkable contribution she and her mistress made toward solving the famous tail-bray controversy**

THE man was getting red in the face. "Look, Cap'n," he said angrily, "I was born an' raised on a stock farm in Oklahoma, and I'm a-tellin' you! A mule can bray any time it holds its head up! The tail's got nothing to do with it!"

"But what about Stonewall Jackson?" I asked.

"Cap'n," the man snorted, "my daddy raised mules for a living. I know what I'm a-talkin' about! You can let a mule lay down in a ditch, even, and if it can hold its head up, it can bray. Why, you could cut its tail plumb off and it'd still bray!"

It was clear he was getting dangerously worked up, so all I could do was thank him and move on. In months of research on the relation of a mule's tail to its bray, I have learned that some people cannot discuss the matter reasonably.

Entirely aside from its voice, there is something about a mule that seems to arouse a man's emotions. Speak to him of mules and he will laugh or cry, jest or curse, praise or damn, but he will not keep silent, and only rarely will he keep calm. Indeed, the mule has been a subject of controversy since the days described in Genesis 36, when Anah "found the mules in the wilderness, as he fed the asses of Zibeon his father." This passage has provoked disagreement among scholars; some maintain that it was hot springs and not mules Anah found.

But few mule debates hinge on such a startlingly delightful possibility as that of tail-and-bray correlation. It involves two basic questions.

The first is specific and deceptively simple: Will a mule bray if its tail is tied down?

The second is breathtakingly broad, a sublime leap of logic from the implications of the first: *Can* a mule bray without *lifting* its tail?

If a story that has been callously neglected since Civil War days is correct, the answer to both these questions is a resounding "No!" I am proud to report that I have unearthed evidence that substantiates this answer. It may be that, as a result, this long-forgotten principle can bring about a better day for man and mule alike. For have you ever heard a mule bray?

Even on this point, it should be noted, there is a disturbing amount of misinformation. Ask the average person what a mule says when it brays, and he will answer "hee-haw." As a matter of fact, it is no such thing. If the mule's bray could be compressed into two words, they would be "haw-hee," for the hee is to the haw as effect is to cause: it is the strangled intake of breath that results from the lung-draining haw.

But the bray is far more awesome than any two words could tell.

"One who has never heard a mule solo," wrote a newspaper correspondent who accompanied Custer's cavalry into Indian territory in 1874, "can form no idea of the rare cacophony it involves. No musical gamut can score it; no voice can imitate it. Only a mule can describe it. It is one of the grossest outrages on the public peace ever devised."

The man is right; only a mule can describe it. But I am willing to have a try. Imagine a high-pitched "Whee!" that bursts suddenly upon the evening air, trembles there a moment, and vibrates slowly down the scale to a nasal "Annnh!" Allow a second's pause for the rocks to echo back the affront. Then alternate "haws" so low-pitched that the earth trembles and "hees" that tear at your eardrums.

"WHEEEEEHEHEEEANNH—Haw-HEE, Haw-HEE, Haw-HEE, Haw-HEEEEE!" So, approximately, brays the mule.

And so would have brayed General Stonewall Jackson's mules, the story goes, had it not been for Colonel Claibourne Mason.

It was early in the Civil War. Jackson was planning one of the surprise marches that made him famous. It was to be in the dead of night and through mountainous terrain that abounded in Union troops. For the effectiveness of his march as well as the safety of his men, utmost quiet must be maintained.

But Jackson had 200 mules in his pack train.

For a few words that will hint at the vastness of this dilemma let us return to Custer's correspondent, a New York Tribune man named S. J. Barrows.

"Happy for the hearer if the bray be confined to one mule," he wrote, "but when two or three hundred happen to meet together and some base prompter among them says, 'Brethren, let us bray,' the antiphonal response, which is never refused, is perfectly overwhelming. I remember one poor mule who lost his life because he would persistently exercise this gift in an Indian country, and so betray the command to

**The importance of the tail-bray relation is clear to those who have heard a mule**

DRAWINGS BY ERIC GURNEY

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the enemy. He was shot as a traitor and a nuisance."

What was Jackson to do? The pack train must go through, but there was no doubt that the mules, plodding through the night, would burst into brays as soon as they got a whiff of Union horseflesh. He was musing over the problem when Colonel Mason, his quartermaster, came to the rescue.

"General," said Mason, or so the story goes, "all you have to do is provide some good, strong string, and I'll take the mules out safe and quiet."

If a lesser man had spoken, the proposal might have been ignored as brag. But Mason was the genius who once built a bridge across the Chickahominy for Jackson in two hours less than it took the engineers to draw up the plans. General Jackson got him some string.

Mason had every mule's tail tied securely down. Then, as was customary, he set a mare at the head of the train (it *is* an accepted fact that mules love mares), and the mules were led away through the darkness. Not a bray was uttered that historic night, and when the march was over, Mason spoke these ringing words to his grateful commander: *"The mule never brays until he first lifts his tail!"*

Well, there's the story, and I warn you that you will not find it in any one-volume history of the war. You must dig deep in Mason's own life to locate it, but it is obviously worth the search.

From the day I came upon it, I have been searching for proof that it is true —or at least for proof that it could be true. My first step was to call on Wayne Owen, a fellow townsman of Memphis.

### Asking a Man Who Should Know

Wayne is a second-generation member of the famous Owen Brothers Live Stock Commission Company, an outfit that has probably bought and sold more mules than any other company in the world. If you want to know anything about mules, people in Memphis say, ask Wayne Owen.

So I asked him: "Can a mule bray without lifting its tail?"

He is a ready man with a word, but it threw him off. "I've handled more than a million mules," he said after he recovered, "but I never even thought of that!"

He had never heard the story about Colonel Mason—and I might report right now that nobody else I have questioned in the weary months since had ever heard it either. After I told it to him, Wayne said he just didn't know.

"They do spread out their legs and lift their heads and tails when they get ready to bray," he said. "Most of the time, anyway. I always thought it was just—well, tension. I don't know. Come on and let's see."

The mule business is 'way off these days, thanks to tractors and other factors, but there were a hundred or so long-ears in the Owen Brothers barn at the moment. We thought it would be a simple matter to settle at least part of the question by observation. Could we find a mule that *didn't* lift its tail when it brayed?

We should have known better. Mules are very smart, very stubborn and very full of pride. It was obvious from the start that they knew what we were up to and resented it. Up and down the long rows of stalls we walked, eying mules and being eyed in return. Not a bray was sounded.

"We'll get a mare," said Wayne confidently. "That'll make 'em bray." He called a stable hand. A mare was led back and forth. The mules perked up their ears, and a few nickered—but only one brayed. He was down at the far end of the vast barn, with his head turned our way. From where we stood, you couldn't even tell if he *had* a tail.

In the days that followed, I haunted that barn. And after exhaustive observation I am prepared to say that a mule does raise its tail when it brays. But let us define our terms. By "raise" I do not mean the tail necessarily goes upright above the back. Any muscular action in which the uppermost portion of the tail departs from the at-rest position and arches somewhat, even though the end remains pointed downward, is to be defined as a raise for our purpose. And by "brays" I do not mean nickers. A nicker is a casual gobbledygook of gutturals, cast out offhand. A bray—but we have been into that before.

Thus far my stable research led me, and no further. None of Wayne's mules brayed on schedule; thus, to take the next step and tie down a few tails would have been useless. Unless you know a mule plans to bray, you can't say it has been deterred. And you just can't leave him in that fix indefinitely.

But there was another way. Memphis lies in one of the nation's most heavily muled areas, and I am a reporter on the Memphis Commercial Appeal. I took the problem to the people. It seemed a harmless question to ask in the public prints, but the resulting furor proved otherwise. Hundreds knew the answer and resented any suggestion that they didn't. The only trouble was that the answers did not agree.

"I don't care where a mule's tail is," Tony McDonald, of Paragould, Arkansas, informed me with some heat, "the mule can still bray."

On the other hand, Bruce Archer, of Mathiston, Mississippi, insisted: "It may be possible for a mule to bray without holding his tail up, but for the fifty years I have been working mules I have never seen it happen."

### A Sharp Division of Opinion

In the deluge of reactions that continued for weeks, these two answers represented the basic pattern. The division was about equal. For every assertion that a mule can bray horizontal, vertical or backed up against the tailgate of a truck, there was an answering statement from some veteran who had never in all his born days seen a mule bray without at least twitching.

Now and then someone like Dr. J. V. Moore, a veterinarian from Hayti, Missouri, would use the philosophical-poetic approach.

"It has been said," Dr. Moore wrote, "that the braying of a mule has at some time or other been compared to the sound of an alarm clock at five o'clock in the morning, the rushing through town of a freight train, a mother-in-law's condemning voice, a lover's whisper, the scream of a person falling out of a skyscraper to his death and the sound of sweet music as it comes from an organ. I have heard all of these sounds from my friend the mule, and my opinion is that the mule does not have to raise his tail to bray."

A situation encouragingly close to the Stonewall Jackson setup was reported by Mrs. R. C. Potts, a Memphian who grew up on a farm.

"My daddy would tie the mules' tails with burlap to keep the cockleburs out," she told me. "While they were tied they wouldn't make a sound—but when he took the burlap off, they'd bray like everything." However as this could be interpreted in a variety of ways, I regretfully set it aside.

The low point in the controversy arrived one bleak morning when a Mississippian, of all people, tried to assure me that mules do not bray at all—the jackasses do all the braying. This pronouncement is a sad commentary on the decline of the mule; before mechanization no Mississippian would have dreamed of so foolish a remark. But it does provide us an opportunity to pause and be sure everyone is clear about just what a mule *is*.

A mule is a doleful, lugubrious, reproachful creature sired by a jackass and mothered by a horse. It has (it cannot be said to enjoy) a unique genealogical status: it is literally without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity. To put it baldly, big mules do not have little mules. They do not have anything, in fact, but dreams and delusions. Unless the male ass and the female horse agree to co-operate on the project, mules cannot be born.

This situation has so appealed to the whimsey of generations of writers that it has been thoroughly worked for puns, bon mots and *double-entendres* with no regard whatever for the mule's feelings in the matter. Such an attitude is beneath the dignity of serious researchers, and I propose to return at once to the question of tails.

The newspaper phase of my investigation was beginning to run off into side channels ("I just wondered," wrote one mule fancier, "if you knew that a mule's head is as long as a flour barrel") when we hit pay dirt. Ann Wylie, a seventeen-year-old farm girl of Brighton, Tennessee, decided to take the mule by the tail, as it were, and find out.

Ann's father had a plug mule named Blue, too old to work and too toothless to eat anything but store bread. Twice a day, Blue would walk up from the pasture and bray for Ann to bring her a loaf or two of bread.

Struck by the opportunity presented by Blue's fixed habits, this young Tennessee girl determined to do what no one, perhaps, had done since Colonel Mason's time. She would tie Blue's tail down and find out for herself!

When it was all over, Ann told me about it. She had been too afraid of ridicule to let anyone in on the experiment in advance—which is in itself a grim commentary on how the fulminations of the no-tailers had intimidated the seekers after truth.

"I got a strong piece of cord and tied Blue's tail down," Ann said. "About dinnertime she came up from the pasture to get fed, but much to my surprise she was not braying. She tried and tried but just couldn't. I took the cord off, and she began to bray!"

Hearing Ann's triumphant voice on the telephone after all the weary weeks of frustration, I felt a surge of elation. "Hold everything!" I shouted. "I'm coming with a photographer!"

### Blue Submits to Experiment

Ann and her family met us at the Wylie farm and introduced us to Blue, who was thirty-eight years old and sad past all description. Ann got some cord and, while her mother and sister and the photographer and I watched with bated breath, tied a firm knot midway down Blue's tail, ran the cord underneath, and tied it around the hips.

Blue just stood there, looking reproachfully back over her shoulder.

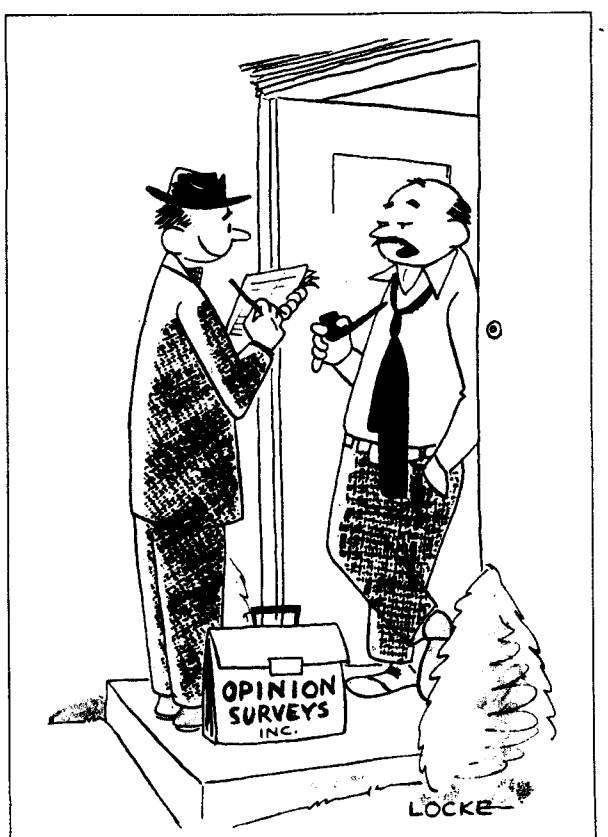
Ann turned and began walking toward the feed house. Forgetting her tail-tangle, Blue watched eagerly. Ann came out with a loaf of bread. The moment had come!

Blue waggled her ears, tried to twitch her tail free, threw up her head, opened her big floppy lips—and blubbered.

She was trying to bray, but she couldn't make it. "Blub-blub-blubble!" she went, in a throaty whisper.

One try was enough. She lowered her head, crushed, as a little cheer went up from those of us privileged to witness the historic event. Ann gave Blue the bread and untied her tail.

In a way, though, Blue got the last haw-hee on us. After her tail was free she refused to bray. Ann explained that was because she already had her bread—and besides, we had hurt her feelings. "When she really brays," Ann




**"Oh, I'm not particular. What are you setting out to prove?"**

COLLIER'S — LAFE LOCKE



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## ...t scientific studies? Till now, none

said, "you can hear her all over the place."

From that day on, I have been satisfied in my own mind that a mule cannot—or will not—bray if its tail is tied down. But I wanted to be thorough about it. So I have spent half a year trying to run down further clues.

One of the hottest came from Crawford Brewer, who lived in Oklahoma City during World War I.

### Tail Operation for Army Mules

"I was a kid about fourteen or fifteen years old then," he told me, "and I used to go down to the National Stockyards and watch them get Army mules ready for shipment to France. They had veterinarians perform a minor operation on every mule's tail. When I asked what it was for, they told me it was to keep the mule from being able to lift his tail, so he couldn't bray."

I went all the way to Major General George E. Armstrong, Surgeon General of the Army, trying to track *that* one down. General Armstrong said the Army did indeed mute mules, but the surgery was performed at the opposite end, on the larynx. "Perhaps a mule will not bray when he is very tired and uncomfortable," he went on, "but the statement that he cannot bray unless he can raise his tail is doubted."

You will note that the general only *doubted* the statement. Any Army veteran knows a lot of things happen that aren't in the field manuals—and that never are reported to the top brass, what's more. If somebody in Oklahoma City had found out a mule could be silenced through its tail, the fact wouldn't necessarily have shown up on the morning report. General Armstrong's letter left me undismayed.

I must admit that more cold water was thrown by W. A. Aitken, editor in chief of the Journal of the American Veterinary Medical Association. "A search of my recollections reveals nothing remotely concerned with a debraying operation," he wrote. But a careful appraisal of Mr. Aitken's answer shows that again we have, not positive evidence to the contrary, but only a failure to establish corroboration.

Another lead I have been working on is even more convincing. It came from a former Texas Ranger, J. E. Branson, of Memphis, whose grandfather was a scout for a freighting company immediately after the Civil War. The company operated through Western territory full of hostile Indians.

"Mules were used for pack trains," Mr. Branson told me, "and you could hear a mule bray for five miles on a still night. So to keep the mules from braying, a small cord just underneath the tail and about four inches from the hips was cut by a vet."

Mr. Branson came across the same situation in later years when he was a Texas Ranger. One day just after World War I, he was present when a Ranger captain bought six mules. "One of the mules carried his tail a little different from the rest," Mr. Branson told me. "I heard two men talking about it. One of them said: 'That bay mule's been debrayed.' Well, I didn't say anything then, but later I asked a friend about it. He told me the same thing my grandfather had—that a muscle in the tail had been cut so the mule couldn't bray."

It is quite significant, I believe, that the bay mule in fact did *not* bray while Mr. Branson was watching it.

Again, however, I must in all honesty report a failure to support this from another source—Colonel Frank Tompkins, of Northfield, Vermont, to whom I was referred by an official of the U.S. Armored Cavalry Association.

"Before the Civil War my father was with the U.S. Cavalry in the Far West fighting Indians," Colonel Tompkins wrote. "These cavalry columns all had pack trains—mules. I never heard him mention the tail operation."

The colonel—whose own experience with Army mule trains—said that never in all his years of service had he heard of a tail-debraying operation. "I do not believe," he concluded, "there is any such operation."

After this setback, I tried one other source: the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture.

Frankly, I had a double purpose. Besides the zeal to track down any information on mule tails, I was curious about how a government bureau would react to such a question.

The answer did not settle the question, but it justified my curiosity. In a stately letter, a perfect model of decorum, the bureau proved beyond any doubt that one can discuss the tails of mules without any loss of dignity.

"It is fairly well known among horsemen," it said, "that all members of the equine family, when making their characteristic vocal sounds, tend to raise their tails to some degree, the degree depending on the individual animal and the circumstances under which they make their characteristic sounds. For example, an animal under stress of excitement would tend to elevate its tail to a greater degree when making its sound than an animal under less exciting circumstances."

### Bureau Sides with Majority

Even so, the bureau informed me, "the majority of those consulted state that a mule can bray without elevating its tail to any degree. In other words they believe that a mule can bray even though its tail is tied down. We concur in that belief."

There, then, is the evidence. I have tried to present it fairly, so that others may arrive at their own conclusions.

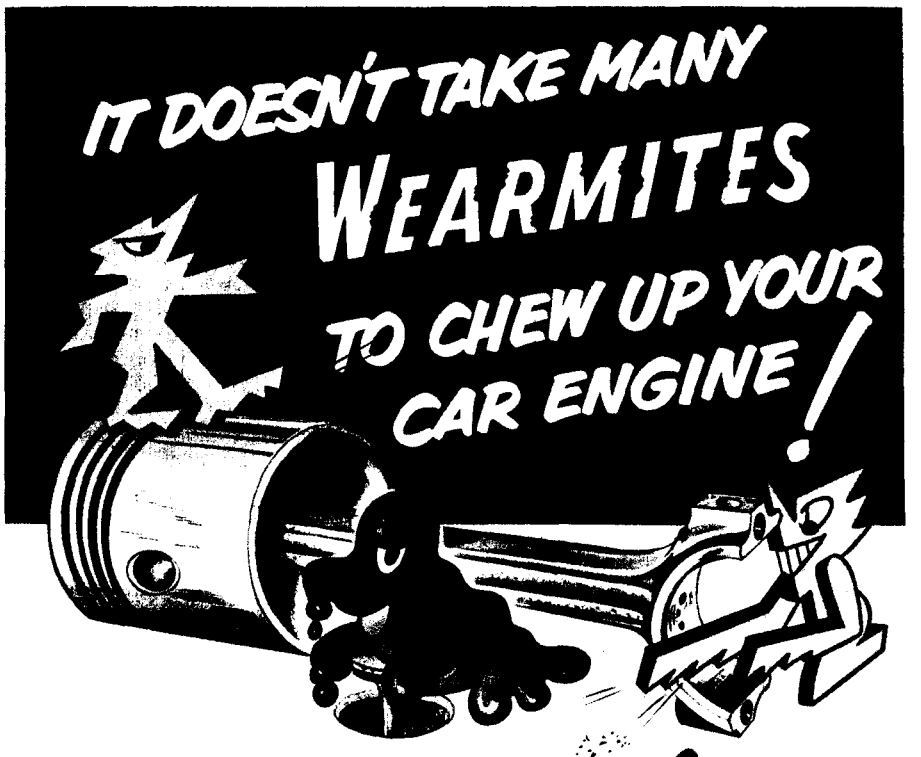
My own is firm and inescapable.

Not one of my authorities had conclusive proof *against* the tail-and-bray theorum. Not one had seen the experiment fail. Although their opinions opposed it, it must be emphasized that these were only opinions.

On the other hand, one must consider the positive evidence provided by Colonel Mason, Ann Wylie and me. It appears that we are the only people in the world who ever actually tied a mule's tail down to see. Among us (and I will admit I only helped by offering moral support), we tied down 201 mules' tails. Colonel Mason handled 200, Ann and I the other one. From a research viewpoint, this is no mean number of animals. *And not one of those mules gave a single haw-hee!*

I will not go so far as to say—yet—that a mule cannot bray without lifting its tail. That conclusion awaits further research. But I will say, with sublime confidence, that a mule will not bray if you tie its tail down. Especially if it is a mule named Blue. ▲▲▲

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# The Husband Snatcher

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

childless couple of about her own age —which was forty-two—or perhaps rather older, about to retire and looking for a house in the neighborhood, sixtyish, perhaps, but not more; not deaf, or doddering, or liable to strokes.

She dropped her letter into the box and walked back, thinking about how to reorganize the household without upsetting Mr. Seton more than was absolutely necessary, and without having to spend anything on items that would lessen the profit she was counting on.

During the next few days, whenever Mr. Seton was out of the way, she carried out her changes cautiously, moving things one at a time, so that the shock should not be too great. With typical male perversity Mr. Seton made no sign at all till the reorganization was complete, and then he emitted an outraged howl. Mrs. Seton ground her teeth but stayed outwardly patient. It was true that the dining room, which was to be the Setons' living room, looked extraordinarily bare. "But after all, Henry," Mrs. Seton said, when she could get a word in, "it's only for three months. And we'll be out in the garden most of the time."

Mr. Seton continued to bellow about his desk, his table lamp, his favorite chair, his great-grandmother's Regency card table and his Persian book ends.

"Well, there was hardly anything in the spare room," Mrs. Seton said. "I had to furnish that too. Anyway you were so sure nobody would come."

"Nobody will," Mr. Seton said. "That makes it worse. Or if they do and they have any sense, they won't stay."

"Then I can put them all back," Mrs. Seton said. "And *you* can earn eighty pounds instead, and I can just sit around and gripe," she added over her shoulder, and shut the door.

IN SPITE of Mr. Seton's prophecies, someone did turn up toward the end of the week: a man who drove to the gate in a well-kept car. From behind the kitchen curtains Mrs. Seton watched him walking up the path, enthralled. He looked admirably suitable: unexciting but pleasant, comfortably off, the right age (late forties or fifty), the kind who would like peace and rural life and not fuss or chatter or have strokes.

She smoothed her hair and hurried to the door, stifling, as she opened it, a moment's horrid doubt about whether he was selling vacuum cleaners or had simply lost his way; but no, it was all right—he had come in answer to the advertisement. She took him into the newly arranged sitting room. It really was enchanting, in perfect taste, with flowers of exactly the right colors and the sun streaming in. "Do sit down," she said. "This would be yours, and the bedroom is overhead."

"But what an exquisite room."

Mrs. Seton sat in Mr. Seton's favorite armchair, with a gratified smile, and prepared to entice her visitor into providing her with a profit of eighty pounds. It could hardly have been easier. His name was Ransom, he told her; he had been advised to take two or three months' rest in the country after a slight lung infection which had now cleared up. He and his wife were looking for a quiet place with good plain food (Mrs. Seton's mind skated lightly over her culinary powers and came to rest on the thought of fresh butter, eggs and home-cured ham), and this seemed heaven-sent, the ideal spot. He said he was a director of an agricultural machinery firm; he offered references. Mrs. Seton had been planning to ask six guineas a week each; she was emboldened by his air of prosperity, his obvious enthusiasm, to make it six and a half, and this he at once agreed to, almost making her wish she had tried seven. Her eighty pounds moved perceptibly nearer; it might, she thought, if she used her head, even turn out to be close to a hundred. She would cook very carefully, and give them lots of garden-fresh salads.

SHE came down to earth from designing an artistic arrangement of endive and cucumber and eggs on her best spode dish, and concentrated on Mr. Ransom. "My wife," he was saying, "is away till Saturday, with her relatives. I'm sorry you can't meet her, but I am quite sure you will get on. She is very easy to get on with."

Mrs. Seton was so pleased with her success that she would hardly have cared if Mr. Ransom had said his wife was a Hottentot, but she murmured something polite and agreed that they should come on Monday. Mr. Ransom insisted on writing her a check for the first week in advance.

On their way to the gate, Mrs. Seton came out of a daze and remembered her duties as a landlady. She said, "Oh, but you haven't seen the bedroom. And there's the bathroom. And don't you want to look over the garden?"

Mr. Ransom looked at his watch and thought he hadn't time. "Besides," he said, "there is no need. I am certain they are as delightful as the room I saw."

Mrs. Seton shook hands with him and watched him drive away, slightly relieved—there were one or two further adjustments to be made to the bedroom to bring it up to the Ransom standard.

When Mr. Seton came back she handed him the check, with false and airy nonchalance, to see what he would say. He said, "Ransom? Ransom? Who is he? What's he like?"

Mrs. Seton searched her mind but found that it had retained only the dimmest impression of Mr. Ransom; he had that kind of face. "Oh, he's sort of tallish," she said vaguely, "clean-shaven—I don't think he had glasses —thinnish, around fifty, pleasant, inoffensive. He's a director of an agricultural machinery firm."

"Then why does he want to stay here, for Heaven's sake?"

"Quiet and good food, he says."

Mr. Seton gave a short bark.

"Which I shall provide," Mrs. Seton said coldly. "Eggs and fruit and vegetables. He has to take two or three months' rest because he had a lung infection; but it's cleared up now."

"Lung, my foot," said Henry Seton, "more likely alcoholic."

If Mrs. Seton had not been used to her husband's way of going on, which meant very little, and which she and the children regarded as a tedious but harmless hobby, she would have kicked Mr. Seton hard. As it was she only removed her check from his suspicious grasp and put it in her pocket.

"Agricultural machinery?" Mr. Seton said. "I dare say that's a blind too. Probably a black-market type wanting a hide-out. Old Briggs would know; he's in the trade. I'll give him a ring tonight."

From old Briggs Mr. Seton discovered, rather to his disappointment, that Ransom was indeed a director of Clay and Fillingworth, Ltd.; that he had indeed had some lung trouble; that his financial position was sound and his firm reputable; and that so far as old Briggs knew, he was neither an alcoholic nor a kleptomaniac. Mrs. Seton made no comment. Mr. Seton said, "Well, they'd better not scratch the card table.". . .

On Monday afternoon before tea, preceded by a telegram, the Ransoms arrived. Mrs. Seton had been tearing around all day getting the place ready, arranging flowers, badgering Henry to mow the lawn, and preparing and laying tea in the sitting room. She had a homemade cake, ordered by telephone and picked up by the butcher's van from Alice's Parlor in the town, homemade cherry jam from The Women's Institute Bring-and-Buy Sale, homemade butter and a little cream from the farm, and the handmade lace tablecloth. A considerably inferior version of the same meal was laid in the kitchen, and the kettle was about to boil on the stove. As she worked she planned the adjustment of the Setons' lives to the Ransoms'—an occasional evening together to cheer up Henry, perhaps a game of bridge, a morning chat in the garden or indoors with Mrs. Ransom (whom she saw as rather stout and gray-haired, in a mauvish knitted suit), and possibly a weekly foursome to the town for a cinema. Henry will soon get used to it, she thought; after a bit he'll enjoy having a man he can gossip with.

BY HALF past three she had everything ready. She lighted a cigarette to calm herself and went out into the garden, where the sun was brilliant and Mr. Seton, though not without explosions, had mowed the lawn until it was like velvet. A light breeze blew from the south, not from the pigs; and the only smell was of fresh-cut grass. Mrs. Seton felt both apprehensive and complacent. At last she heard a car coming up the lane. She threw away her cigarette and went to the gate.

Although she had forgotten Mr. Ransom's face, it seemed quite familiar when she saw it again. It was still not a face on which one's gaze was compelled to linger; and when they had shaken hands she transferred her attention to his wife, who had got out of the car. Mrs. Seton's smile of welcome was checked, frozen on her lips for a moment of surprise before it resumed its original warmth. For Mrs. Ransom, though elegantly curved, was far from stout, and if she had worn a suit instead of a dress, Mrs. Seton would have been willing to bet her anticipated eighty pounds that it would have been neither mauve nor knitted. Mrs. Ransom, in fact, was not a day over twenty-five, and she looked like a flower.

"How do you do?" Mrs. Seton said.

Mrs. Ransom's smile was wide and sincere; but then she, no doubt, had known what to expect. Like her husband, but for an entirely different reason, she was one of those people whose features grow dim when you look away from them—in her case, because the eye cannot retain a full image of perfection. Every time your gaze returned to her you were freshly taken aback, with a shock, almost with disbelief: the reality never failed to improve on the remembrance. She startled in the gentlest colors, reddish hair in tendrils that appeared, but cannot have been, careless; a porcelain skin; lips painted pale coral; only her eyes were brilliant, a devastating green. Mrs. Seton pulled herself together and led the Ransoms into the house. She knew that in contrast she looked at least fifty, excessively plain, and as if her body were four ungainly sticks and a coat hanger, dressed in sacks.

Henry Seton, meanwhile, had been

**BUTCH**

"Just because he's a scoutmaster nobody else can tie knots right"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS



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undergoing a mellowing process, perhaps brought on by healthy exercise with the lawn mower, and had come to the conclusion, while lurking in the kitchen and picking cherries out of the cake, that he had been rather unkind to his wife. Considering the way she cooks, he said to himself, it shows guts taking on visitors. It means a lot of work and it's nice of her to want to earn; and I ought not to crab. After all, he added to himself, it's only for two or three months, and goodness knows we could do with some extra cash. He decided, therefore, to turn over a new leaf. He would be patient with Mrs. Seton, he would help in the house, and he would be nice to the Ransoms.

Glowing with virtue, he materialized in the hall to greet the arrivals. The impact of Mrs. Ransom made him jib momentarily; he covered his surprise with overdone effusiveness, being unpracticed in the art, bending over her from his six-foot-two height and holding her hand as if he expected it to come away in his own.

Mrs. Seton, a shade abruptly, led the Ransoms upstairs and left them in their bedroom and then went down to put finishing touches to the tea, while Henry ambled off to get the luggage from the car. In sixteen years of married life Mrs. Seton had never had the least stirrings of jealousy. Being level-headed and intelligent, she had no intention of making a scene now, but in the few moments of solitude in the kitchen, while she moved the kettle on the stove and put the teapots to warm, she permitted herself to seethe. Mr. Seton had not had a chance to impart the news of his good resolutions. His behavior in the hall had struck her with the pristine freshness of sudden and complete lunacy. Really, she thought, I couldn't have believed it of Henry—making up to that painted little piece like . . . like an old roué. And she regretted passionately having given the best furniture to Mrs. Ransom to sit on, having given her cream and cherry jam (but anyway she'll soon get too fat, one can see it coming) and the lace cloth, and not having asked ten guineas a week each.

WITH these gloomy reflections, but also with a resolution not to lower herself by showing Henry that she was in the least put out, Mrs. Seton finished getting the tea ready and waited for sound of the Ransoms' descent. All she heard, however, was Mr. Seton going up with the luggage. There was a prolonged murmur of voices, both male and female. Mrs. Seton, despising herself but moving nevertheless as if under compulsion, went to the greenish mirror beside the sink and combed her hair. She would have powdered her nose too, but her powder was upstairs.

Finally Henry Seton came down. He glowed still more brightly with approval of his own conduct, but this was so foreign to his nature that he also appeared slightly embarrassed. "Seem very nice," he said. "The room looks splendid. They think the whole place is ideal. Ransom's quite a pleasant sort of chap." When Mr. Seton did make up his mind to be conciliatory he was not one for half measures.

"Good," said Mrs. Seton repressively and with suspicion—such amiability could only mean a guilty conscience. She remembered her private vow not to show her feelings, and added, "His wife's most attractive, don't you think?"

"Who, Mrs. Ransom?" Mr. Seton said. "Yes. Oh, yes. Pretty little thing. I hope you get on with her."

Mrs. Seton swallowed a number of acid replies and said she was sure they would get on beautifully.

The Ransoms were loud in praise of their tea, their supper, their rooms, the rest of the house and the garden. While Ransom rested after the journey, Mrs. Ransom walked round the garden with Mr. Seton, talking animatedly and looking up with charming appeal into his face and asking questions about pigs and compost. She wore an elegant and expensive dress of pale wool, discreetly but deliciously outlining her curves, and a diamond watch. Mr. Seton's indulgent lecture on pig rearing floated through the kitchen window to Mrs. Seton, who was washing lettuce at the sink. She sat down at the table with a pencil and wrote on the back of the grocer's bill, Charges for Extras. At the end of the list she did some calculations, added up figures, drew a line and put Net Profit, and gazed at the result for some time with her head on one side.

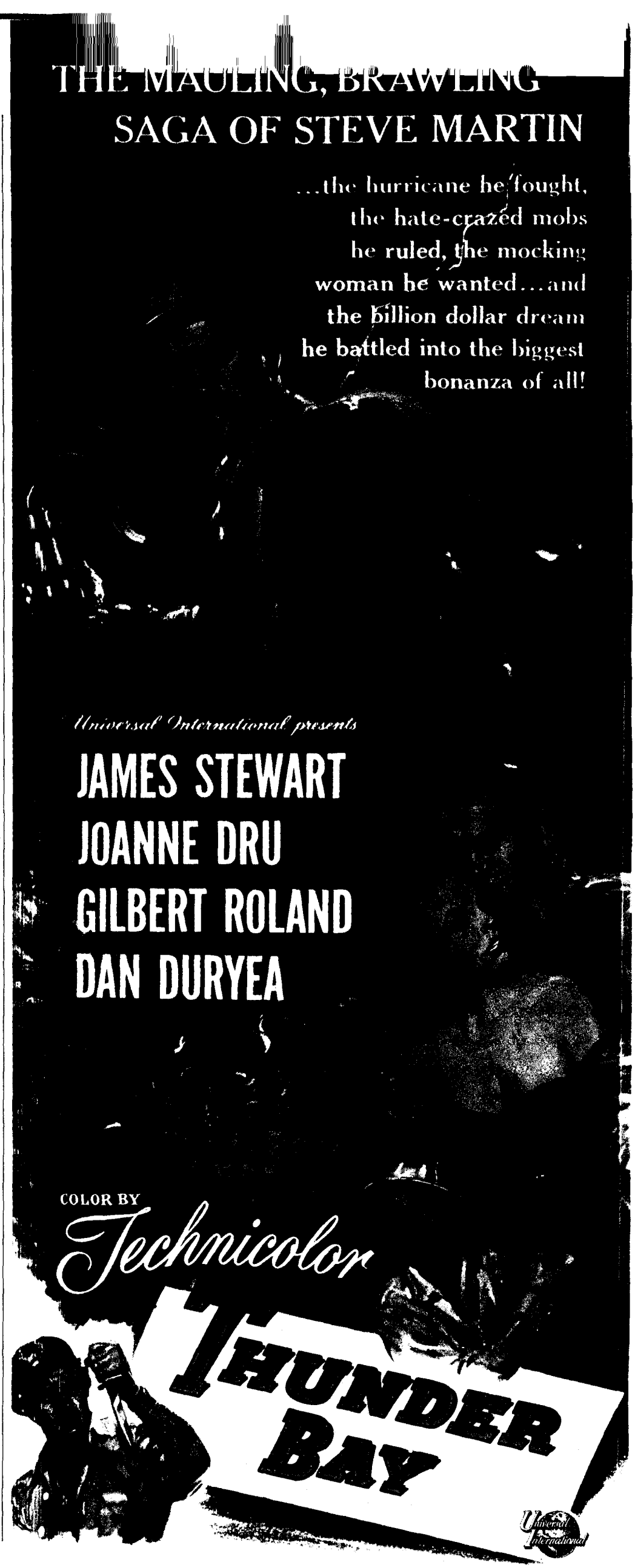
AFTER a week or so, Mrs. Seton felt as if the Ransoms had been there forever. They showed no signs of being anything but delighted with the place. There had been one or two calamities: a burned pie, a stew that went wrong and a curdled custard, but each time Mrs. Seton had been able to throw together a salad at the last moment.

To a large extent Mr. Seton kept up his unnaturally good behavior. He had relapses, particularly on rainy evenings when he had to sit in an uncomfortable chair and hold his paper tilted to the ceiling light, instead of having the table lamp at his elbow. But on the whole, to his great pride and complacency, he took his share of responsibility. That is to say, he encouraged Mrs. Ransom to help him in the garden, which she did very prettily in dove-gray slacks, with her small coral-nailed white hands touchingly enveloped in a pair of large gardening gloves. And he did odd jobs for her like mending the lock of a suitcase, repairing a window frame in her bedroom (which Mrs. Seton had been nagging him about since the autumn) and sometimes driving her with him when he went to the town, so that she could do some shopping. He came back from these excursions in an angelic temper, but he never discussed them. Nor did Mrs. Seton ask him about them. She would have despised herself if she had.

She ticked off the days, faintly in pencil, on the kitchen calendar. It was obvious that Henry was violently infatuated with Mrs. Ransom; every day crossed out, gone by without any crisis like an elopement or a plea for divorce, was one day nearer safety and release.

Mr. Ransom, in the meantime, rested. His idea of resting seemed to be to infiltrate into the kitchen and sit on a hard chair at the table with a cup of tea and watch Mrs. Seton at work. Mrs. Seton found this extremely trying. Though Mr. Ransom did not talk much, his very presence was a disturbance, and her cooking talents were so sparse that it took all her concentration to produce an edible meal. One of the few points on which she and Henry could not help agreeing was that Mr. Ransom was a considerable bore. But she had not the heart to explain that she would rather be left in peace, because she knew the reason he was there. He was trying to make it up to her for his wife's goings on with Henry. His mournful, following stare implied that he knew about it; his scraps of conversation, offered up with the persistent generosity of the spaniel bringing in a dead rat, were

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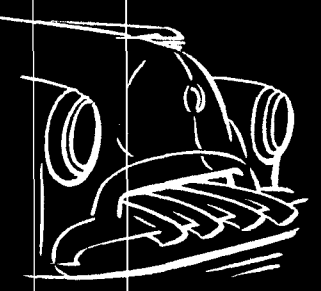
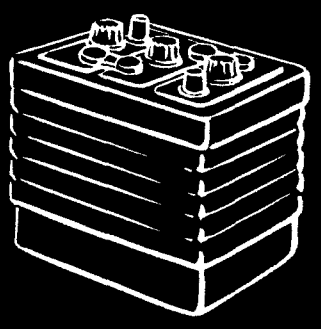


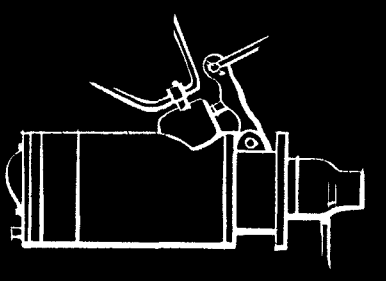
## LIGHTS OUT

According to the AAA, 492,000 motorists were left in the dark in 1952 when lights failed.



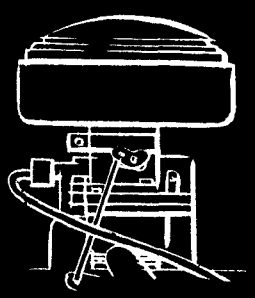
## BATTERY NEGLECT

10,837,000 calls in 1952 due to failure to check generator, voltage regulator, and battery.



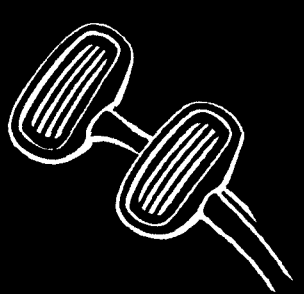
## STARTER FAILURE

Trouble in starting required 1,124,000 calls in 1952.



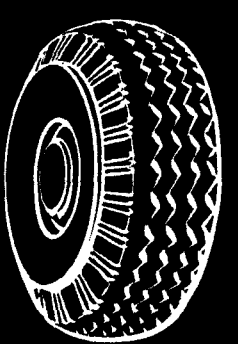
## CARBURETOR TROUBLES

Carburetors that "went bad" on the road were responsible for 538,000 emergency calls.



## BRAKE FAILURE

Faulty brakes—always a threat of disaster—caused 920,000 calls for help during 1952.



## TIRE TROUBLE

The AAA Service Report for 1952 shows 11,015,000 cases of tire trouble.

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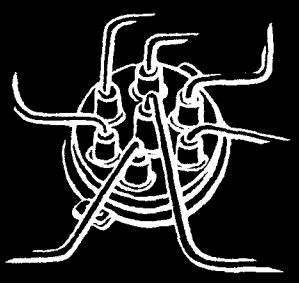
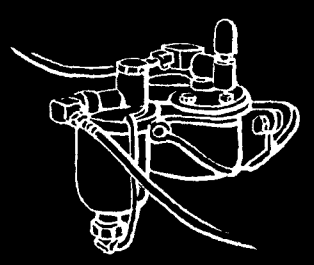


## IGNITION TROUBLES

AAA reported 5,033,000 breakdowns in 1952 traceable to ignition troubles.



## GAS LINE TROUBLES

The AAA report lists 534,000 calls in 1952 due to broken or clogged gas lines.

# IT'S YOUR MOVE

Roadside breakdowns can take a big bite out of your vacation time. And they can be expensive! Make the *right* move—have your car checked *now* so that necessary repairs and adjustments can be made at your convenience. Your vacation will be more fun if you know your car won't let you down; if you know it will take you there and bring you back *safely.*

No doubt about it! Your car will cost you less to drive in the long run if you check for troubles *regularly.* See your service man *now.*

# *Collier's*

## Summer Safety Check List

*(have your service man check off the items)*

### WHEELS & BRAKES:

- Rotate tires
- Check tires for cuts, bruises, and worn treads. Warning! The last 1,000 miles of rubber is not worth the risk!
- Check tires for uneven wear. Correct faulty wheel alignment or balance
- Check adjustment of brakes. Check linings and fluid level
- Check shock absorbers and steering mechanism

### VISION:

- Check windshield and wiper blades
- Check headlamps. Re-aim if out of line
- Check bulbs in all other lamps

### ELECTRICAL SYSTEM:

- Clean and adjust spark plugs
- Clean and adjust distributor points
- Tighten all connections
- Check generator, voltage regulator, and battery
- Check wires and cables

### ENGINE:

- Clean carburetor if necessary. Inspect gas line
- Test compression. Install new piston rings if necessary
- Check muffler and tail pipe
- Use oil additive if needed

### CRANKCASE & CHASSIS:

- Drain crankcase and refill with summer grade oil
- Completely lubricate chassis, bumper to bumper
- Check oil filter. Replace cartridge if necessary

### COOLING SYSTEM:

- Flush radiator
- Clean the radiator if clogged
- Check fan belt, thermostat, water pump, and packing
- Check for leaks in system

### APPEARANCE:

- Remove dents and touch-up scratches
- Clean finish thoroughly and protect with wax or polish
- Replace worn floor mats or seat covers

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meant as a solace to take her mind off Henry's perfidy.

When she was engrossed in a life-and-death struggle with the crust of a fruit pie, he would say, "It always seems odd to me that women of intellect should be expected to be domesticated as well. I think it's wonderful how you manage to be both."

This, Mrs. Seton could see, was intended to bolster up her self-respect, to restore her confidence in herself. In fact, it merely irritated, making her feel both incompetent and dumb. It was true that she had given some vague, but not altogether nitwitted answers to remarks of his about art and literature; but no one could have called them intellectual. And domesticity was the last virtue to be put to her credit.

At times, when she was not engaged in fluttering at Mr. Seton, Mrs. Ransom was also a menace in the kitchen. She did not come in often, but when she did, it was always at one of Mrs. Seton's moments of crisis, when a sauce was about to thicken and was certain to thicken into lumps, or just after something had boiled over. Mrs. Seton would be crimson, hair standing up in spikes, apron sopping, hands embellished with bits of adhesive tape.

Mrs. Ransom, curled and combed and looking like a fashion photograph, would say, "Goodness, you're busy. Do let me help," and she would miraculously restore order. She had hardly to touch the sauce before it creamed like velvet; saucepans stopped boiling over and simmered obediently at her glance, and pastry emerged golden and flaking on its dish. There was no gratitude in Mrs. Seton. Mr. Ransom exasperated her enough; his charming wife she could happily have strangled.

"Competent little creature—that Lucinda," Henry said on one occasion, having come in to witness one of Mrs. Ransom's more spectacular rescues. "I'm glad she gives you a hand sometimes. You've got a lot to do."

*"Lucinda?"* Mrs. Seton said.

"Yes, why? She doesn't like being formal; I thought we'd all given it up. What do you call her?"

Mrs. Seton opened her mouth and shut it again. She said finally, "I don't see very much of her."

"No," Mr. Seton said. "I know you don't like women cluttering up the kitchen. I've tried to keep her out of your way."

Struck dumb, Mrs. Seton simply looked at him. Mr. Seton straightened a knife on the table in an attempt at nonchalance, and went out to wash pig meal off his hands.

THE uncertain spring blossomed into late May and a dazzling June, giving Henry even greater encouragement and opportunity to keep Mrs. Ransom out of his wife's way. It also gave Mr. Ransom a chance to persuade Mrs. Seton that she was indoors too much and ought to go with him on dignified little strolls in the fresh air. Conscience, no doubt, compelled him to try to take her out of herself and stop her from brooding. She was rarely to be persuaded. For one thing she had too much to do, and for another, Mr. Ransom was even more shatteringly dull on little strolls than he was sitting at the kitchen table, since he was addicted to botany and bird life. Once or twice she gave in, because she knew he was really being very kind and it was her duty to show she appreciated it.

So sometimes she accepted as gracefully as she could, and she and Mr. Ransom made a stately progress down the lane and through the wood and back by a footpath through the buttercup field, Mrs. Seton thinking of all the work piling up at home, and Mr. Ransom helping her over stiles with a sympathetic pressure on her elbow, and telling interminable anecdotes about little auks or marsh harriers, neither of which Mrs. Seton would have known from a Rhode Island Red even if she had actually trodden on them.

AT THE end of June the Ransoms had been there for more than two months, Mrs. Seton had made seventy-eight pounds eighteen shillings profit, and she felt the end was in sight. The longest they could stay was another fortnight or so, because the children would be back from school, and by then she would be near the hundred mark. But there were times when she felt eighty pounds was quite enough, and her one idea of bliss was the idea of seeing the Ransoms drive away, never to reappear. She thought so often of this moment that she could hardly bear to wait, and she began to consider giving them notice at the end of the week.

**". . . Say, this office collection racket is a good deal! Let's move on to the next building!"**

COLLIER'S — JACK MARKOW

The only thing that held her back was the conviction that everyone would misunderstand her motives. Mr. Ransom would be hurt, Lucinda would suspect that Mrs. Seton suspected her of trying to get Henry, and Henry would be driven desperate by the thought of parting with his loved one two weeks early. Mrs. Seton could not make up her mind. Her cooking became more and more eccentric, the Seton quarters more and more like a shambles, and she took even less interest than usual in her appearance.

Finally, on Friday, Lucinda appeared unexpectedly in the kitchen after lunch. Mr. Seton was down at the farm fetching extra milk, because Mrs. Seton had let a quart boil over and burn. Mr. Ransom was resting, and Mrs. Seton's first thought was that Lucinda at last had been driven to complaint. The chops had caught fire while she was mashing the potatoes, and she had run out of cold meat. In spite of open doors and windows, a faint blue smoke still hung around the kitchen.

Lucinda wore pink-and-white-striped cotton, full-skirted and immaculately ironed. Her lips and nails matched the pink exactly. She said, "Do tell me, am I in the way?"

"Not at all," Mrs. Seton said with icy politeness. She moved two saucepans from a chair and put a tea cloth on it so that Lucinda could sit down.

"I thought I might catch you alone," Lucinda said. "I had a thing to ask you. Are you sure you don't mind talking to me now?"

"Please."

"Well, it's been heavenly here; I hope you won't think it's mad of us, but would it be too ultimately inconvenient for you if we left right away, if we paid you another week instead of notice?"

Mrs. Seton was so surprised, relieved, puzzled and apprehensive that for a moment she did not know how to reply. She murmured something—wondering whether Lucinda meant to leave with Mr. Ransom, or with Henry, or possibly with both—and at last she came out with, "No, of course not."

"Sweet of you," Lucinda said with her most engaging smile. "It does seem rather meager of us, springing it like this. Don't you really mind?"

"No, I don't *mind*," Mrs. said. She found Lucinda's conversation very difficult to follow, but it must be the food. "But I'm sorry," she said. "I'm sure they were horrid."

"What were?"

"The chops," Mrs. Seton said. "They caught fire."

"Oh, good heavens," Lucinda said, and laughed. "That didn't matter. We like them overdone, and the food's been simply heaven, really, and it's nothing to do with that. Heavens, no, I thought you knew why it was. I wouldn't have dived in like that if I hadn't. You do know, don't you?"

"I suppose I do," Mrs. Seton said. Now that it was out in the open, she did not want to talk about it. "I suppose it couldn't be helped. One can hardly blame him."

"But I did try," Lucinda said sadly. "At first I tried like mad, but it kept on happening. It always makes Hugh so miserable that I thought we'd better go away. So we had a thing about it; and he said it was no good, so we might as well."

"I quite see that," said Mrs. Seton, relieved to hear it was no good, which presumably meant Lucinda would not be taking Henry with her. "Naturally. It makes me miserable too."

"Oh, I know it must," said Lucinda with a green and earnest look. "I do see. I mean, because Henry is so sweet; I do see it must be foul for you. Of course I understand it isn't your fault at all; you do know that, don't you?"

"*My* fault?" Mrs. Seton said. She was too taken aback, at first, to do more than stare blankly at Lucinda.

"—but it was no use my butting in, you see," Lucinda said. "It only makes him mad, and it's bad for him. I kept out of the way. But you must have had a frantic time coping. As soon as I saw you, I knew he would, but then it was too late, you see."

"I don't think I quite understand," Mrs. Seton said. Her brain was beginning to reel slightly. "Do you mean Henry? If you do, I must say—"

"Oh, *no*," Lucinda said. "Not Henry—why should I mean him? I was only saying I knew Hugh would fall in love with you, you see. You're his type. But then there you were, and there he was, and it was too late, that's all. I do hope it hasn't been too dispiriting."

Mrs. Seton stifled an impulse to maniacal laughter. "What rubbish!"

"You didn't even know," Lucinda said reflectively. "Good heavens," she said, "but he poured it all out to me. Your depth. Your intellect. Your understanding. I haven't got any intellect, you see, and he misses it, poor pet. I'm sorry, I seem to have put both feet in it, and now you *are* embarrassed, but I truly thought you knew." She stood up.

Left alone, propped against the sink, Mrs. Seton hysterically clasped a saucepan and applied herself to getting things sorted out. Of course it could not be true; Mr. Ransom had been no more than kind and sympathetic. But now in this new light, his glances, his remarks, his elbow-pressures, his behavior in general could make sense in another interpretation. He was ludicrous, but then men often were. Look at Henry, she thought. Looking at Henry reminded her that after all the situation was not much better, for although Lucinda was not in love with Henry, yet Henry was plainly in love with Lucinda. In fact, if anything, it was worse. Henry had not yet been told. Mrs. Seton realized this at the same time as she realized that any moment Mr. Ransom might appear, declare himself, and precipitate an embarrassing scene of parting. She fled out of the back door and down the path. Mr. Seton, with a can, was plodding along the lane. She rushed up to him.

"What's up? Kitchen on fire?" Mr. Seton said, with an air of resignation.

"No," she said, "no, it's not that. But I've got to tell you something." She paused, and looked at him doubtfully. "The Ransoms want to go today instead of later."

He put down the can. "Thank God!"

"But don't you *mind?*" she said.

"Mind?" Mr. Seton said. *"Mind?* I could go down on my knees. Ransom is a bore. Lucinda is a worse bore. If ever I meet two people who bore me the way I've been bored by them, then all I can say is I hope to Heaven it won't be for over two months and in my own house. When are they going?"

THEY went about half past two. Until then Mrs. Seton clung to Henry, avoiding Ransom. His farewell speech, made with Henry standing beside her, was delivered with an agonized, reproachful look, and a long, convincing pressure of his fingers on hers. Then the Ransoms drove away.

"Well, *now*," Henry said, "we can move the furniture back."

Mrs. Seton stood leaning over the gate, safe, released from boredom, and experiencing an irrational sense of nostalgia. Mr. Ransom, who was married to Lucinda, had loved *her*. She wondered whether to tell Henry. No, she thought; he'd only laugh. Watching him out of the corner of her eye, she imagined him laughing and laughing.

"Yes," she said. "We'll move it back now." And she followed him into the house, sighing. It would have been satisfying to tell Henry; but he would certainly only have roared. ▲▲▲



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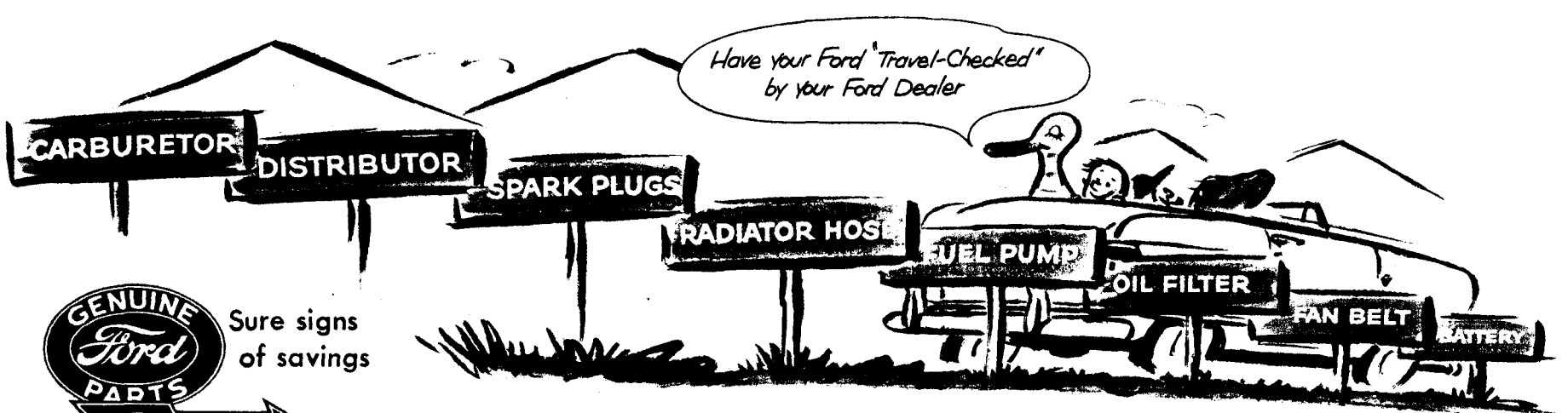


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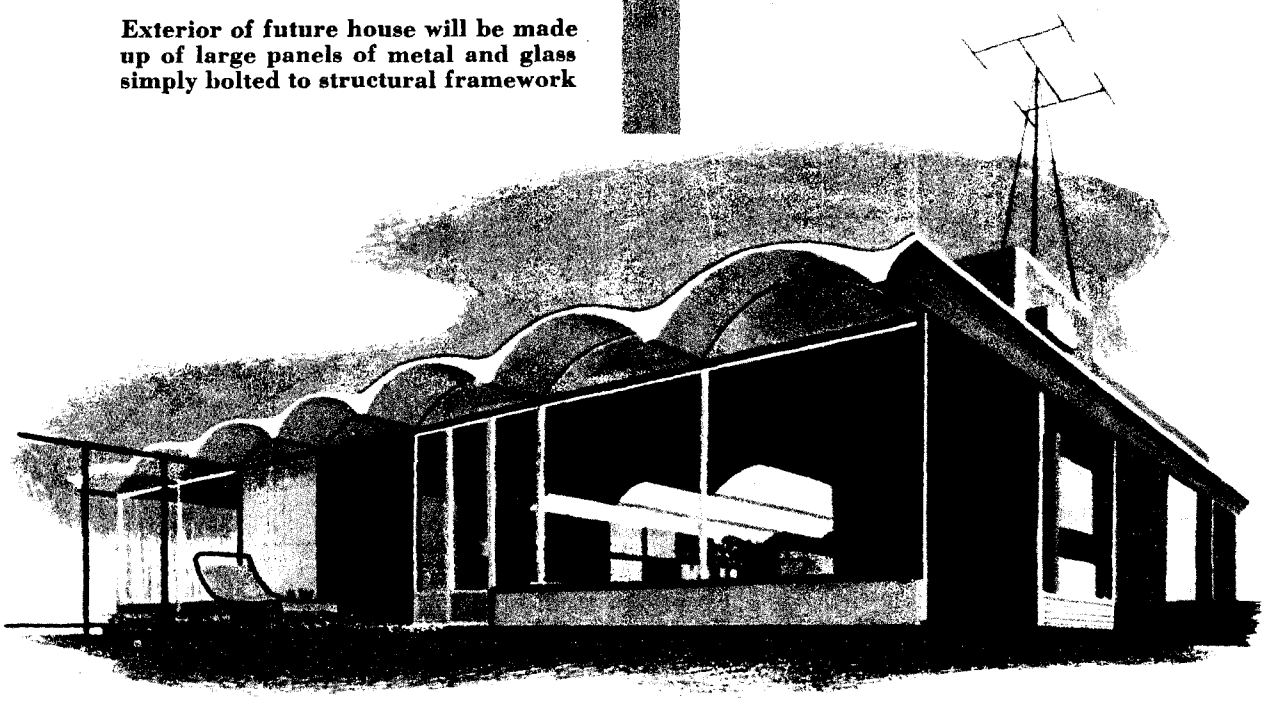
# Home, Sweet FACTORY

**Would you like a house in which you could shift the walls around as your family grows? They may be on the market soon. Factory construction techniques point the way**

By RUTH MOORE and LUCIA CARTER



**Exterior of future house will be made up of large panels of metal and glass simply bolted to structural framework**

IMAGINE a house in which you could shift the walls around overnight to provide an extra bedroom or double the size of your living room for a party. Or a house in which you could plant grass and mow the lawn instead of sending the rugs out to be cleaned.

It isn't as fantastic as it sounds. A few such houses already have been built and are being lived in. Others are on the drawing boards, and many top architects see them—or reasonable facsimiles—as the homes of the future.

They will be more spacious, more adaptable, lighter and brighter than the conventional houses of today. The outer walls will probably be of metal and glass panels. Most of the interior walls will be panels of metal or factory-made "wonder" materials like metal-faced paper honeycomb, easily demountable for shifting as the size and needs of your family change. The houses will be completely climate-controlled. And, most important of all, they may ultimately cost only half as much as conventional homes to build.

The secret is the adaptation of factory-building techniques to home building. Most homes today are built in the same way and with the same materials as their predecessors 100 years ago. Fac-



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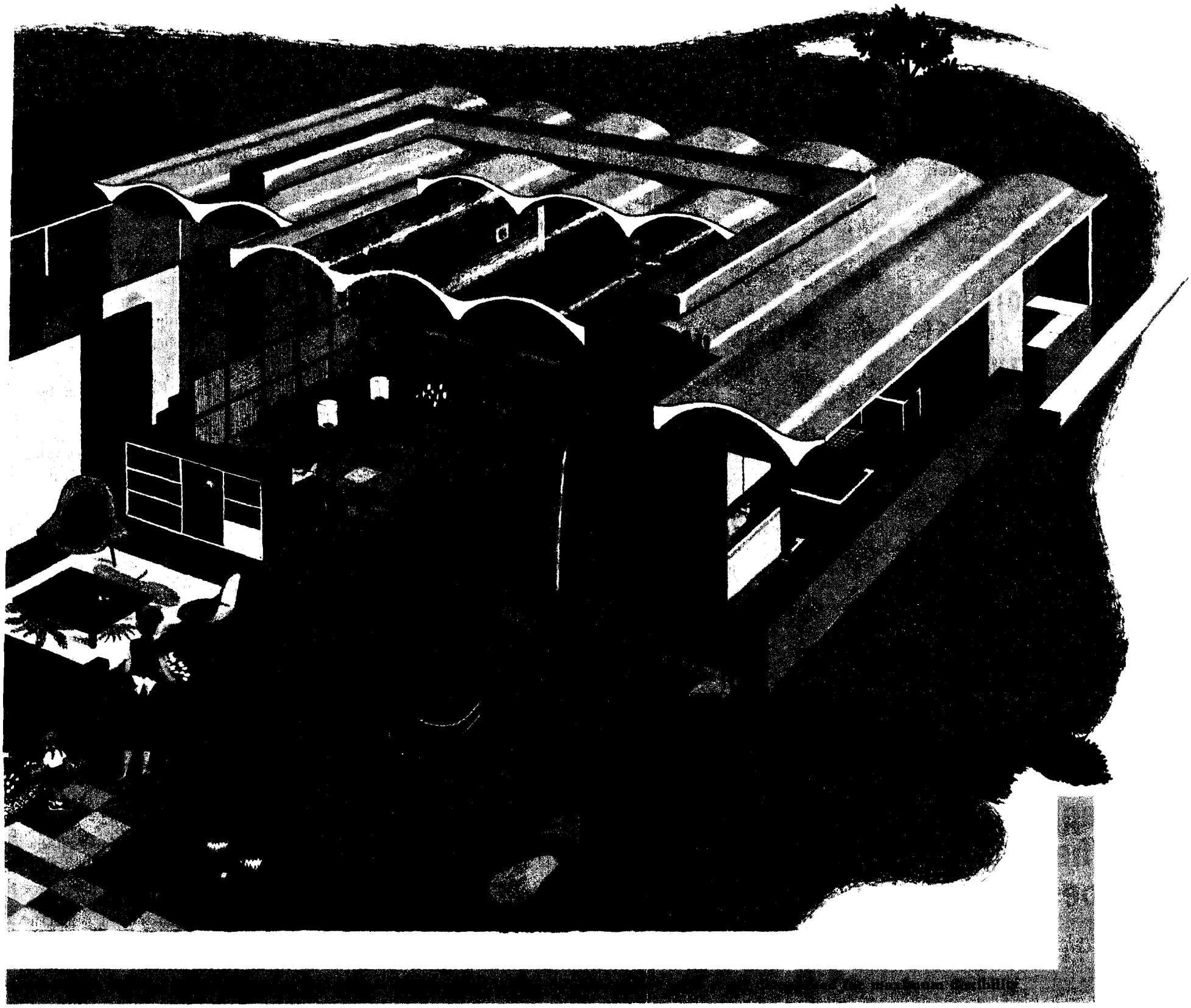

tory builders, on the other hand, have kept abreast of scientific research in materials and design.

"Can you imagine anyone suggesting that a new plant be designed to reproduce a New England factory of the water-wheel era?" asks George Nelson, one of the nation's leading architects. It is just as ridiculous, he says, not to take advantage of new techniques in building homes.

Other architectural authorities agree. "In America," says Professor Henry-Russell Hitchcock of Smith College, "we house our machines and people when at work with a surer hand than we house them when at home."

In fact some of our new factories are among the most livable buildings in the land, engineered and conditioned to fill the needs of the people who "live" in them for eight or so hours a day. That word "conditioned" is all-embracing; the modern factory is warmed, cooled, humidified, dehumidified, daylighted, artificially lighted and acoustically treated for quiet. Not even our finest dwellings boast all these features.

Essentially, the modern factory is a shell, made of materials, some of them synthetic, produced in other factories. A steel framework heavy enough for industrial use goes up, and then big panels are fitted to it to make the wall and ceilings. That's the way the famous new General Motors Technical Center in Detroit was built. With its big reflecting basin, it's a sort of industrial Taj Mahal. Its walls are made of glass and steel and precast concrete panels faced with porcelain enamel.

Your future home could be built the same way —with modifications when it comes to weight of the framework and size of the panels. It also could be as adaptable in its way as the Nash Motors plant in Kenosha, Wisconsin, where any operation in the assembling of automobiles can be shifted at any time from one place in the factory to another.

### Modern Type of Manufacturing Floor

Alfred Shaw of Shaw, Metz & Dolio, the firm which designed and built the plant and many other industrial structures in the Midwest, points out that such shifts are possible because the plant's manufacturing floor is simply an open space, 720 feet long and 260 feet wide, with extra conduits for power, heat and other services everywhere.

Executive offices in many modern plants are just as flexible. They have three-inch-thick, enameled steel partitions which can be moved so readily that an entire office setup can be changed over a week end.

If your home had partitions or walls that could be easily taken down and shifted—or no walls at all except those essential to privacy—you could easily rearrange your rooms. If a new baby came, two large bedrooms could be divided into three without creating a makeshift look. When the baby grew older, you could graduate the playroom into an annex to the living room. If your daughter got married and went off to a home of her own, you could merge her bedroom with your own to make a large room.

Another factory-born idea for home builders is the use of paper honeycomb walls. Paper walls may sound a little peculiar, but this honeycomb—which is just what the name implies—is strictly atomic-age.

Chemically treated, backed with paper-thin plywood and faced with thin sheets of aluminum, steel or other metal, paper honeycomb is remarkably strong and durable.

An architect, showing us a sample, threw it on the floor and jumped on it. It didn't give. Paper honeycomb has also proved itself in rigorous laboratory tests—a heartening thought for homeowners



DRAWINGS BY RICHARD E. HOWARD

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# *Experts say factory-building techniq*

with kids who go crashing around the house on tricycles.

Wonder ways and wonder walls—honeycombed or otherwise—go together, and go together fast. In one big factory, 7,000 square feet of stainless-steel panels were bolted to the structural framework to form the outer walls in just 11 working days. It took only eight men to do the job. Imagine the cost saving to home builders if they could cut the length of time taken to construct the walls of their houses and the number of workmen needed.

Indeed, rising building costs are largely responsible for the change in thinking about home design. Few homeowners today can afford all the rooms or features they would like because houses cost so much. Usually they settle for a smaller house than they had in mind.

Some new houses have a living area of only 900 square feet. If they contain two bedrooms, both are usually little more spacious than a large closet. By today's standards, a house with 2,500 square feet of space is considered big.

Compare this size house with the one grandfather lived in. For $7,500 in 1891 he could buy a house with 12 large rooms and more than 3,500 square feet of space. By 1915, the size of the average house had begun to shrink, but $7,500 could still buy a big, square, eight-room home complete with sleeping porch. In 1927, the same-priced house had five rooms. Today, $7,500 will buy only a tiny, unadorned cottage.

The main reason is that building craftsmen get higher wages, and today's house remains basically a handmade product, put together by the same cut-and-fit process used since time immemorial. The house wall is still made up of layer upon layer.

### Frame House Has Many Layers

Back in 1944, the National Housing Agency kept score on the separate layers that go into the exterior walls of a frame house. There were 14 in all, and the list could well apply to a house built in 1890—or 1953. Here they are: finish coat exterior paint; second coat exterior paint; priming coat exterior paint; exterior siding—clapboards or shingles; building paper; sheathing; studs and framing; insulations; vapor seal; lath, brown coat plaster; finish coat plaster, sizing coat interior paint; and finish coat interior paint.

Eventually, the homeowner pays for *all this craftsmanship by the hour*; fully half the cost of the house is for labor. As this is written, union wage scales for skilled building trades average $2.86 an hour in Seattle, $2.88 in Dallas, $2.94 in Los Angeles and $3.26 in New York. And it is not unusual for a skilled craftsman to get $4 an hour in a city where the union pay scale averages $3.

While prospective homeowners have watched high costs shrink their prospective houses, factory builders have licked, or at least tamed, the same problem. It now costs only $5 to $8 a square foot to put up a factory; any home is likely to cost at least $10 a square foot, and a custom-designed home even more—$15 to $20 a square foot.

It's true that the home-building industry has tried to achieve better houses for less money. Big mass producers of housing, such as the Levitt Brothers of Long Island, are building homes for about $10,000 that would cost $14,000 in many other places. But they have done it primarily by building houses by the thousands on one site—whole cities of them. Their economies and results have not been duplicated in places where only a few houses or a few hundred are to be built.

### Prefab Builders Are Cautious

We've also attempted to solve the housing problem by prefabrication, shifting a part of the building process into the factory. But so far, at least, most prefab houses have been of wood. Builders have not ventured very far into the land of new materials. As for the much discussed Lustron House, made of metal and porcelain-enameled panels, highly industrialized production cut initial costs, but by the time the house had been transported to the site and erected, the factory cost had almost doubled.

Moreover, Lustron and the other prefabricators turned out standardized parts that could be used only in their own houses. Each truss, each window frame, each panel had to be fitted into a particular place in a particular type of house. Standardized units used in building factories, however, can be put together in endless ways, and in many different types of buildings, just as most bathtubs and washbasins can be installed in many different kinds of houses.

Many architects believe that the application of this principle to house-building is inevitable. Dr. Walter A. Gropius, chairman emeritus of the Harvard School of Architecture, predicts: "The machine will not stop at the threshold of the house. In the future, the construction of one building part or unit after another will be shifted into the factory. This does not mean that we will have thousands of houses all stamped out of one pattern. On the contrary, these units will be put together in such a way as to give us the greater individuality and flexibility that we need."

George Nelson adds: "The only way to get value is through machine production." He believes that the house of the future will be a "precisely engineered and manufactured shell" designed to serve the requirements of the occupants in any way they want. With climate controlled, he says, you could plant grass inside instead of buying rugs.

Nelson has already taken a long and impressive step toward making the house of the future a reality. "We're attempting to bring about the industry-built house," he explains, "by working for the building industry as designers for various parts of such a house." In a unique program in which he is collaborating with manufacturers, Nelson is designing windows, various types of built-in lighting, new kinds of integrated kitchens, and demountable interior partition systems which consumers will ultimately be able to buy in the form of kits, as easily as they now buy parts for model airplanes.

Nelson has also worked on models for an experimental house, and other noted architects already have used the new industrial materials and techniques in building advanced houses.

High above the Pacific at Santa



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## ı bring down the high cost of housing

Monica, California, stand two houses built almost entirely of materials ordered from factory catalogues. One was built by Charles Eames, designer of furniture as well as of houses, for his own use. Eames selected the kind of steel joists, decks and sash that are sold regularly for light factory construction. They arrived at the site all ready to be bolted together, like a child's Meccano or Erector set.

Into this strong but light frame, Eames fitted sheets of plywood, glass, asbestos and stucco. In one house, the two-story walls make a varied pattern; sometimes there is a full open panel of glass; sometimes a panel of glass with horizontal metal strips, sometimes a solid sheet of brilliantly colored stucco. The light streaming through into the 17-foot-high living room and the balcony bedroom falls in rich geometric patterns on the floor and walls. The house looks very much like a giant Chinese kite.

The adjoining house, designed jointly by Eames and Eero Saarinen, although made of the same materials, is low, spreading, luxurious, and much closer in appearance to contemporary California houses.

In Seattle, architect Victor Steinbrueck built a house which also used materials made in a factory and put together on the site. To shut out the view of a somewhat shabby neighborhood, he closed in his house with solid walls on three sides. The fourth side, of glass, faces on a magnificent view.

The solid walls are made of full and half-size sheets of cement asbestos board. For the ceiling the architect fastened crumpled aluminum foil to plywood. At night the sparkling foil contrasts strikingly with the Prussian-blue stained beams.

### Inside Four Glass Walls

On the bank of a quiet little river near Chicago, architect Ludwig Mies van der Rohe has built an all-glass house for a doctor. The four glass walls are suspended in a white steel frame. Except for a "service core," a narrow island of fine wood that houses the baths, kitchen, heating unit and fireplace, the interior is a free and open space in which rooms are merely suggested by four spur walls and by the grouping of the furniture.

Scattered throughout Chicago's suburbs are a number of individually styled homes which resemble a cross between the conventional and the ranch-style house. They are the work of a young team of architects headed by Richard Barancik and Richard Conte, who build factories, too.

Using techniques he developed in building factories, Barancik has cut the cost of his houses to $10 a square foot. That's low for Chicago, but he estimates he could build "factories for people to live in" for even less, if he did not spend some of the savings for frills like natural-stone fireplaces. Barancik's plants cost $5 a square foot.

### Sometimes There's No Ceiling

Each Barancik-designed house is different, but all boast a rare spaciousness. That's because he leaves out a lot of partitions, letting living, dining and cooking areas sometimes run together. He occasionally even eliminates ceilings, too; letting the beams which hold up the roof serve as the starting point for a slightly rustic decorative scheme.

Not all architects agree that what has been done for the factory can also be done for the home, or that factory methods are the answer to the problem of housing costs.

William Wurster, dean of architecture at the University of California, thinks housing costs are high because we demand more of a house today. If we want homes with thermostatically controlled heat, fancy plumbing and kitchens that substitute for the servants of other years, we'll have to pay for them, he says.

Ernest Born, another nationally known California architect, is also skeptical about how much can be saved on labor costs. Every building, he insists, involves so many units of labor, and in the end it doesn't make much difference whether they are put in at the factory or on the site.

There are other problems which will have to be solved, too, particularly those dealing with building codes and unions. Many of the new materials have not yet been passed upon for use in residences, although they have been approved for factories.

In cities which have "performance" building codes—codes which require only that materials meet certain tests of strength, fire resistance and the like—there should be no insuperable difficulties. And if the building is to be erected outside the city limits under more lenient suburban codes, the difficulties should be even fewer.

Building with metal and panels instead of the traditional brick, wood and plaster is obviously going to take more metalworkers and fewer carpenters, masons and plasterers. Different tradeunions may well work upon your house of the future. Such a shift could provoke jurisdictional disputes among unions—a headache every bit as serious as the antiquated building codes of many communities.

But walls blocking progress toward a better life have a history of tumbling before the demands of the public. And, many architects predict, the public will demand houses put together from industrially produced parts, once the advantages become generally known.

Then we'll have the house of tomorrow. But there'll be, inevitably, a house of the day after tomorrow. No one can yet predict what that "space container" of the far-distant future will look like. "Would anyone have known what the automobile would be like before it was invented?" Nelson asks. ▲▲▲

### *It's a Long Time Between Long Shots*

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**Though a frequent regretter,**
**Is always in hopes of**
**Some change for the better.**

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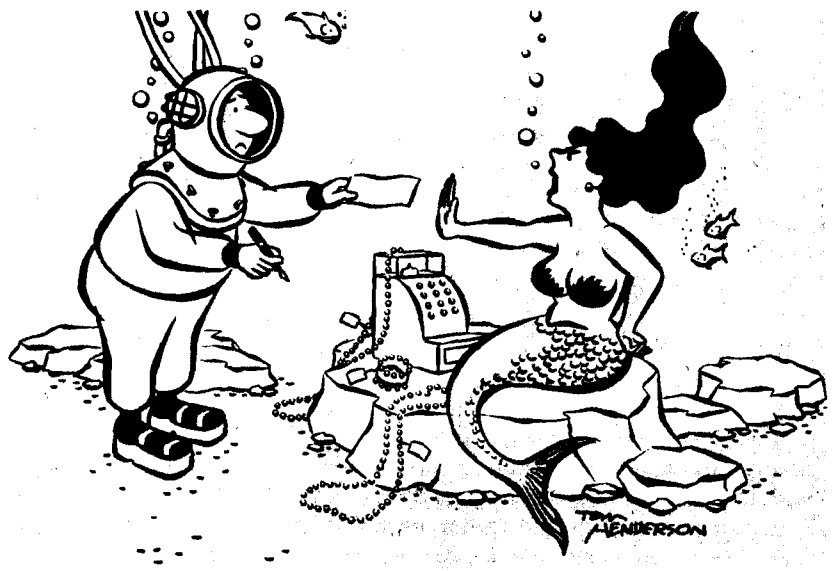


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JOHN FISCHETTI

# Time for a New Declaration

AS OF INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1953, the United States of America is still independent, and at peace with England. But one might have gathered, a few weeks ago, that the late unpleasantness which led to the Declaration of 1776 was about to be renewed. Only about a dozen members of the British Parliament and the American Congress were involved in the hassel. But for several days the transatlantic cables crackled with intemperate accusations and baleful threats which grew out of some rather ill-advised remarks by former Prime Minister Attlee.

At about the time when this international rhubarb was at its height, Lieutenant General Jimmy Doolittle (retired) made a guest appearance on the morning radio show of Jinx and Tex McCrary. Tex asked the general if he had "any advice to Americans who might be mad at the British right now." General Doolittle obliged with what seemed to us some sound observations.

He recalled that American and British men had served jointly under him in his command of the 12th Air Force in North Africa during World War II, and that in spite of a difference in uniforms and accents, their ideas and ideals were the same. He suggested that if we can't get along with the British we can't get along with anyone. And he wisely pointed out that the greatest peacetime, cold-war victory that our enemies could achieve would be to drive a wedge of hostility between the two great English-speaking countries.

The general admitted that he occasionally gets annoyed with the British, but, he added, "I've been annoyed with my own family." That struck us as a happy afterthought which could serve almost any of us as the basis for some reflections on Anglo-American relations.

In the first place, it seems doubtful that any of us really "hate the British," although some of us may say so and even believe so. We may resent the remarks of some Briton in public life, to be sure. But since no one, including the Prime Minister, can literally speak for all the British people, any more than anyone, including the President, can actually speak for all the American people, it seems a little silly when one individual takes something that another individual has said and blows it up into a rage against an entire population.

All of us, like General Doolittle, probably get annoyed with members of our families now and then. But those annoyances aren't automatic signals for a threatened break in relations, an end of financial dealings, or a proposal to "go it alone." That would be pretty foolish. And it is just as foolish, and a lot more dangerous, when similar annoyances touch off angry words about a break between two friendly countries.

The alleged differences between the Americans and the British in matters of speech, diet and so on have kept several generations of humorous writers in coffee and cakes, or tea and crumpets. But the differences are mostly superficial. They have been aggravated by the fact that the once proud heart of a great empire is now in a somewhat brought-down state, while its former colony is picking up a heavy tab as a result of its unsought-for position of preeminence in the free world.

Many citizens of both countries undoubtedly dislike the present, altered situation. But the situation exists, and neither wounded nationalistic pride nor monetary resentment will change it. The ties that bind the United States to the British Commonwealth are too familiar to need repetition here, but the point is that they exist. So let us hope that the people of both countries will not confuse momentary irritations with basic differences. And for us here at home, perhaps the Fourth of July is a good day to make a private resurvey of our relationship with our British friends and perhaps, in recognition of the changing times, to draw up an informal Declaration of Interdependence.

## Unvicious Vices

A FEW "VICES" contribute to health and happiness in old age, says a member of the American Geriatrics Society. Dr. Russell L. Cecil, an authority on rheumatic ailments of the aged, thinks that if a person has survived to the threshold of senility, he not only deserves but needs a few earthly pleasures to brighten his declining years.

Like a few drinks, for instance. Dr. Cecil feels that it's safe to prescribe one weak highball per diem for grandpa or grandma.

Then there's tobacco and the enjoyment of good food. The pleasures far outweigh the dangers, says the doctor.

Now, this may all be sound advice. But we don't think the geriatrists should adopt it generally and indiscriminately without giving some thought to the dissenting opinion of Mr. Leroy (Satchel) Paige. Satchel is "the tall, urbane and seemingly imperishable relief-pitching star of the St. Louis Browns," in the words of Richard Donovan, who recently chronicled the life, adventures and philosophy of Mr. Paige for Collier's.

Ol' Satch, the Methuselah of big-league baseball, has had to develop some practical geriatric opinions of his own in order to survive professionally. The fruits of his wisdom and experience were printed, in capsule form, in our issue of June 13th under the title, How to Stay Young. At the risk of being repetitive, we are going to prescribe the capsule again:

1. Avoid fried meats which angry up the blood.
2. If your stomach disputes you, lie down and pacify it with cool thoughts.
3. Keep the juices flowing by jangling around gently as you move.
4. Go very lightly on the vices, such as carrying on in society. The social ramble ain't restful.
5. Avoid running at all times.
6. Don't look back. Something might be gaining on you.

For our money, you've got to go back to Confucius to match this epigrammatic advice. We hope the geriatrists will pay him some mind.



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# Which Collins has the Calvert?

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